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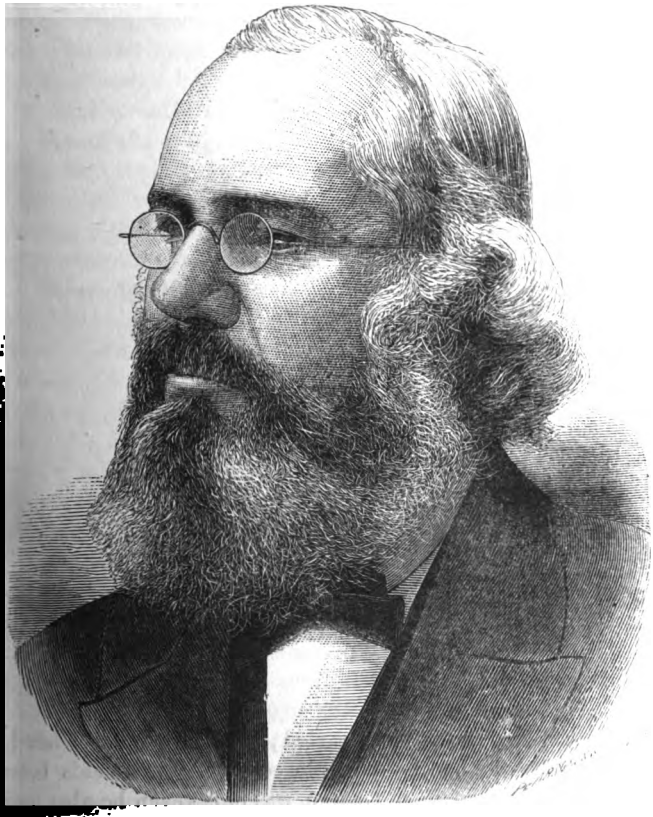

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GEORGE SMITH, OF COALVILLE.

[illegible] the many philanthropists of our time, there is probably [illegible] who has done better work and won scanter acknowledgement than George Smith, of Coalville. After generations will [illegible] in this 'enlightened age' such a hero should have gained [illegible] tively slight recognition from his contemporaries, and [illegible] been allowed to spend money, health and strength in his

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long, unselfish struggles for the helpless and the oppressed little ones, whilst so many others have risen to honour and affluence by taking up a good cause and advocating it at *its* own expense.

GEORGE SMITH was born at Clayhills, Tunstall, on February the 16th, 1831. His father, William Smith, was a good Primitive Methodist Local Preacher, whose life was one of hard toil—a brave and successful battle with straitened means and surrounding iniquity.

He was a good man and tender-hearted; but his own life of hard work had begun early—he had been employed in the brick-fields before he was six years old!—so when George was only seven he also was sent into the brick-yard. This is his own account of his toils—surely no Egyptian task-master ever exacted so terrible a tale of bricks from captive Israel's little ones:

'At nine years of age my employment consisted in continually carrying about forty pounds of clay upon my head, from the clay-heap to the table on which the bricks were made. When there was no clay, I had to carry the same weight of bricks. This labour had to be performed almost without intermission for thirteen hours daily....On one occasion I had to perform a very heavy amount of labour. After my customary day's work, I had to carry twelve hundred nine-inch bricks from the maker to the floors on which they

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are placed to harden. The total distance walked by me that night was not less than fourteen miles, seven miles of which I traversed with eleven pounds' weight of clay in my arms, besides lifting the unmade clay and carrying it some distance to the maker. The total quantity of clay thus carried by me was five and a half tons. For all this labour I received sixpence!'

When very young, he was sent to the Wesleyan Sunday-school at Tunstall, where, he says, 'my teachers and Sunday-school companions were the means of leading me to Christ and God.' For some years he spent two nights a week attending to the kilns, and for this extra labour he received one shilling. Sixpence he spent on books, and sixpence was paid for attendance at a night-school. When about eighteen years of age, he became a member of the Methodist Society, and a teacher in the Sunday-school at Tunstall. Here he fell in love with and married Mary Mayfield, who was a member of the same Class and a teacher in the same school. She died seventeen years ago, 'full of faith and the love of God.'

From Tunstall Mr. Smith removed successively to Reopsmoor, Staffordshire; Humberstone, near Leicester; and Coalville, in each o which places he devoted himself earnestly and successfully to Sunday-school work. A few years after his removal to Coalville he joined the Primitive Methodists, by whom he was honoured, as he so well deserved to be, by election to almost all the offices open to him in that Church. He now resides at Welton, near Daventry. Like many another earnest man, Mr. Smith has found that his religious opinions have sometimes stood in the way of his work. In 1875, having been invited to read a paper on 'Our Canal Population,' at the Church Congress at Stoke-on-Trent, he was afterwards informed that he could not be allowed to do so as he was a 'Dissenter.' There is something almost *amusing* as well as sadly *amazing*, that in the nineteenth century after Christ a Christian man, who had already distinguished himself by his self-denying philanthropy, should be forbidden to plead the cause of the outcast little ones, wandering lambs of the Good Shepherd's fold, because 'he followeth not with' a particular section of the Church militant.

But to return to Mr. Smith's history. He steadily advanced in temporal as well as spiritual things. He became the manager of various large brick and tile factories, and might readily have won a comfortable position for himself and his children, but he could never forget the slavery of his childhood, and the miseries endured by thousands of children in various parts of the country. The last seven years have been entirely devoted to the cause of the brick-yard, canal boat and gipsy children, and for fourteen earlier years all his spare time was given to the same great cause.

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The brick-yard children were, naturally, Mr. Smith's first clients. He obtained permission to read a paper at the Social Science Congress at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1870, and startled the nation by his disclosure of the iniquities practised upon little children. At the Congress he produced a lump of clay weighing forty-three pounds, which he had taken a few days before 'from the head of a child nine years of age, who had daily to walk a distance of twelve and a half miles, half that distance being traversed while carrying this heavy burden.' Early in 1871 Mr. Smith published his pathetic 'Cry of the Children,' which still further aroused the national conscience. The facts disclosed in it are simply horrible. Children of less than *four* years of age were sent to the brick-yards, and kept to the work till cruelty, excessive toil, cursing and immorality had ruined them body and soul. Boys and girls worked together for fourteen or even sixteen hours a day, and in very many cases spent also one, two, or even three nights at the kilns. Such hideous cruelty and its terrible results, moral and physical, needed only to be made thoroughly known to be ended. Yet the task was not without its difficulties; and Mr. Smith was assailed with unmitigated virulence by some who were opposed to any alleviation of the children's slavery, lest it should interfere with their profits. More than once he was threatened with personal violence, and his effigy was burnt at Coalville. But in spite of all opposition, George Smith won the day, and on August 21st, 1871, the 'Brick-yard Bill' received the Royal assent.

Mr. Smith immediately turned his attention to our Canal Population, and was soon able to show that the case of the children in Canal boats was, if anything, worse than that of the little brick-yard slaves. There are more than one hundred thousand souls, including probably forty thousand children, who form the 'floating population' of our canals and navigable rivers. Of these not more than two per cent. can read or write, and not more than five per cent. attend a place of worship. The cabins in which whole families herd together—as one bargeman says 'like pigs,'—are so small and close that it is no marvel that fevers and small-pox are often conveyed from one place to another as the boats go on their way. 'In one boat,' Mr. Smith says, 'in the cabin of which there were only two hundred and two cubic feet of space,' there were living 'a man his wife and six children, one of the girls being sixteen years of age.' The barge life is terribly demoralizing; and the filth, ignorance and immorality in the midst of which the children are born and bred, are as bad as can be imagined. Religion is hardly known, though there are *three* boatmen, it seems, distinguished amongst their mates by the title of 'the three

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holy boatmen,' because they believe and trust in a God Who made and redeemed them. Some idea of the ignorance of the bargees may be gathered from the answer made by one of them when asked if he had ever heard of Jesus: 'Yes; only once, and that was when I was passing under Bow Bridge. A man whose name was Jesus was preaching upon the bridge.' Mr. Smith asked some boat children the same question, and one of them answered with unconscious, but heart-rending pathos, 'No, *He has never been along this cut:* what sort of a chap is He?'

In 1877 Mr. Smith succeeded in getting the Canal Boats Act passed; but we find from his last work *Canal Adventures by Moonlight*, that it is to a large extent practically a dead letter. He is now making persistent efforts, which we trust may be speedily successful, to obtain its amendment.

Every one who reads such stories as those related above, will feel that the Christian Church must put an end to this state of worse than heathen ignorance. It is to our lasting shame that the little barge-children say that Jesus has never been along the 'cuts.' Shall this be said much longer? or shall loving hearts and voices tell to these poor outcasts the story of the Cross? Mr. Smith wisely says that the evangelization of the canal population will be far better effected by the efforts of Christian people in the districts through which the canals pass, than by a central Committee or Metropolitan Society. Why should not his suggestion be carried out in every place where the barges are 'tied up' for loading or unloading, or for Sunday's rest?—viz., that a few good folks should go out to the bargees and their families to sing some of the simple and touching songs of Zion, and to tell them of the love of Jesus. Already, in more than one place, river-side missions are doing good work, but the fields are white to harvest, and the labourers are few. There are many indications that goodness, tenderness and gratitude are not altogether wanting amongst these 'Water gipsies.' It is as pleasing as it is touching to read that when some of the children are in infirmaries or hospitals, others will gather daisies and other flowers and send them, with oranges, fruits, etc., by the hands of those who are allowed to minister to their wants, with many enquiries as to how they are getting on, such as, 'Tell Sal that you have see'd "Buttons," of the boat *Wasp*, and he has been enquirin' about her, and gi'e my love to her.'

Mr. Smith was once the means of procuring the Queen's bounty for a poor woman whose family of three children was doubled by the arrival of three more at one birth. The following is an exact reprint of the letter in which she acknowledged his kindness. It will give some idea of the educational attainments of one of the few barge-women who *can* read and write:

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'JOHN GARNER,

'Sir Master smith I am very much a blige to you sir fer beeing so kind to us sir, i did not have your Letter till 15 Janury 1878. Sir mister simith so have have Lost to 2 of our Babeyes the to Boyes sir. I send my Best respects to you sir. JANE GARNER.

'We bered one 16 Janoury.

'I think we shall I Rayer one sir. Sir smith we was gone up to Paddington when your kind Letter did Came to Braunstone.

'I thank your sir Smith.'

One incident in connection with the Canal Boats Act we cannot but relate. When the Bill was passed in the House of Commons, Mr. Smith sat in the Speaker's gallery without a sixpence in his pocket, and was compelled to go without his dinner! So after all that cynics say, there is still something better than 'cheap philanthropy' in the world. Mr. Smith has sacrificed everything to the cause he has so nobly advocated. Some idea of the pecuniary sacrifices he has made may be gathered from the fact that he has spent more than three hundred pounds upon postage stamps alone, and that the passing of the Brick-yard and Canal Boats Acts has cost him between two thousand and three thousand pounds. To meet these demands, he has been compelled to sell land purchased with the hard-earned savings of former years, and has again and again brought himself and his children to the verge of starvation. Take one instance from among many: 'On August 13th, 1878,' he writes, 'all our money was gone again to the last twopence halfpenny; with this amount we bought three Yarmouth bloaters, and these lasted for tea and supper, and we went to bed with thankful hearts.' At another time his dinner 'for several days' consisted only of a cup of cocoa and a bun.

Most men would have been satisfied with fighting the battle of the Brick-yard and Canal Children, but our indefatigable philanthropist, though he is past middle life and prematurely aged by exposure and excessive toil, has now taken up the cause of the Gipsies. We have not space to say much with regard to this part of his work, but would advise our friends to read for themselves Mr. Smith's most interesting volume on *Gipsy Life*, and the papers on the same subject which he is contributing to the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine*. Even the canal-boat children are hardly worse off than some of the little gipsies. It is true that there are a few honest and Christian gipsies. We remember attending a gipsies' Prayer-meeting about eight years ago with our good friend Mr, Edward Pope, of Loughton, Essex; but the majority are terribly depraved, and according to the testimony of several of their number, it is only the public ignorance concerning their mode of life which suffers them to continue their iniquitous practices. The better sort are most anxious that something should be done for them; and one poor old woman, finding that Mr. Smith had

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taken up their cause, pressed him to accept all the money she had in the world—a penny and two farthings—to help in the work.

Surely the good sense and conscience of Christian England will not long delay to hear this appeal for these wanderers whose case earlier philanthropists have left to George Smith, of Coalville. Thank God that he has taken it up! May his efforts be crowned with speedy and abundant success; so shall better, purer life be at least possible for the little ones of the camp, the van, and the canal-boat. As we said at the beginning of this brief sketch, Mr. Smith has received scarcely any practical acknowledgment for his services. Had the Government been wise enough to commit to his management the carrying out of the Canal Boats Act, congenial and fairly remunerative employment would have been found for him, and the Act would not have been so nearly a complete failure. On two occasions Mr. Smith's friends have presented him with sums of money in token of appreciation of his labours; but these have not covered his postage and travelling expenses. Surely such a man deserves at least a Civil List Pension to enable him to continue his labour of love without the hard pinch of poverty at home. Still he plods on bravely, looking for the better and more enduring inheritance; for firm faith in God has sustained him through all, and one day surely great shall be his reward in heaven; and even on earth his name shall find a worthy place in the roll of true lovers of mankind, and be spoken of as not unworthy of association with the names of John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, Jonas Hanway, and William Wilberforce.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

A NEW-YEAR'S HOMILY.

BY THE REV. RICHARD ROBERTS.

'They have forgotten their resting-place.'—JER. L. 6.
'I will give you rest.'—MATT. XI. 28.

THE opening year finds the world in a state of unrest. This is true both of nations and individuals. Nations are upheaving; empires are shaken as if some evil genius had lashed them into storm. Humanity everywhere feels it has not reached its goal, its highest destiny. Hearts are aching. Souls, intellects, consciences are voyaging on troubled seas, yearning for some great master of storms to come and calm the turbulence.

Why is this? What is the cause of all this unrest? Alienation from God. 'My people have been lost sheep: . . they have turned them away on the mountains: they have gone from mountain to hill, *they have forgotten their resting-place.*' God alone is the true rest of souls. Severed from Him, man becomes like a feather gyrating in

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the air, the sport of every passing breeze; but united to his God, he is linked to a force stronger than all other forces, to a Power which originated every other power. Man has rudely wrenched himself away from this central force, and there remains nothing to hold him in a steady career of truth and holiness.

What is the remedy? Restoration to Him from Whom we have departed; re-union with Him from Whom we have been severed; obedience to the call of the Rest-Giver—'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.'

There are SPECULATIVE causes of unrest.—Think of a human mind seriously exercised with these questions: Is there a God? Have I a soul? Is it immortal? Am I responsible? Is there a hell? Is there a heaven? Am I destined to spend my eternity in one of those two worlds? There are men in our day—yes, thoughtful men—racked and torn by such enquiries, sinking in deep mire, and yet longing for solid rock. That rock can nowhere be found but in the Word of God. Here it has been found by thousands. Many noble souls have passed through painful and protracted struggles in their pursuit of truth, experimenting on every philosophy, but in vain; and finding no rest in any until, wearied and disappointed, they came to Him Who is the Truth. Then, when reason submitted to revelation, and the heart reposed in 'Thus saith the Lord,' the tumult subsided, and their souls realized the peace for which they had long languished.

David Hume, the distinguished historian and sceptic, once exclaimed, 'O, I wish I had never doubted!' What a revealer of secrets is that sigh. It discloses a strange disquietude of soul, an inward dissatisfaction with his system. His theory had evidently disappointed him, it had failed to meet his desires and longings. Did you ever know a Christian believer so dissatisfied with his system, and so disappointed because it had not met his demands, as to be constrained to exclaim, 'O, I wish I had never *believed*'? No, never. Multitudes, however, have had to say, with David, '*I had fainted, unless I had believed.*'

There are SECULAR causes of unrest.—Every man has felt the pressure of sorrow. None are wholly exempt. The sorrows of earth are mostly occasioned by the fact that men are not reconciled to their circumstances; their will is not in harmony with their lot. You are afflicted, but you want to be well and vigorous. You are poor, but you want to be wealthy. You are dwelling in obscurity, but you want to be prominent. You fret and chafe under the allotments of Providence. A constant friction goes on between your will and the will of God, occasioning disquietude. You have forgotten your resting-place.

What is the remedy? Christ says, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' He gives rest by assuring you that a gracious Pro-

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vidence watches over you; that the great God Whom heaven cannot contain, dwells with and among men; that He Who numbers the stars counts the very hairs of your head; that He Who guides Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades in their pathway through the heavens condescends to guide your every step. He points to His almighty *power*, and assures you that there are no exigencies from which that power may not deliver you. He points you to His unerring *wisdom*, and assures you that there are no perplexities out of which that wisdom may not safely guide you. He points you to His *goodness*, and assures you that 'no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly;' that even the painful may be profitable, and the mysterious merciful; and that He can and will give you honey out of the rock and vineyards in the wilderness. Jesus gives rest by assuring us *that all our afflictions come not from wrath, but from the love of God.* He Who rules the universe is not a malignant being delighting in human misery. Our stripes are not those of a cruel taskmaster who seeks our injury, but the chastenings of a Father Who corrects in order to reform us. To the children of sorrow whom His rod smites, He tenderly declares that He does 'not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.' When by our rebellion He is compelled to let His hand fall, His heart yearns with compassion. The waters which flow to us through mineral hills in Harrogate and Llandrindod are not pleasant to the taste, because they partake of the properties of the mineral, but yet they contain healing. Our afflictions are not joyous, but grievous, yet a healing power is in them.

Jesus gives rest by assuring us *that the various occurrences of life are not accidents, not detached events, but parts of a great whole.* There is not a single event, great or small, in your history, of which you can say: 'Here is an event which stands alone, isolated from all other events, having no connection with anything in the past or in the future, a parenthesis, an accident.' No. We must not forget that all events are linked together by indissoluble bonds forming a perfect whole, and working out great and solemn issues. Nothing here is final. Everything is preparatory, and has an onward look. We are here in the infancy of our being, in the pupilage of existence. The full development of our manhood is reserved for a higher world. Every event in our earthly history is educational and preparatory for that higher development. Great and glorious purposes have been formed by God in relation to our future, and each of us is now exercised with those very events and dispensations which are most likely to effect these highest purposes of God. When agitated by reverses and perplexed by the mysteries of life Christ teaches me to

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rest in the thought that the Lord reigneth; and that although some of His ways are shrouded in darkness, yet a period is coming when it shall be revealed to my entire satisfaction that 'He hath done all things well.'

There are SOCIAL causes of unrest.—Living in a world where men are so diverse in their characters, tastes, habits, temperaments, and where all are naturally selfish, every one going in his own way, it is reasonable to suppose that we shall all suffer more or less from each other. Your character may be defamed, your principles may be misunderstood, your motives misinterpreted, your rights denied by those with whom you have no might to contend. Human loves are also fickle. Friends prove faithless, confidence is betrayed; the staff on which you lean pierces instead of supporting you; the hand which succoured you is withdrawn; the heart which loved you, loves you no more; the countenance whose smiles once cheered you, gathers frowns; and the eye which beamed with affection, looks cold, if not angry; and you are made to feel as if a sword had pierced your soul. Moreover, you have a sensitive nature. You cannot, like some, cast off these things and be indifferent. It is not in you to assume or practice the stoic. Your tender nature bows and bends beneath these social grievances.

What is the remedy? Jesus says, 'Come unto Me.' Amid the fluctuations of earthly friendships, Jesus announces Himself as an unchanging Friend, 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' 'Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' Amid the wrecks of earthly loves, Jesus proclaims a love that knows neither measure nor end nor change. Other hearts may wax cold, His never will. Nor is this all. Amid the desolations of heart which you occasionally feel, He reveals the hopes of the future; He points to a purer society in another world, where friendships exist without alloy, and where all are true, sincere, and unchanging. There we shall be introduced into the society of the greatest and noblest that ever lived; holy men, with whom we shall feel it an honour to associate. 'What a privilege,' said one of our greatest Welsh Ministers on his death-bed, 'what a privilege, what a joy, to shake hands with St. Paul, and to converse with him about his wondrous Epistles.' Nay, more; the higher spirits of heaven, angels and archangels, will be our companions and friends. That society will be for ever free from guile and selfishness. No element shall ever enter there to cause friction or disturb the harmony.

'There saints and angels join
In fellowship divine,
And rapture swells the solemn lay:

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While all with one accord
Adore their glorious Lord,
And shout His praise in endless day.'

There are SPIRITUAL causes of unrest.—'A wounded spirit who can bear?' Other sorrows may be borne, but the question implies that consciousness of guilt upon the soul is intolerable. It forms part of God's great plan, that the wrong-doer shall be self-punished. Man carries avenging powers within him. He stands between two punitive forces, each in its turn, and sometimes both together, directing their artillery against him with destructive energy. The guilty past awakening remorse; the retributive future awakening terror. It is the office of conscience to awaken remorse by bringing sins to our recollection. Occasionally she holds up to view one solitary but aggravated sin. It may be an undetected sin, and one of which you have not been suspected; but conscience is in possession of the secret, and she scares you with it. At other times sins come trooping in upon you, when many of the evils, errors, and follies of your life stand out to view, and alarm you with their number and atrocity. Some men have employed every artifice to escape these pursuers. They have crossed the seas to distant lands, hoping by distancing the scenes and associations of their evil deeds to rid themselves altogether of guilty memories; but conscience pursued them across the seas, and in that far-off land peopled the whole scene with the ghastly spectres of their crimes. They have forgotten their resting-place.

What is the remedy? Jesus says, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' He brings pardon in His hands, He cancels sin, He remits the punishment, He bestows the witnessing Spirit Who gives the seal of assurance, and so gives peace to the distracted heart. 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Forgiveness will not produce precisely the same peace in a man as that he would have had had he never done wrong. There must always be a difference between the peace of the forgiven and the peace of the holy beings like the angels who have never sinned. In the one case, there is a calm, approving conscience that has never known the lashings of remorse or the tumult of guilty fears; but in the other case, it is a peace which follows a troubled state of mind, a calm which comes after the storm. The peace of the innocent angel may be more calm and steady and uniform; but the peace of the forgiven transgressor will be more intense and rapturous and thrilling.

Even after guilt has been cancelled and pardon pronounced, the Christian man often finds another cause of unrest in *the natural depravity of his heart, his proneness to evil.* Sin hath no more dominion over

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him. Evil is no longer in the ascendency. The usurper has been dethroned, and grace now reigns. Nevertheless, corruption dwells within. Evil has been dethroned, but not destroyed. Its power is broken, but not annihilated. It struggles for the mastery. 'The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.' The evil in the heart prompts to wrong, it lends a listening ear to the tempter's voice. Although often resisted and defeated in the strife, yet it comes again to do battle with the good, and sometimes threatens to re-assert supremacy. Yes, there are moments when the Christian feels his safety imperilled, his salvation jeopardized, owing to the strenuous attacks of an obstinate depravity. After repeated and desperate battles, he becomes faint and dispirited, and imagining himself unequally matched, he is tempted to give up the strife as utterly hopeless.

Well, and is there no remedy? Are you doomed to carry this inward evil, this disturbing force, with you to the verge of the grave? Is death the only power that can rescue you from it? Is the first Adam stronger than the Second? Is evil mightier than good? Is Belial mightier than Jesus? No, thank God. 'He is able to save to the *uttermost*' all that 'come unto God by Him.' The remedy is at hand. The deepest depravity cannot exceed the efficacy of atoning blood. When an assembled universe meet before the throne of the universal Judge, the evil one will not be able to point to a single soul and say, 'This moral stain is *now* upon this heart simply because the great atonement made no provision for removing it; and this other spot remains on this conscience because the blood of the sacrifice could not cleanse it.' If he dared make such an accusation, there would be a thousand voices ready to reply, 'There was a stain like that upon our hearts, but the atonement removed it; and a spot like that upon our consciences, but the blood cleansed it.' Yes, Jesus is mighty to save. He Who dethroned the usurper can expel him. He Who cancelled guilt can abolish inward evil. He Who demolished the Upas tree of sin can pluck up every root and fibre of evil from your soul. He Who pardoned can also purify. 'For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy'—not simply weaken, but utterly *destroy*—'the works of the devil.'

Ye troubled, tempest-tossed spirits yearning for the rest which you have sought in vain elsewhere, come ye to Him Who alone is the true rest of souls. Let the New-Year be marked by a return to Him Who is our Peace. No longer forget your resting-place. No longer wander over mountain and hill away from the pasture

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'Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on His bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.'

He invites you. He bids you welcome. He assures you of that which you need—*Rest;* yes, rest for the *intellect* in the Truth of God; rest for the *heart* amid all its tossings in the Providence of God; rest for a guilty and troubled *conscience* in the Christ of God; rest from *depravity* in the Spirit of God Who is the Spirit of holiness.

AFTERWARDS.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

'The grievousness of war.'—ISAIAH XXI. 15.

ALL scorched by Orient suns,
By Saracen shot and shells,
They come, to the thunder of greeting guns,
And jingling joy of the bells.
All hail! O fearless few,
Who countless ills have braved:
Long live, alike the Red and the Blue,
In a nation's heart engraved.

The war is over and done,
The vulture and kite are fed:
O, woe, and woe to the fettered foe,
And the crowds by him misled!
In ashes the city lies,
Consumed are the grass and grain;
And the glutted graveyards scarce suffice
To cover one half his slain.

The war is over and done,
Yet burns its baleful breath;
As burn it will, the valleys to fill
With dolour and with death.
Gaunt Famine and grim Disease,
With Rapine, of blood-red hand,
Together shall ride, and long divide
The lordship of the land.

Exult, for peace restored,
That the goodly stake is won:
Injustice fails, and Right prevails,
And the war is over and done.

Each breeze glad tidings tells
Of Victory's valiant sons,
In the mingled mirth of welcoming bells,
And thunder-laugh of the guns.

Yet Victory's self must mourn,
In long-enduring dole,
With swimming eye forbidden to dry,
For many a parted soul.
Gold, sunk in a soundless sea,
The sordid crew may deplore:
The good and the true the men will rue
Who went, to come no more.

O, woe to the soldier's wife,
To his boys and girls un-grown!
And woe to the frail and flickering life
From whence he drew his own!
The wife the letter has read,
Her fingers forget their hold;
A freezing horror bows her head,
And her heart's warm blood run cold.

In her nook the grandam sits,
Perplexed with a new distress;
Racking in vain her wandering wits
In many a gloomy guess.

* See Coloured Illustration.

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Sad Sophie, a helpful girl,
  Would check the children's noise;
But life—it is fleet, and play—it is sweet,
  And the boys—they *will* be boys.

They hear the rolling drums,
  The bugle-blare and the fife,
And think their conquering father comes
  From the war, enriched for life.
So they will soldiers be:
  His bayonet Ned uprears,
While Joe his drum strikes manfully,
  And Maggie looks on and cheers.

The slumbering infant smiles,
  At songs which the angels sing:
All undismayed, beneath the shade
  Of sorrow's hovering wing.
O, who the bale can tell
  That comes with a joy like this?

Each note of triumph sounds the knell
  Of some enraptured bliss.

The war-song ends, but long
  Will linger the harsh refrain,
In the blasted life of the happy wife,
  In the childless parent's pain,
In lives but new-begun—
  The stay and the sunshine lost:
Alas! that Victory should be won
  At such a cruel cost.

O Christ! Whose voice of yore
  Rebuked the enraged abyss,
Put forth Thy might once more, to right
  The things that are much amiss.
Praise that our battled host
  The well-fought field have won!
Forget not them that need Thee most
  Now all is over and done!

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

INTRODUCTION.

I SPENT many weeks of last summer at Oakhurst Manor, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The Manor is a fine old house, many-gabled, ivy-clad, having a beautiful red-tiled roof. A projecting entrance-porch, massive as a tower, leads into a great central hall, whose one window, barred with three tiers of mullions and filled with diamond panes, is ampler than the whole front of many a modern villa. There is no dwelling of equal pretensions in Oakhurst village. It does not take rank as a Hall, still less is it an ordinary farm-house. No park surrounds it, but it has large gardens, and is approached by a somewhat unkempt avenue of aged oaks, whence its name is supposed to be derived. With its surrounding farm lands, it was for many generations a freehold in one family; and the present owner, Mr. Stephen Wilson, though bearing a different name, is proud to trace his descent from the same old stock. But despite this ancestral pride of his, Mr. Wilson is nothing less than he is an antiquarian; and I do not know if he was more surprised or amused at the pertinacity with which I assured him

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that his charming old house must have a story of its own worth knowing. 'We have always been peaceable yeomen,' he said; 'there have been no interesting criminals connected with our tribe who have bestowed on us any romantic hereditary curse; we have not even a family ghost. You may take it for granted that Oakhurst is like a perfectly well-governed, prosperous State, it has no history.'

On a certain rainy morning, however, after giving me this assurance, Mr. Wilson came out of his own special book-room with an open parcel in his hand, which he offered me as I sat at work, saying, 'Here is something which may amuse you this wet day. You have been so confident of our having some family legend, that I have been rummaging in my grandfather's old bureau among his treasured papers to see if possibly you are right; but I find nothing more promising than this. I must have heard something of it when I was a child, for it awakens some dim recollection as I look at it. It was put away in a drawer by itself.'

I unfolded the loose wrappings of the parcel, and found that it held, beside an old miniature case, a thin parchment-bound book, in which many ancient letters were neatly fastened, while the pages that were left free were covered with close, small writing. 'There is the family chronicle whose existence you have divined by art-magic and sympathy,' said Mr. Wilson, laughing. 'You will find that all these letters are of the years 1744 and 1745; and they are so arranged as to tell a tolerably consecutive story. That will have been my grandfather's work, for he had a mania for collecting and arranging old letters. The rest of the manuscript is evidently a journal, and I imagine the writer has been the lady whose likeness you have there.' I opened the miniature case, and saw what seemed the portrait of a fair young Quakeress. Not only was there the hair put away beneath a high-crowned close cap, and the spotless 'kerchief crossed over the tranquil bosom, but the face, which was very lovely, with a complexion of pearly fairness, and eyes whose rich chestnut-brown exactly matched the hair so jealously covered, wore that look of serene inward joy which is rarely seen apart from the modest garb of the Friends. 'I did not know there were any Friends connected with your family,' I said. 'I must now beware of ever talking about *Quakers* to you.' 'Don't fear hurting my feelings in that way,' said my host. 'Don't you recognise the early Methodist dress? I thought you would know it at a glance. That lady has the credit of being a very early convert of Mr. Wesley's; but you will find all about her in the production I have given you: you had better read it now you have it. But do not hope to find any discreditable revelations in it; indeed, I should not mind your

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publishing the whole affair, or as much of it as seems interesting, with notes and comments at your discretion; it will do us no injury.'

So much of the ancient record appeared interesting to me, that I have not feared to act on this permission, and now the Chronicles must speak for themselves.

CHAPTER 1.

MRS. MARTHA WILSON TO MRS. ANNA COLLINGS, *Germain St., London.*

Oakhurst Manor, August 17th, 1744.

My dearest Nancy need not fear that I am forgetting her among new places and new faces, although I have so sadly failed in my promise to send regular journalizing letters of all my adventures among these Northern wilds and their savage inhabitants. It is too late to redeem my pledge fully; but if I now give you the history of the last few days, 'twill paint my surroundings for you fairly, and give you some light on plans for the future which I have no mind to keep secret from my Anna. I have told you what an odd, rambling pile of buildings this Manor is, though I profess a huge admiration for it to please its master. It is now time I should show you some of the humours of my Uncle Heywood, who, in his own way, is quite as great a curiosity. You must know I came on him unawares last Saturday evening, as he sat smoking his pipe in the porch, and he looked amazingly mild and easy. I never saw so peaceful a look on his grim face, with its shaggy gray brows and its closely-set mouth; but he was gazing over the land he is proud to own, and I think 'twas the sight of the clean-reaped stubble-fields that so soothed him. 'Never since he was a lad,' I have heard him say, 'had he a grander crop, or got it in better.' I thought to take advantage of his quiet mood for the benefit of a scheme in which I want his help, and so stept behind his chair, meaning to avoid his angry look if he should take my words ill; and then my craven courage failed, and I could say nothing bolder than, 'What time will you set off for church to-morrow, Uncle?' How amazed he looked as he faced round on me! 'What time shall I go to church, say'st thou? No time at all to-morrow, lass!' he said. (I try to give you his native Doric words, Anna, but the pronunciation is past me.) 'Had enough of praying and preaching last Sunday; but it was best to go then, thou sees, to keep my mind off all the corn that wasn't carried; my Molly would have fretted sore had I made the men work o' Sunday. But to-morrow I can stay at home with a quiet mind.' You may see, my Nancy, that Uncle Heywood and father would scarce draw well together.

I will venture to say I looked dismayed, for our best chance of seeing

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Oakhurst Manor House.

any one is morning church; and he went on: 'You young things need not bide at home for me; I can furnish you and Molly with a horse a-piece. But I thought you had enough of church-going in Lunnon, Patty?' 'Tis not church-going that I hate,' I told him; 'I always did like church mightily; 'tis the next best thing to the play. One sees quite as many genteel people, and there is nothing much to take off one's thoughts from their dress and their ways. But what with rising before 'tis light for five o'clock preaching, and what with being made to think of death and judgment there, and hearing only Bible talk after, while father and John reprove one for lightness if I sing aught but psalms, I have no spirits left by church time; and I can't enjoy the sight of the fine ladies as I should, if I might but dress a bit like them.' 'Poor lass!' said uncle, looking at me from head to foot and laughing; and I could not but laugh too, though I was vexed; and then came Mrs. Molly to call us to supper, and my chance was gone. I should have got out what I wanted in a moment, for uncle's look of good-humoured pity at my Puritan garments showed me a way to begin. He likes his Molly to go gay, and grudges the money she spends in dress even less than she does. I protest it is a shame to look at her and me, and to remember she is but a Yorkshire farmer's youngest child, if he *does* farm his own

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land; and I am the only daughter of a London merchant who can bring home India shawls and China silks in his own ships for other folks—I wonder he will handle the money they bring!—while his wife and child must go as coarsely clad as the Carmelite Nuns in France that John tells of. I have no mind to be a nun, and do not think myself ugly enough for one, though I do not pretend to be as lovely as my Cousin Molly. Her greatest advantage over me, however, is her hair; mine, you know, though it has been complimented as auburn, is much advantaged by powder, which I do not scruple to wear now I am out of father's way. Uncle Heywood went on at supper asking me questions about father's new notions, and I told him how father objects to hair-powder and rouge, and dress and jewels, saying 'tis a sinful waste of money to buy such things while poor folks are starving. 'And don't you think he is right?' says Molly, opening her great eyes. (She had as pretty a ruby clasp for the ribbon round her throat as you could wish to see.) 'Not I,' I said; 'I keep my pity, and I would fain keep my money, for the poor barbers and mercers and jewellers, and the other industrious good creatures who would all come to beggary if father and his friends had their own way.' 'You've said a true word, lass!' roars Uncle, bringing down his fist on the table so as to make me jump and all the plates dance; 'my mind has been made up long since about these Methodist rascals—no offence to you, Patty; I don't mean your father nor your brother, nor yet my son Tom, who is fool enough to be taken with their talk. I mean Mr. Wesley and his canting Preachers, who are turning the heads of such simple folks. They're Papists in disguise. 'Tis rank Popery, this preaching up of fasting and praying, and plain dress—this wasting of your substance on lazy vagabonds who find it easier to whine and beg than to earn an honest living. Now, Molly, what have I said amiss?' For she looked like an angry little bird, her pretty eyes flashed so. 'You don't mean to say brother Tom is a Papist?' said she; 'no Papist would come to church as he does—you will see he will be there to-morrow.' 'Nay *I* shan't see him there, lass,' says Uncle, 'but you may if you will. You will not be for going near the Inn without me, so you and Patty can put up at neighbour Fields'. Eh, Molly? and you may bring Parson home to dinner if you will. He and I can have a quiet game of bowls together. Well, Patty,' he went on, 'you should know what Methodism is, if any one does; you will be of my mind that it is all Papist nonsense?' And I said, 'I didn't think Popery could be so dreadfully dull, from what I had heard brother John say of the Papists he had seen in France and their love of sinful pleasures.' And as I wanted sorely to get Uncle by himself again, I took care to

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lead the talk from John's new notions, to his visit to Oakhurst last summer, and the way he spoke when he returned to us about cousin Molly's sweet looks and clever housekeeping. While I talked, Molly fidgeted and coloured, till her cheeks, that are commonly pale, were like the cherry ribbon in her hair; and at last she got up and said, 'I shall leave you to finish your talk with father, Patty. I must go and speak about to-morrow's dinner to Mrs. Wilkins.'

'Tis her old nurse who has reared her up since Aunt Heywood died ten years ago, and who really ought to get the credit of all the clever management here; only I shall not say so to John. Neither Uncle nor I could help laughing as Mrs. Molly went so majestic out of the room with her little head as high as she could hold it. 'Is there anything between my girl and your brother Jack, niece?' said Uncle, when the door was shut. 'There might be, Uncle, if you thought good,' said I. 'I know you would never give her to a Methodist—' 'Not to save his life, or hers,' interrupts Uncle very sternly—'and she has luckily no leaning that way now,' I went on; 'but I think if she were often in his sight, so that he could not easily put away the thoughts of her as a temptation, it would be too much for his resolution, and he would give up all his Methodism for one kind look from her. 'Twould be a great piece of good luck for our family, and specially for poor me; and I should be mightily pleased, Uncle,'—I said half afraid, 'if you could spare Molly to return with me for a reasonably long visit. To take her about and show her all the rarities would be such a holiday for me! I am ready to die of dulness at home. Won't you do me this kindness?' He looked very stern on me for a moment, and then he half laughed, saying, 'Poor little Patty! it would be a hard heart that would not pity thy troubles. I own that my little girl might do much worse than wed her cousin Jack, were he but quit of his religious crazes. I have had other views for her, 'tis true; but I will think upon it, niece. Yet when you ask me for Molly, you ask for the apple of my eye.' Sure I knew that without his telling; neither his daughter Jane that's so well married in Leeds, nor his only son Tom, who will succeed him here, is half so dear to him as this youngest girl of his. But I must end this scrawl, even as our talk ended suddenly by Mrs. Molly's coming back into the room, quite cool and demure again. I will give you the sequel when next I journalize to you, my Nancy.

August 20th.

They are mighty easy folks about their letters here; no chance have I had of sending off my last packet yet; not a man can be spared to ride with it. So I will take yet another sheet, and tell you what I

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have guessed as to Uncle's 'other views' for Molly, which, please Heaven, shall come to nothing. I learnt what they were by my dutifulness in going to church. We were off very early on Sunday morning, for 'tis a three miles' ride; and the sun, shining gloriously, did his best to mortify me by showing all the difference between my riding-suit and Molly's, which was scarlet laced with silver, and became her rarely. I minded it less since the few gentry that we met were homely, awkward folks, who have not changed the cut of their clothes, one would think, since old Queen Anne died. We put up our horses according to order at Mr. Fields,' the lawyer's: he has a handsome modern house just by the churchyard. I thought Molly in an amazing hurry to get to church, but the cause became plain to me when Mr. Fields came hastening after us, and overtook us before we were well in the porch. He is a meagre, elderly man, genteel enough in dress and figure, but over-polite. I wish I had Mr. Hogarth's pencil that I might draw him for you as he stood bowing and smiling, and 'hoping he saw sweet Mrs. Heywood in health: might he have the honour of an introduction to her fair cousin?'

I know not why I hated the smooth words. Molly answered as shortly as she could to be civil, and kept her eyes from his face, nor did I wonder, for he had an uneasy smile on his thin lips and a hungry look in his eyes; you would have thought she was something very nice he was going to eat. She hurried me away and into the Manor pew so fast I could scarce breathe. There was no one in the pew but cousin Tom, and I could not resist asking Molly how she liked her legal admirer? She shivered a little and went paler, though the sun was shining warmly on her through the old Gothic window patched with bits of wine-coloured glass. I asked her again, and she whispered, 'I never can see him without turning cold—and I am always seeing him; he creeps about the Manor like a tame snake; I wonder you have not come across him there. And doesn't he hiss politely when he talks?' We both laughed then, and I know Molly was shocked at herself, for you never in your life saw any creature so devout as she was through the rest of the service; I could not make her smile once, and always before we have had some mirth over the strange singing, and the odd faces the fiddlers make over their instruments, and the wonderful nasal drawl of the clerk as he says the responses. It is little use her putting on that stiff mask of piety, it does not suit her youth and bloom; and I made her laugh before the day was out at the remembrance of the sermon, for Parson Hall, preaching from 'Owe no man anything,' made out that the Apostle was thinking chiefly of tithes, and the Dissenters who object to pay them; in which I think father would say his text would not bear him out.

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Mr. Hall is a mild-spoken, anxious-faced old man, who has never married, 'tis such a poor living; he seemed to take Uncle's invitation to dinner as a royal command; he was proud, he said, to ride home with us. But neither Molly nor I felt proud when Mr. Fields would join our party, under pretence of doing me honour in escorting me specially; I did not need his escort, and he gazed so after Molly as she rode on with Mr. Hall, that I felt every minute more persuaded it was he whom Uncle had been thinking of for her; every one says he is very rich. So hoping to plague him, I began to tell him how there was a little plot between Uncle and me to get Molly up to town: that caught his attention at once; and so I went on to say 'You see I am so moped up at home, owing to father's religious whims, that my dear good Uncle grieves for me, and is willing to lend me my cousin Mary for a little space, and it will go hard if we cannot see something of the town gaieties together. The theatres, you know, will open in October. Then—who knows?—some great gentleman may be so caught with my cousin's sweet face that she may make a noble match, as she ought. Sure you agree with me 't would be a thousand pities for her to waste herself on any rude country bumpkin?' I was pleased to see him look very black at first, but I soon had to rue my pertness, when he smoothed his brow and answered smiling, 'Yours is indeed an innocent plot, madam; it is sad to see one so young and blooming condemned to play the ascetic against her will. For any little aid I can render, you may command me. I shall soon be myself in town, and shall take an early occasion to lay my services at your feet. Perhaps I can even be of use to you on the road?' I made haste to tell him father would send a man-servant for us, but he was still protesting his goodwill to do me service, when Uncle Heywood met us at the Manor gate. He looked better pleased to see Mr. Fields than I felt, and gave him a hearty invitation to come in and dine, which the creature was glad enough to accept. I fear I shall have him turning up on my hands in London; but I will make use of him if I can, not exactly for his own advantage, to pay him for making all that Sunday odious to me, and, as I think, to Molly also. She seems well content with the prospect of returning with me, and I now feel sure that Uncle will let her come. All that was needed to fix his mind was a little contradiction from somebody, and dear Nurse Wilkins has been kind enough to supply that. I could kiss the good woman for it.

'O, Mrs. Patty,' she broke out when we told her of the project, 'how can you think of asking such a thing of Master? To take Mrs. Mary, my sweet, innocent lamb, that I have never let the wind blow rough on, into such a wilderness of wickedness as London! I cannot

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answer it to Mistress when I meet her in heaven if I do not try to turn master from such a scheme.' 'You don't compliment me much, Nurse,' said I; 'do you forget I have lived all my life in that wicked place?' 'You would have been a deal better if you hadn't, madam,' said she. 'And my own mother,' says Molly, smiling, '*she* was reared in London, Nurse, you know it well.' 'Mistress was an angel,' said Wilkins, obstinately, 'not a simple, foolish thing like you, my darling; and an angel she would have been if she had been reared among heathen Turks, as I do not know that London is not as bad; for one may see by *your* light ways, Mrs. Patty, what it will do for ordinary folks though they have the carefulest training.' Then she fairly wrung her hands and said to Uncle, 'I do beg and pray you will think better of it, Sir, or you will repent, so sure as you are sitting there.' She could not have said aught to serve me so well; for he answered quite roughly, 'Don't talk such trash, dame Wilkins: art forgetting my girl is going to her mother's brother? A fool he may be, but he is an honest one; no harm will come to Molly in his house. And I have said she shall go, and I'll stick to it.' He never had said so, dear Nancy, but I had no mind to tell him that, and now I know he will keep his word. So you may look before the year is out to be introduced to my jewel of a cousin, who will, I hope, turn my brain-sick brother from his visionary ways, and make him a rational Christian again. Do not fail to give my particular compliments to Mr. Collings, and believe that I am, whether I write or am silent, always my dear Nancy's most loving PATTY.

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

JANUARY 7th.—*What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.*—PSALM CXVI. 12, 13.

THUS, by the good hand of my God upon me, I reach the first station of holy rest in the New Year. Surely, all the songs of my heart to-day must be pitched in this key, *What shall I render unto the Lord?* I know that the giving is all on His part, as the abundant receiving is on mine. Yet a most precious aspect of His bounty is this, that He gives me wherewithal I may present an offering to Him. Nay, it is only when they are laid on the altar that the Lord's mercies yield their full measure of sweetness; for the richness of His gifts is not discovered until they are rendered back to Him in grateful

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service. They who content themselves with only receiving His benefits, and never use them so as to make return to Him, choose rather to be God's paupers than God's children and servants. They who simply eat the Father's bounty, and so have done with it, never taste one-half of its goodness.

What shall I render?....I will take....Yes, as it must ever be. *What hast thou that thou didst not receive?* But the declaration here carries with it something more than the idea of merely accepting. *I will take the cup of salvation*, means, I will openly avow my trust in all the benefits of God's salvation, and I will also as openly commit myself to all its obligations. So must the avowal, *I will call upon the name of the Lord*, be taken here in its largest meaning, which does not set aside other meanings, such as that in ver. 4, but includes them all, while it goes beyond them. Already, in ver. 2, this fuller significance begins to be spoken; but the verses following the 13th are all taken up with setting forth and carrying out what the Psalmist means here by 'calling upon the name of the Lord.' And all this is in exact agreement with the earliest use of the same words, where, in every case, they stand connected with the consecration to God of an altar, or place of worship (Gen. xii. 8, xxi. 33, xxvi. 25).

Now, therefore, looking from the height of this day upon the multitude of God's *benefits toward me* in Jesus Christ, I also would commit myself afresh to His holy Covenant, trusting myself wholly to its gracious provisions, and yielding myself in whole obedience to all its claims. And this I would do first in the secret worship of my own soul, and then, so far as I have opportunity, openly, *in the presence of all His people.*

JANUARY 14th.—*Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.*—PHIL. II. 12, 13.

This lesson joins on to the foregoing exhibition of the example of Christ Jesus. *Wherefore*—following Him in all self-denial, and all self-sacrifice unto obedience, find the salvation of yourselves. Thus we shall do well if we begin the Lord's day by going in the Lord's steps.

Then follows an important admonition, which is most timely for this day's use. Value highly and avail yourselves diligently of the help given by pastors and teachers; but do not forget that, apart from their ministration, and without dependence upon it, there is a working out of *your own salvation* which must have your utmost perseverance and care. The *fear and trembling* here cannot bear any

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meaning of slavish terror or timorous uncertainty, but express, in the strongest possible way, the furthest opposite to indifference, and that false trust which begets sloth. Your *salvation* is all and only a gift; but it is a gift which is given to be worked out, developed, accomplished. Beware of a mischievous error creeping in under cover of a phrase much used nowadays—'the finished work of Christ.' As an atonement for us, His work is for ever finished, and was finished *even while we were yet sinners.* But as a salvation in us, His work is never finished; but it is for us to watch, and strive, and pray that we may be saved more and more every day.

It is no accomplishment of the *good pleasure* of a gracious God that we should be mere passive receivers of His grace. If grace be not used, it becomes useless. And it is another and most welcome aspect of the same truth, that we are not set to carry out any part of our salvation by our own resources: *for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do.* It is for you to *work out* what He *worketh in you.* Thus, for example, He gives you light: it is your part to let it shine. He sanctifies you, and then charges you, *Be ye holy.*

Now consider what it is that He *worketh in you: both to will and to do.* Only thus is His work complete. Neither half is effectual if severed from the other. The first part is *to will*, which is far more than to wish. Our Christian life is in but a meagre state when the best we can say is that we have good desires. Will means purpose, and this must needs go on to the next part—*to do.* Both together make up God's *good pleasure* concerning us. How easy the work is when we have the will; how hard, nay, impossible, when the will is lacking.

Let my heart praise God all this day for this revelation of *His good pleasure*, which sets me to work out no more than He works in me, and every day let my life praise Him by working out my own salvation with most watchful care and most solemn diligence.

JANUARY 21st.—*Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.*—ISAIAH XII. 3.

Therefore:—why? Because *the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation.* Here is reason enough, and food enough, for the joy. Here is certainty that I shall find *wells* when I need them; and here is ample warrant for my drawing from them abundantly.

But what does this mean, that the Lord *is become my salvation*, and yet I am to look also for *wells of salvation?* Surely it means, that it pleases the Lord to place much of His saving fulness where, if I am to get it, I must *draw* it. We are too ready to forget this, and

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to look to have all our salvation brought to us without our effort, and almost without our asking: and thus faith falls into an undevout carelessness. Where the Lord has made it known that He has stored His blessing for us, there true faith goes to seek it. It is no true faith which neglects the store thus prepared, and yet finds comfort in saying, 'The Lord will provide.'

My gracious God has taught me long since, that He so orders it that there shall be special wells at my Sabbath halting-place; and to-day I shall praise Him best by drawing largely therefrom. And for this, there needs not any difficult process requiring much skill in its use. Any empty vessel of want will serve, if it be only let down by the cord of trust. Yet, before vessel and cord, something is first of all necessary, even thirst; for without this, if indeed I come to the well at all, I am likely to bring but a scanty measure to dip withal. Therefore, O Lord, begin Thy benefits this day by bestowing upon me the gift of thirst, of thirst for Thy salvation, lest that happen, which I confess, to my great shame, has often happened before, that I have, in effect, said of wells of Thine, 'There is nothing in them for me;' while, all the time, the only lack was my own want of appetite. Give me to-day to draw *with joy*, the joy of the thirsty one who finds water.

Neither, in all this, am I unmindful of what my Saviour has said about him who receives at His hands *the gift of God*, that it *shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life*, and that, therefore, *he shall never thirst* (John iv. 14). No; he shall never thirst with a disappointed longing, like those who depend on earth's fitful supplies, which, at their best, can satisfy only for a short time. The satisfaction of His gifts does not wear away; yet he who accepts them most fully has a fine healthy desire, which is in itself an enjoyment, and all the more because he has no fear that the supply will fail.

There is no fear of the Lord's chiding me for bringing an over large want to draw with. Let me take care that I give Him no occasion to reproach me for neglecting His bounty by taking too little.

JANUARY 28th.—*For all things are for your sakes, that the abundant grace might through the thanksgiving of many redound to the glory of God.*—2 COR. iv. 15.

Considering the great and wonderful machinery which the Father has established for the benefit of His children, what a warrant we have for expecting largely to-day: and what a reproach will be ours, if our prayers lack earnestness of desire in the presence of such costly preparation made by our God. *All things are for your sakes;* and

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foremost among the *all things*—as in 1 Cor. iii. 22—is put the service of those who minister in the Word and in teaching, though, as in that other passage, the *all things* go far beyond this.

But while we should have our desire in seeking proportionate to God's purpose in giving, we must also consider whether our motive in seeking agrees with His in giving: for it is possible to contract, and shut in to a mere selfishness, our wish for God's spiritual blessings. In contrast to this unhealthy appetite, which soon makes prayer to dwindle into littleness of asking, see the intention here disclosed. Our bountiful God means us to furnish additional instances of His *grace*, so faithfully received and used as to be fruitful in *thanksgiving*, which shall thus *redound to* His *glory*.

Is my motive of worship to-day according to this standard? Do I join in the service of God's house, and listen to His Word with the earnest longing, that I may so catch and reflect His light, as to help to multiply the points of Divine brightness in this dark world? Let me once heartily accept this as my chief aim, and I shall no more content myself with having 'good times,' as we sometimes say, and enjoying pleasant religious feelings; but I shall be always eager to gain more and more grace, in order that I may more and more worthily live in evidence of what the grace of God can do in and for a poor sinner.

And though it be not primarily taught here, yet surely the lesson plainly goes out in this direction, that the multiplying looks beyond myself to others, and that my object is to be to wake up the music of *thanksgiving* where now there is dumb ignorance of His *grace:* that, just as I gratefully acknowledge that, by the loving provision of my God, the agency of others is employed for my sake, so I should devote myself, as a thank-offering, to be used, as He shall find work for me, for the sake of others.

BELEAGUERED;

OR,

A HUNDRED AND ONE DAYS IN THE GARRISON OF PRETORIA.

BY THE REV. GEORGE WEAVIND, OF SWAZILAND.

ON the 16th of December, 1880, the agitation which began some four years before among the Boers of the Transvaal reached the crisis which was always possible, but which no one anticipated; and 'the people' declared war against the British Government.

In Pretoria the news was received with some amount of incredulity; but when four days later we heard of the massacre of a detachment of the 94th Regiment at Bronkhorst's Spruit, it became evident to

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all that we were in the midst of a war. It was decided by the authorities to place Pretoria under martial law, and the inhabitants were requested to assist in upholding the Government, which they unanimously agreed to do.

The garrison was at the time very small, and it was thought wise to bring the civilians into as small a space as possible, to ensure better protection. Accordingly it was resolved to abandon the town and accommodate the inhabitants within the military camp.

This was a matter of no little difficulty, and entailed a vast amount of inconvenience, and in some cases suffering to the women and children. There were a number of buildings about twenty feet wide by one hundred and fifty feet long, which had been erected on a slight eminence about a mile from the town, and which had been used hitherto as barrack-rooms by the troops. These were placed at the disposal of the women and children. Measures were taken to apportion the rooms fairly to the various families, and as many as a hundred souls, and sometimes more, were quartered in these barn-like places. There was but little opportunity of dividing the spaces from each other, to secure some sort of privacy, for every inch was occupied, the various families being compelled to eat and sleep in the same small space. But after the most careful arrangements, and squeezing as many people as was possible into each of the rooms, there were still a large number of women and children to be provided for. Canvas houses were hastily erected, tents were pitched, wagons drawn together, and by this means some sort of shelter was found for all those who had been forced from their comfortable homes by the exigencies of war. But it was terrible at the best. Crowded together in these sheds, with scarcely breathing-room, or in tents and wagons exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, it was a marvel that in that hot climate and in the rainy season some epidemic did not break out, proving in its results more disastrous than war itself.

The troops were during these early days enduring enormous fatigue, raising hasty defences and completing others commenced before making the camp—ultimately an impregnable fortress. In the mean time, the besieging forces had drawn round Pretoria, fixing their camps at various places so as to command all the roads to and from the city, and cutting it off completely from the outside world.

Here was now gathered, within the small compass of the camp, between four and five thousand people, who, besides needing defence, required to be fed. This was a serious matter indeed. At the proclamation of martial law, the Commissariat Department gathered together all the provisions of every kind to be found in and around Pretoria. All that could by any possible means be converted into

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food, was taken possession of and carefully stored; and perhaps never has this department been so severely tried and never better discharged its duties than during the siege of Pretoria. All the inhabitants of the camp, civil as well as military, were rationed as soldiers usually are. The rations consisted of bread and meat, tea, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, and occasionally a little rice was issued. For the proper distribution of the food several civilians were appointed as ward-masters, whose duty it was to issue the rations to each person in their ward, at a certain fixed place, and to see that each got their due proportion daily.

It was not easy for the ladies to get used to the new order of things, or to make the carefully weighed-out rations suffice for the day's wants of their children and themselves. But with true heroism one and all strove to make the best of the peculiar and uncomfortable circumstances in which they were so suddenly placed. Cooking the food taxed their powers of resource to the utmost. With open fires in the open air, now they had to preserve their burning wood from being blown from them by fierce winds, then struggling with might and main to preserve a few sparks of fire under a downpour of rain such as is seen only in the tropics. From first to last, however, though every day made the trials greater and more difficult to bear, the greatest harmony prevailed, and none displayed more conspicuous bravery than the ladies—mothers, many of them, with the cares of little children upon them.

Making new arrangements as circumstances required them, things in the course of a week or two settled down into something like order.

The enemy seldom came near enough to create alarm, though there was the constant uncertainty as to what might happen next. The civilians capable of bearing arms had been organized into a volunteer corps, and were quartered at a redoubt situated about half a mile from the main camp. An important position, from a military point of view, which they were instructed to hold at all hazards in case of an attack. The transformation from peaceful citizens to soldiers in the space of a few hours, must have been very trying, and the military discipline imposed, though very necessary, was, to men who had never been trained to it, almost unbearable. Their duties, in addition to those purely military, were exceedingly heavy. Out all day—several times a week wood-cutting, to provide firewood for the whole camp, and when in camp engaged in strengthening the hastily-erected defences. And yet they cheerfully submitted, and willingly endured both toil and danger at the call of duty. And by their self-sacrifice and uncomplaining toil, many of the hardships incident to a siege were alleviated to those who were least able to endure them, and

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doubtless, by boldly uniting themselves with the military authorities, they averted an attack from the enemy, and spared Pretoria the horrors of an assault.

There were but few opportunities for religious services except on Sundays; and on several occasions the peace and rest of even this holy day were disturbed by the exigencies of war. But when possible, on the Sabbath we gathered together that we might remind ourselves, even midst strife and bloodshed, of the claims of our Divine Redeemer upon the hearts and lives of those He had redeemed. We had to worship where we could,—now in the open air, now in a shed hastily converted into a temple, and sometimes in a hospital marquee. In the morning early we held a parade service, and from the demeanour of the soldiers it would not have been possible to learn that they were often engaged in deadly conflict with their fellow men. Immediately afterwards we held a service in the volunteer camp; and though it was painful to see civilians, old friends, and members of our ordinary congregation, attending Divine service clothed in the trappings of war, the services were nevertheless hearty and blessed. In the afternoon we generally held two services in different parts of the camp, which were usually well attended, both by civilians and soldiers.

Those were happy services, notwithstanding their surroundings. And the presence and blessing of the Master were often powerfully experienced. Later on in the siege, as the danger of being attacked grew less, we were allowed to hold one service in our place of worship. Here we had large congregations, and very gracious seasons.

Week after week, however, passed by, and still no sign of relief came, nor could we obtain any news as to what was going on in other parts of the country. Indeed, so securely and rigidly were we hemmed in, that we never, except on one occasion, received any reliable information.

The military authorities could not remain inactive, so a series of sorties were arranged. These were engaged in by military and volunteers combined, and were more or less successful. But from the Boer's manner of warfare, and the smallness of the forces at the disposal of the commandant, as well as the large number of helpless women and children in camp who could not be left without an adequate force to protect them, it was impossible that any of the engagements could produce decided results. But these sorties were sufficiently in earnest to bring home to every one of us war in its most repulsive form. In each of the six sorties some lives were lost, and some were maimed and mutilated for life. It was a sad and sorrowful task to pass round the hospitals in the wake of the doctors

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after one of these sorties had been made. Young and vigorous fellows, who to all human appearance had a long life before them, lay pale and exhausted, with a limb shattered, or a bullet-wound in some vital part; a few, after long months of suffering, to recover to some extent their lost health, but alas! many to succumb in a short time to wounds beyond the surgeon's skill to heal. Heavy indeed was one's heart, but how blessed to tell the message of mercy and love to such as these. And thus the weary days dragged on, no news from outside save an occasional despatch from Rustenburg, which told of assaults by the enemy having been repulsed, and the brave little garrison holding out against overwhelming numbers.

But as weeks became months, and still no tidings of relief having reached the authorities, they resolved to take steps to make the provisions last as long as possible. The first thing was to issue only half the allowance of bread, and make up the quantity with biscuits. Now the biscuits had unfortunately been a long time in store, and through no neglect on the part of any one, had been taken possession of by certain little insects, whose presence might possibly have added to the flavour, but certainly did not make the biscuits any the more palatable. Besides, the cattle, of which we had an enormous herd when the siege commenced, began to grow thin, and the meat hard and sinewy, with very little nourishment in it, so that the food question became a serious one, especially to mothers who had hungry little ones to feed. And this became still more serious when it was found necessary to reduce the quantity to just half of what we had been hitherto allowed. No complaints were made, and all submitted cheerfully to the inevitable reduction in the food allowance, but many a mother's heart must have ached when she found herself unable to supply the wants of her hungry little ones. About the middle of the third month we received the intelligence from the Boer commander that Sir George Colley had been killed in an engagement at 'Laing's Neck.' But so many false and ridiculous stories had been sent in on various occasions previously, that the authorities refused to believe it. But a day or two afterwards the news of the armistice reached us, and the report of Sir George Colley's death was authenticated.

It is impossible to describe the gloom that fell upon the camp when this disastrous news was put beyond all doubt. All, from the commandant to the humblest non-combatant in camp, had been bravely hoping against hope that ere long the relieving columns would arrive, with Sir George at their head. But now it seemed as though we were to receive no help from outside. During the continuance of the armistice, though active operations were suspended,

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both parties continued on the defensive, and the Wesleyan Chaplain was sent out under a flag of truce to the Boer commander to arrange certain matters, and to ascertain how affairs were progressing at head-quarters. But very little information could be obtained. We were informed, however, with a great flourish of trumpets, of the surrender of the Potschefstroom garrison, which added to our depression. Four weeks of suspense passed, and then came the end. One evening four officers rode in from Newcastle with the intelligence that peace had been concluded, on the terms now known to all England. Three months and a half of hardship and privation, the extent of which will never be told, had been patiently and bravely borne, and now the people who had endured it were free to return to their homes.

It would not be right to close this hasty sketch without a few further remarks. The authorities, both military and civil, did what they could to lighten the privations and hardships of those thus dependent upon them for protection. Every effort was made by them to make the rules, necessarily harsh and stringent in some cases, as little harsh and oppressive as it was possible, and notwithstanding some few misunderstandings, the relations between those in power and the civilians were most cordial to the last. The soldiers behaved in a manner to win the respect of all. Though their duties were unusually severe, and their hardships and privations such as British soldiers seldom have to put up with, they were always ready to render many little services to those who were best able to appreciate them. In all their relations with the civilians they were kind and generous, and the several companies of the 2nd 21st Regiment, with their commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Gildea, will always be kept in grateful remembrance by those who dwelt in their midst during the one hundred and one days' siege of Pretoria.

MORE LEAVES FROM MY LOG:

THE PET LAMB RESTORED TO THE FOLD.

BY T. C. GARLAND.

In October, 1879, I was requested to visit a person residing in P—— Square, who was in great distress of mind.

In the course of a few days I went. The house was large and well-furnished, and passers-by might think there could be nothing inside those walls but peace, harmony, and joy. Ah! how little do we know of the inner life of those who dwell around us. How true is the saying, 'No one can tell where the shoe pinches, so well as those who wear it'; or, as the Scriptures say: 'The heart knoweth his own bitterness.'

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The door was opened by a nurse, who evidently had been expecting some one to call. Following her upstairs, I was introduced to the sick woman; she was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows and a bed-rest. The nurse placed a chair for me by the side of the bed, and said, 'Though the lady cannot speak, she can write;' and laying pencil and slate on the counterpane for her mistress, retired from the room. On enquiring how she was, she held out her hand in silence. I had not as yet taken particular notice of her face, nor had the nature of her complaint been mentioned to me. It was a cancer in her mouth, and consequently she could not speak distinctly. Often has it been my painful duty to visit persons suffering from the same cause.

Thinking her distress of mind arose from sorrow of sin, I began to point her to Jesus as the sinner's Friend, telling her that by faith in His death and righteousness she would find salvation; but from her answer (written on the slate) I found she was a Christian, and had been for some time a living witness to the truth, that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' I again enquired the cause of her distress, and she wrote, 'It is a family matter.' I replied, 'If you choose to unburden your mind to me, and it is in my power to render you any assistance, I will gladly do it.'

After resting her head on the pillow for a little time, she wrote the following sad tale: 'Three years ago last July, my youngest daughter, a fair and gentle girl,—we always called her "the pet lamb"—went to live as governess in a gentleman's family at the West End. She had not been there very long, before one of the sons began to show her signs of attachment; but she knowing her place, kept it. A few months afterwards he spoke to her plainly, and offered her his hand. At once she refused him, stating that not only was she too young, but the difference in their station in life was so great, that his friends would never consent to the union; and for the second time declined his offer. He would not be thwarted, and for a long time continued his attentions. She at last began to think more favourably of the matter, and in due time gave him her heart. But, alas! she soon found out her mistake. She listened to his soft words and fair promises.' Here the mother was so overcome with anguish, that I thought it best to proceed no further with this tale of sorrow till the next day; but to this she objected, and presently continued thus: 'Soon after this cruel, base, and unprincipled man had obtained his purpose, my child, my "pet lamb," was cast off, and ignominiously driven from the house. It was late in the day when she stood alone in the street, wronged and betrayed. What to do, or where to go, she knew not; at last she took

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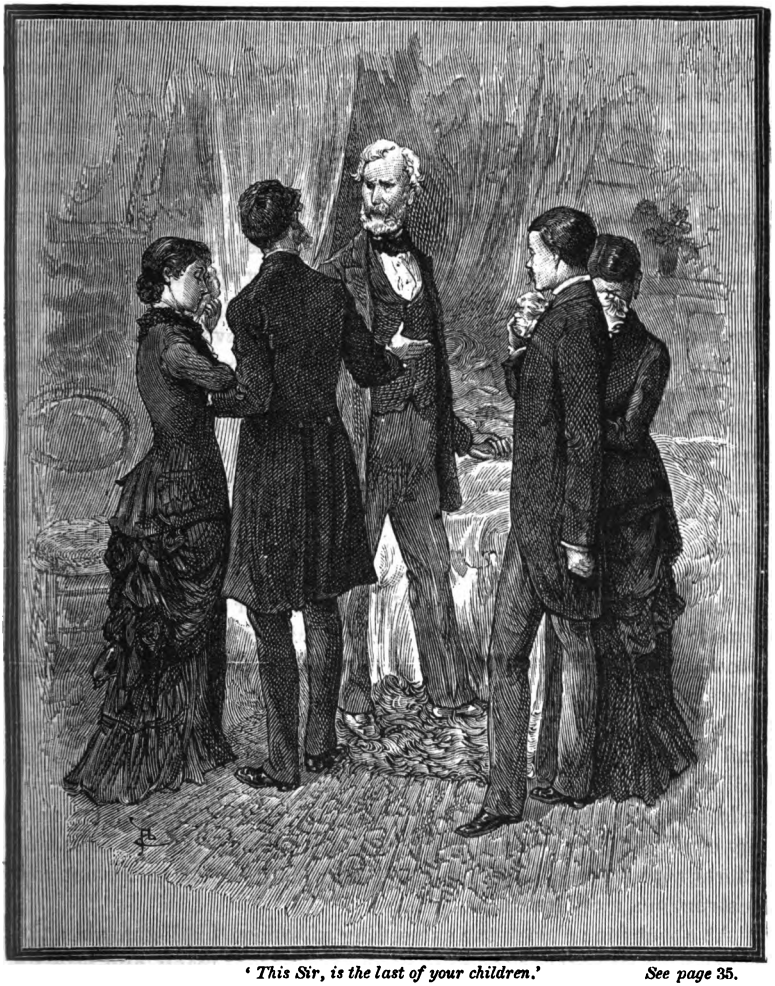

'This Sir, is the last of your children.' *See page 35.*

a cab, and went to a near relation of ours, and remained with her all night. The following day she wrote home to tell of her disgrace and sin, saying, "My dear parents, I know this will well-nigh break your hearts; my burden is greater than I can bear, homeless, friendless, and ruined. O, may I hope for your sympathy and forgiveness? you will not refuse me a shelter, and spurn me from you. Have compassion on your heart-broken and penitent child." This was the first intimation we had of her condition, and it was like a sword entering our very soul, and filled the house with lamentation and woe. My husband has always been a kind father, but how he would

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receive his disgraced child we could not tell: he is a proud man, and thinks much of his reputation. After reading the letter, he went almost distracted, and walked about the room all the night. In the morning, however, he was more composed, but did not once mention her name to me. I hoped all would be well, but had some misgivings.

'The next evening we were alone in the room below, and a gentle knock was heard at the door: it was quickly opened, and our dear pet lamb came in, tears streaming down her face, and falling down at her father's feet, she wept bitterly: then looking up, said, "You know all; can I hope for your forgiveness?" Kneeling down, I kissed her forehead, and said, "*Yes*, at least you shall have mine" (this it appears she quite expected). Her father sat motionless. Clasping her hands and weeping, she looked him in the face (*such* a look—I shall never forget it) and cried, "Dear father, will you not speak to me,—one word—only one word; my poor heart is so cold and heavy, can you forgive? Do speak, dear father!" she sobbed; "just one word."

'That word soon came; thrusting her from him, he answered, "*No*, never!" and rising, said, "Begone; leave my house at once: this is no longer your home, you are no longer my child;" and, opening the door, he bade her walk out, and never darken his door again. From that time to this he has never seen her face, nor has he mentioned her name. How can I die, and my child a castaway? Sir, can you help me in this my trouble?'

I expressed my willingness to help her to the extent of my power, and devised many plans to bring about this reconciliation; but all failing, the question came, 'What's to be done now?' After some reflection, I hit upon a scheme, and taking the eldest daughter into my confidence, I explained it to her, and praying God to bless our efforts with success, I left the house, charging her to carry out my instructions most carefully.

At about four o'clock the succeeding afternoon I called again: the eldest daughter opened the door, and said, 'All is ready, and waiting for you.'

I was led up-stairs, and was introduced to the husband, whom I had not seen before. He was reading a little book to his wife, and was very much affected. After a little conversation, I said, 'I suppose, Sir, your wife was like most mothers, and used to kiss the children, when they were young, before they went to rest, did she not?' 'O yes!' he replied, 'and since they have grown up, too.' 'Do you think she will ever give them another kiss?' I asked. 'No, never; it would not be prudent in this terrible affliction.' I then enquired—as she felt her strength gradually leaving her—if she would not like to give a *farewell kiss* to her children, and writing some

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words on the slate, she passed it to her husband; we both read it; it ran thus, 'Dear John, you must hold my hand and kiss them for me.' He looked somewhat confused, so I said, 'That's a good thought, it won't take long, I will call them up; they can go into the adjoining room, and come in one at a time.' When he had consented, I led the eldest daughter in; the father was holding the wife's hand in his; and placing his arm round her neck, kissed her, and said, 'Your mother will soon be gone, that kiss is from her.' The next in age was a young man, and kissing him in like manner, he said, 'James, that's from your mother'; so to each of his children did he impart the mother's farewell kiss.

He was then about to place his wife's hand under the bed-clothes, when I stepped into the other room for the *disowned* one, who appeared more dead than alive. I said, 'Come in.' 'O, Sir,' she replied, 'I shall faint!' 'No, no; you must not faint; we have no time for that,' I answered; and, taking her arm led her into the room, and holding out the girl's hand to the father, said, 'This, Sir, is the last of your children.' He was so surprised that he could not speak; his eyes flashed fire, and he looked at me furiously.

Silence pervaded the room, except for the sobbing of the penitent girl. I saw the mighty struggle which was going on in his breast between wounded pride, withered hopes and parental love; and addressing him again, said,' Sir, your wife is sinking fast, this is your "pet lamb"' —still holding her hand towards him;—"come, Sir, serve all alike."'

Righteous feelings prevailed; and laying his wife's hand on the bed, he threw his arms around the poor girl's neck, and, with his head resting on her shoulder, burst into tears. The others began to weep; I bade them be silent. I was waiting for the *kiss*. In a few moments the father held up his daughter's head, and, stroking back the hair from her pale but beautiful face, pressed her lips with his and kissed her: 'That's *one* from your mother,' said he; 'now there's *two* from your *father*;' and he gave her two *such* kisses, the sound rang round the room and was to us all sweeter than any music. The pent-up feelings of the others could now no longer be restrained. They cried aloud, 'The Lord be praised!' and hastened from the room in tears. I then enquired of the father whether I should take the 'pet lamb' into another room, he replied, quickly, 'No, no! leave her at present in my charge.' This affecting scene was almost too much for the poor mother, and I thought it prudent to retire, promising the husband to call again. As I was leaving the room, the poor invalid beckoned to me, and taking up her pencil wrote on the slate a few words, and handed them to me: 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.' After a few words of prayer, and bidding them good evening, I went

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downstairs. The eldest daughter enquired, 'Is my sister to remain in the house?' To satisfy her and myself also, I returned to the bed-room. The young woman was sitting on the bed, being caressed by both father and mother. Addressing the father, I enquired if I should see the young woman safe to her lodgings. For a moment he could not speak; my question had evidently given him pain. 'No, Sir,' he said earnestly; 'she has *two* lodgings—one in this house, and the other in my heart. Having accomplished your object, you must now leave me to accomplish mine.'

A few days after this reconciliation the poor mother died, 'in sure and certain hope of everlasting life,' rejoicing in the thought that the 'pet lamb' was restored to the old home to comfort and cheer her father in his declining years.

LESSONS FROM MOTHER EARTH.

BY THE REV. E. H. SUGDEN, B.A., B.Sc.

I.—Winter.

JANUARY is popularly supposed to be almost a flowerless month; but the fact is very different. No less than five and twenty species of British wild flowers may be found blooming amidst its snows, and one or two of them will give us something to talk about in this paper; it being premised that the reader will understand very little of what is said, unless he will take the pains to get a specimen of the flower and examine it for himself.

At any rate, every one can manage to lay hands on a crocus, and it will not be a bad flower to start with, because its parts are large and can be easily distinguished. First take one of the narrow leaves and hold it up to the light. You will see that it is traversed from end to end by veins which run parallel to one another the whole way. Now pluck off the leaves until you have got out entire the long tube which constitutes the lower part of the purple flower. You have now a long tube broadening out at the top into a sort of vase, which is split up into six points or segments. Carefully note that number—six. Next make a careful slit down one side of the flower, so that you can turn it back and see what is inside. Towards the bottom you will find a sort of bag or pouch; cut it across, and notice that it is divided into three cells, each of which contains a number of round, greenish bodies, destined in due time to be seeds, but known now as ovules. From the top of this threefold bag rises a long stalk, which reaches to the top of the flower, and ends in three graceful, club-shaped divisions with jagged edges. A little below the

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level of this three-cleft stigma, as it is called, you notice, set at equal intervals round the inside of the flower; three pointed yellow bodies, growing on short stalks. These are little bags, and if you burst one of them when it is ripe, you will find it contains a yellow, sticky powder, which, as you probably know, is called pollen; and each grain of this powder is again a little bag containing fluid.

What, then, is the object of all these complicated arrangements? In a word, it is to produce fertile seed, seed that will grow. We have found at the bottom of the flower-tube and enclosed in their three-celled chamber, the ovules which are to be the seeds; but they will never be true seeds, able to grow into fresh plants, until they have come into contact with the yellow pollen-grains which we found in their three receptacles on the sides of the flower-tube; and this contact has to be effected through the three-cleft stigma, and the stalk which connects it with the chamber where the ovules lie concealed. But here there would seem to be a difficulty. The receptacles in which the pollen is stored lie lower down in the flower-tube than the top of the stigma, and so the pollen cannot get on the stigma; for, of course, when it ripens it falls downward, not upward. However, this is just what was intended in the making of the flower; it was not meant to fertilize itself, for in that case the resulting seeds would have been weak, and productive only of inferior plants; and so the parts are arranged in such a way that the ovules of a flower cannot be fertilized with the pollen of the same flower. How, then, is the work done? Well, watch a crocus for a little time on a fine day, and you will see. Here comes a bee, or a big fly of some sort, hunting for honey. He catches sight of the bright purple or yellow flower of the crocus, and attracted by it (and that's why the flower is coloured—not just to please our eyes), he buzzes up and gets into the tube and walks down it, searching about with his trunk for the delicious nectar which he knows lies hidden within the coloured splendour. And in his search he is quite certain to bump his head against one or other of the pollen-bags; and as the pollen grains are sticky, they fasten themselves on to his forehead, and away he goes, bedecked with their golden glory, to the next flower. But as he goes in, he can't help hitting his head against one of the divisions of the stigma which block up the entrance of the flower; and as they are covered with a treacly fluid, the pollen grains leave his head and stick on them. As soon as they find themselves there, they each push down a little rootlet, which finds its way all down the long stalk, and into the cell where the ovules are waiting for it. It then gropes about until it finds a little hole provided for the purpose in the ovule; it inserts itself into it, the pollen fluid rushes down the rootlet

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into the ovule, and so the ovule is fertilized. The work of the flower is now accomplished; the bright petals fade and drop off, and leave only the seeds in their capsule; and these they grow and ripen, until at last the capsule bursts, and they are scattered on the kindly earth, to grow into new crocuses next spring.

The snowdrop must not be forgotten in a winter paper. One of the first flowers to bloom, it often pierces its way through the very snow, and expands its tender blossom in spite of the frost.

> 'As Nature's breath, by some transforming power,
> Had changed an icicle into a flower,
> Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
> And winter lingers in its icy veins.'

Examination will show that, like the crocus, it has a parallel-veined leaf, and is arranged in threes. Its six white petals, three of them smaller than the rest, indented at the edge, and curiously blotched with green, inclose the same organs as we found in the crocus, but differently arranged. The receptacle for the ovules (the ovary) is divided into three cells, as you may see by cutting it across; but the pollen-bags, or anthers, instead of growing on the side of the flower, are fixed on the top of the ovary; and there are six of them, instead of three. The graceful drooping head of the snowdrop should be observed; and perhaps it would puzzle some of my readers to guess why it should hang down, and not hold itself up, like the bold little daisy, for instance. The fact is, it is by way of protection from the ants. The bees are the plant's best friends; the ants are usually its worst enemies. Consequently whilst the plant endeavours by brilliant colouring and delicate fragrance and sweet stores of nectar to attract the bees to visit it, on the other hand, it uses every possible device to keep the ants out. The reason is not far to seek. The object of the plant is to get its ovules fertilized; and usually this can only be effectively done by bees and similar insects. Ants are too small and smooth to be of any use in fertilizing a plant themselves; and when they once get into a flower, they take good care that nobody joins them to share in the nectar; and as soon as any unlucky bee puts his nose in, he gets such a bite from the first occupier, as sends him off with an inward resolve never to visit that flower again. So when an ant gets into a flower (and they are always trying to do so, for they are very fond of nectar), that flower has very little chance indeed of getting fertilized, and so reproducing its kind. The various devices employed by the plants to keep the ants out would be almost incredible, if they were not well ascertained. Some, like the common teagle, surround themselves with a sort of moat, full of fluid, which the ants can't swim across; others cover their stems with sticky

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secretions, in which the ants are entangled; others surround themselves with stiff hairs pointing downwards, so that the ants can't crawl up their stalks; others, like some kinds of lettuce, have very tender skins, which are pierced by the sharp claws of the ants; from these punctures a milky, sticky juice pours out, and fixes the intruder on the spot. The snowdrop protects itself in a simpler, but equally effectual way. Its petals are very smooth and slippery, and their tips are curved back, so that the ants can't climb round them into the flower, but tumble off; and as the head of the plant hangs down, they tumble, not into the flower, but on to the ground.

Then there is the daisy, which flowers all the year round, from January to December, and so gets its botanical name of *Bellis perennis*, the 'All-the-year-round Beauty.' A little patient search will be sure to be rewarded, even in this month of snow, by a sight of its yellow disk and delicate white or crimson-tipped ray. Begin as before with the leaf. You cannot fail to be struck with the difference between this and the crocus, or snowdrop leaf. Instead of being parallel to one another, the veins are netted in a very complicated way; and though at first sight this may seem a very small matter, it is really one of the most marked and constant distinctions between the two great classes of flowering plants, the Exogens and Endogens.

Whenever you find a plant with a leaf like that of the crocus or snowdrop, you may be pretty sure that the parts of its flower will be arranged in threes; that the first shoot that it sends up from the seed will be a single leaf; and that if it is a woody tree, the wood will be arranged as it is in a cane or bamboo. But if the veins are netted, the parts of the flower will be in twos or fives, or multiples of these; the first shoot from the seed will be two leaves; and if it has wood, the wood will be arranged as in the oak, with a pith surrounded by rings and enclosed in a bark. Turning to the flower, it seems at first to be utterly different from those we have already examined; you fail to see any ovary or anthers, and cannot find the ovules which are to be the seed of next year. But look a little closer; pull away just one of the little yellow tubes that form the eye or disk of the daisy; look at it if possible through a magnifying-glass, and you will see that it itself a complete flower. There is first the yellow tube or corol a divided at the edge into four or five points; within this, small as it is, are packed the anthers with their pollen grains, four or five in number; and an ovary of one cell terminating in a slender two-branched stalk tipped with cone-shaped stigmata. And, moreover, each of the white petals of the ray is a separate flower; and if you pull one off and examine it carefully, you will see the style (that is, the slender stalk which springs from the ovary); and

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following it downwards, you will reach the ovary, where the solitary ovule reposes.

So, you see, we must no longer call the daisy a flower; it is a collection of flowers, each one complete in itself. It belongs to one of the commonest orders of plants, the Composite; and a little reflection will soon bring to your mind that many of our most familiar wild flowers are members of the same class; such as the dandelion, the coltsfoot, the common groundsel, all the thistles, camomile, and very many more; each of which will supply something new for the lover of nature to study and think about.

THE NEW YEAR.

FADES soon the mystic glory
That on fair childhood lies,
And all too brief the story
Its vanished dream supplies;
And youth, with heart high beating,
With hopes that spring so fast,
Than morning mist more fleeting,
On swift wings sweepeth past.

The pride, the strength, the beauty,
That come with manhood's prime;
The zeal that nerves to duty
And stirs to deeds sublime;
Ambition's lofty scheming,
And pleasure's cup run o'er,
Wealth o'er its treasures dreaming,
Success that asks no more;—

All, all, years swiftly flying,
Too soon leave far behind
To each year, ere its dying,
Some jewel is resigned;
Some star that bright was glowing,
To the strained sight is lost;
Some flower that fresh was blowing,
Falls blighted by the frost.

The friends that once were treading
Life's pathway by our side,
Their love its sweetness shedding,
Like perfume far and wide,—
With finished years have slumbered,
Have vanished from our sight,
With holy angels numbered
Beyond the vault of night.

Yet Life! thy years that stay not,
Thy scenes that glide away,
Thy pleasures that delay not,
The strifes that fill thy day;
Come not in vain to mortals,
If faith Divine they give,
And up through heaven's high portals
Bring man with God to live.

New Year! that, with glad greeting,
Hast come once more to me,
In whispers still repeating
Words oft said tenderly;
Thy voice my soul now heeding,
To noblest aims I rise,
And on where God is leading
Tread with uplifted eyes.

When years so swiftly flying,
Shall all have run their round;
When death itself is dying,
And earth no more is found:
O Saviour, then behold me
From Thy great judgment throne,
And let Thine arms enfold me,
Thy lips call me THINE OWN!

Ray Palmer.

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LIGHT AND LIFE.

A CHRISTMAS PARABLE.

THE evening of a dark December day was settling down over the busy, grimy town of Blackfolds. Across the streets, where the soiled snow was trampled into brown mud, the shop windows began to stream forth light and show their glittering Christmas wares; and through the loitering groups gathered about them, a nimble little figure threaded its way—the figure of a girl of twelve, whose bright hair, escaping from a scarlet hood, made a glittering frame for a thin-cheeked face of elfish beauty, and whose slender, poorly-clad shape was almost hidden behind a great branch of holly, a miniature tree rich in red berries and glossy leaves, which she carried very carefully in both hands. She seemed a pathetic little vision of Christmas joy and early care as she passed unnoticed through the busy throngs, and vanished from the well-lit thoroughfares into a tangle of dark by-ways, whence she soon emerged into a broad, quiet road, bordered by small villas, and shadowed by the trees in their gardens. The child turned into one of these dwellings, the only one which showed no gleam of light from any window. Its entry was full of gloom, but she made her way easily to a small back room, whose door she flung open and entered, crying:

'Look here, mamma; you said we could not afford any Christmas green; look what Mr. Flowers has given me!' and a lady, sitting by the dim fire, turned her head to look at the joyful child and at the great trophy of holly which she upheld.

'Get a light, mamma,' said the little one eagerly; 'do get a light; you can't half see how beautiful it is, and my hands are full;' and with a little laugh the lady obeyed, lighting a gas bracket by the mantle-piece.

'Mr. Flowers saw me looking at the holly,' said the child; 'it was in his shop; and he said, "You'd like to have that branch, little miss, I'll warrant?" and he *gave* it me! isn't it splendid? But I won't put them up now,' said Vivia. 'I shall keep the holly fresh till Christmas-Eve. I'll hide it somewhere out of the boys' way, for they might break it up;' and Vivia passed out of the room with her burden, only just in time to escape running against her loud-voiced, merry brothers, who hurried in from school.

Theirs was a sadly common story—few of us but know one like it; and Helen Barry, the sorely-tried house-mother, knew well that her lot was not an exceptional one. There had been the happy dawn of her wedded life, when her husband was a gay, enterprising young man of business, very fond and proud of

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her; still fonder, still prouder, of their beautiful children, for whom no English names were good enough; and so our little holly-bearer had the proud Roman title of Vivia Perpetua; and her brothers, from tall Augustus to baby Claudius, had the names, though not the fortunes, of Roman emperors. But the gay dawn of promise had soon darkened into a stormy noon for Mrs. Barry, and she looked forward with daily fear to a hopeless night. James Barry had repeated mysterious illnesses; his enterprises failed one after another; his gay spirits vanished; and now the remains of his fortunes were all embarked in a mining undertaking which his wife did not shrink from saying would shipwreck them utterly; but her words had no weight with her husband now. She kept her griefs sternly to herself; but their secret, she knew, was open to the world. So it was that the sweet influences of the Christmas season could hardly touch her; and in secret she hoped that Vivia's holly might wither before it was wanted, and not mock her with the symbols of a joy she did not share.

But Christmas-Eve came to little Vivia with more than its wonted charm. She had hidden her holly in a deep closet opening from her little bed-room; she had kept the stem plunged in water, and the glossy green leaves and scarlet berries looked fresh as ever.

On the morning of the eventful day Vivia waited impatiently till all other members of the household were scattered to their own pursuits, and the family sitting-room offered her a clear field of action; then she hurried to her hiding-place and drew out her great bough. A few leaves fell off as she moved, but they were not faded; she carried them also downstairs, and prepared to cut off the sprays she wanted. Another crisp shower of leaves fell as she laid the holly on the table, and more still as she plied her knife; till, when the work of division was complete, the table was strewn with green, hardly one leaf clinging to the despoiled stems. Vivia looked at them for a moment in great perplexity, and then sank down on the floor and cried. Fortunately a visitor who had been vainly knocking at the door now ventured in, and finding the little maid thus plunged in desolation, tried her hand at comfort. It was Mrs. Gray, the wife of the Minister who dwelt in the nearest little villa. Childless herself, Mary Gray had taken the keenest interest in the abundant child-life of her neighbour's house; and Helen had welcomed her timid advances with a cordiality that surprised her.

Vivia knew Mrs. Gray well, and was very willing to pour out her sorrows to her, and Mary soothed her, in practical fashion, by sending her for a stout needle and thread, and instructing her how to weave her fallen leaves into flat wreaths, with the berries intermixed. Vivia

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was soon gaily at work, laughing and pricking her fingers, and planning where each garland should hang; and thus happily engaged her mother found her, when the whole story must be repeated.

'I cannot think why the leaves should fall,' said Helen, 'they look quite fresh.'

'I can understand it,' said Mrs. Gray. 'Vivia says she kept her holly in the dark, and the leaves will drop off if they are deprived of light. I did the same thing myself once, and that was how it was explained to me. I have been thinking—it is hard to express,' she hesitated,—'that the light of the sun is to these growing things as the love of God is to the soul. We can shut ourselves from that light, and then all our grace and freshness are soon fallen.'

'Go and get me my work-basket, Vivia; I shall work too,' said Helen; and when the child was gone she said laughing: 'Now, Mrs. Gray, you said that because I told you I had not been to church for six months. You need not think any light of love shines on me there. People stare at my shabby dress and despise me—that is all. And I have to do with realities. I can't dream pleasant dreams as you do about a Father of Love in heaven. I'll read the symbol for you more truly: these fallen leaves are like the joys we gather for ourselves in youth, and fancy we can keep them fresh for later years. They fall—and they prick.'

'They might keep green in the Light I was thinking of,' said Mary; and as Vivia re-entered she said, 'You will perhaps come to our chapel, then, to-morrow, Helen? You will see no one who can despise your dress, and it is so very bad for you to keep from the House of God, dear.'

'O, no, thank you,' said Helen, beginning to work at wreath-making; 'you don't know how bitter it would be to me, to-morrow worse than any day. To say nothing of our Christmas dinner, which won't cook itself—I can't bear to hear about "Peace on earth" and "goodwill toward men;" there is no peace on earth for me, and to many men I feel very little goodwill. You don't know how my poor James is preyed upon and cheated. I should be a hypocrite even if I said the Lord's Prayer—I don't forgive; I will not pretend that I do.'

Mrs. Gray looked half-alarmed at Vivia, and saw well pleased that she was not listening to her mother's bitter, low-toned words; but Helen noticed the glance, and checked herself at once. She allowed Vivia to go home with her friend and bring back a supply of laurel and ivy to eke out her decorations.

With the help of her tall brother Augustus, Vivia was soon busy

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putting up her wreaths; perched on the highest round of the step-ladder, she was eagerly demanding one more ivy spray, when the door was pushed open and James Barry came in—in such angry mood as his children knew too well, though in their innocence they did not guess its cause.

'What nonsense are you up to there?' said the father with a scowl. 'What folly have you been spending my money in?'

'We've spent no money, father,' said Vivia, trembling; 'don't you remember, it is Christmas-Eve?'

'Christmas-Eve!' scoffed the father; 'ask your mother what she thinks of Christmas-Eve! I saw her for the first time on Christmas-Eve. It's all lying folly about Christmas, too—you come down'—and with a shaking hand he tried to pull the child down. Vivia, springing back from the rough touch she had good cause to dread, overbalanced herself and fell. It was a luckless fall. She did not rise, but lay as if lifeless where she had dropped. James Barry, muttering curses on her awkwardness, shuffled out of the room; but Augustus had sprung to catch his little sister, and now lifted up her head, and tried with all his boyish skill to revive her. He had not succeeded when Helen came into the room. With a few sharp questions she seized the truth of what had happened; she lifted the little one to the couch, and in her turn tried all her restoratives. Vivia opened her eyes at last—tried to smile, tried to rise, and sank back with a moan that told of sharp pain. Helen sent her boy at once for the doctor, and sat watching her child till he should return. Her face was white and her eyes fiercely bright, for she too was thinking of that first meeting with her husband. 'Why did God *let* me marry him?' was her thought; and close behind that came another—a shadowy fiend that often haunted the darkness of her mind: '*Is* there a God Who rules the world in righteousness?' She was still listening to her demon-visitor when the doctor entered hastily. He had little comfort to give her. Vivia was found to have received a very serious injury; something was wrong with the spine; it was doubtful if she would ever walk again. Mrs. Gray learnt the news on her next visit, almost with horror; she tried in vain to minister any comfort to the mother.

'It is our fate,' Helen said impatiently; 'I don't call it the will of God. You see even your kindness turns to mischief, when you bring it *here*.' But she did not reject for her child the help she spurned for herself. Mrs. Gray spent many an hour by Vivia's couch, telling her the sweet story of Redemption, with its heavenly comfort for the stricken; nor was she forbidden to minister to the child's bodily wants. Vivia took all with a sweet, thankful patience. Very sad it

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was to see the little creature now laid helpless, and often in anguish; but Mary Gray began to think that only in this way could the little one have entered the Kingdom.

James Barry went on his downward road, sinking daily into brutal imbecility; and Helen grew hard and fierce, both to the husband whom she seemed to hate, and the children whom she certainly loved. Her sharp words, her irritable temper, drove the boys in their leisure hours from home; they began to seek their pleasure in very doubtful places. Even Vivia did not always escape from some stinging sayings: 'That father of yours, who has crippled you, has beggared all the rest of us,' her mother said to her one day—by way of breaking the news that James Barry's folly was at last ending in ruin. 'We shall soon have no home, I suppose,' she continued; but Mrs. Gray entered at that moment, and Helen went abruptly away, with hardly a word of greeting. Vivia was weeping helplessly. 'Poor mamma!' she whispered to her pitying friend, 'she does not love the Lord Jesus—do you think anything will make her?' And Mary was sorely perplexed how to answer.

It was but a day or two after this scene that Mrs. Gray, paying her daily visit, was startled to meet the Barrys' family doctor at the garden gate; he was evidently hastening to meet her. 'I am very glad you are come,' said Dr. Ray, 'you are wanted—just come and see to Mrs. Barry—perhaps you can get her away from Vivia.'

'What is the matter?' asked Mary in alarm.

'Barry has been brought home dead,' Dr. Ray whispered as they entered the darkened house; 'shouldn't have been out alone in the state he was in, you know—and he has been knocked down and run over. The little girl has found it out, and it's a great shock; and the mother is making it worse. You *must* get her away.'

Mary hurried at once to Vivia's room, and there found her lying helpless as usual, but with a look of horror in her wide, glittering eyes. Helen knelt by the couch, her arms flung out over it, her face buried on it; but at Mary's entrance she raised herself and looked fixedly at her friend.

'So you are come to take me away,' she said; 'you and Dr. Ray think I am too wicked to be trusted with my child—O yes, I heard you whispering—and they are quite right, my jewel,' she said, fondly kissing Vivia's thin cheek, 'you are an angel of God, and I am nothing but a murderess. Your father need not have died; no, nor lived as he has done, if I had not shut myself up from God, in the dark, with my own pride, till my heart itself withered. I might have saved James if I had gone on loving him. Take me away, then.' And she drew her friend out of the room, carefully shutting the

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door behind them; but outside the door she stopped, looked wildly at Mrs. Gray, and broke out laughing.

'Poor Vivia and her holly!' she said. 'You know what we did with that branch of hers? it was only fit to burn—and it burnt well, I must say—how it blazed and crackled! That is all I am good for now. I have shut myself up so long in the dark, with never a ray of God's light, that all the green leaves are fallen, and I am only fit to burn. And I wonder you will stand here talking to a mere dead branch, such a sensible woman as you are.'

The ghastly laughter broke out again, and Mary bent all her efforts to lead the poor mother away from her child's hearing. Helen would herself lavish all possible care on the quiet marble shape so like and unlike to the husband she had lately seemed to hate; and this mournful occupation kept her quiet for a time; but Mrs. Gray dared not leave her, and even ventured to send for her own husband, feeling sure he would not now be repulsed with such insult as had lately been the portion of all clerical visitors to Mrs. Barry. She thought that Helen's wildest words revealed a great change of feeling, and it proved that Mr. Gray, of whom she had said sneeringly, 'he was no whit better than other parsons; he lived on people's superstitions'—was now the only person who could calm her, and induce her to take some care of herself for her children's sake. To take care of *them* she was quite inadequate; her defiant energy was at last broken down. It was well that Mary Gray was free to give the heart-broken children the care and comfort they sorely needed; well, too, that Helen's relatives, who had held aloof during her husband's life, now showed themselves willing to make arrangements for her comfort and the future of her boys. Only little Vivia did not enter into their calculations. 'She will not live,' they said; and they turned to discuss Mrs. Barry's future as though a long life still lay before her. But Helen now began to show how the long strain on her powers had weakened them; and it became slowly evident that she might be the first to follow her husband. Her life ebbed away in a sort of painless decline; her words and looks grew very calm; her first despairing remorse changed by degrees into childlike penitence and trust in the Redeemer. She had seemingly but one anxiety left.

'Your wife means to take Vivia when I am gone?' she said to Mr. Gray, on the last evening of her life.

'Yes,' said the minister; 'Vivia shall be like our own child as long as she needs our care.'

'I hope she will need it long,' said Helen; 'does not that sound selfish? but I should like my poor girl to have a little peace and joy in *this* world; she had none with me. Tell Mary never to let her be

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in the dark; she will know what I mean: she must never become a dead, leafless bough like me.'

'You have not been cut off as a branch and burned,' said Mr. Gray; 'yours is a living soul yet.'

'Ah, yes!' murmured Helen; 'but that is a miracle of God's grace, you know. I may be living, but I am leafless—I can never glorify God by my life.'

Her weary eyelids closed, and did not open in this world. Mary Gray had gladly offered to take Vivia into her own childless home; and Helen's father, who cared more for his strong, promising grandsons than for the crippled girl, consented quite as gladly. Vivia never regained much strength, nor was her life a long one; but it was a full, beautiful life notwithstanding, fed into grace and usefulness by the dew and the rain of God's mercies and the sunshine of His love, which never lacked human interpreters to her. Her adopted parents had no cause to regret their generous charity; their lame darling became their very heart of hearts; and to her brothers, as they grew into manhood, the gentle, suffering sister became a sweet fireside saint. Vivia never caused them trouble but once, and that was when the long trial of her life ended, and she passed away from feebleness and suffering into perfect rest.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Simon Jasper. By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road.—We shall be much surprised if *Simon Jasper* is not—with the exception of *Daniel Quorm*—Mr. Pearse's most popular book. It is altogether admirable in its quaint humour and tender pathos. No one can read it without feeling all that is pure and true and tender in him, aroused and strengthened. Such a book as this would find eager readers where ordinary religious works are scornfully rejected; and we would strongly urge our friends, not only to place it at once in their own and in their school libraries, but also to keep one or more copies for lending. Mr. Tresidder's pictures at the beginning of each chapter are very good—some of them really exquisite. The book is very cheap at half-a-crown.

The 'Good Luck' of the Maitlands. A Family Chronicle. By Mrs. ROBERT A. WATSON.—*Becky and Reubie, the Little Street Singers.* By MINA E. GOULDING. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road.—Our readers will be glad to see Mrs. Watson's new story in book-form. It is admirably got-up, and is just the thing for thoughtful young people. A capital book for a present, or for Sunday-school libraries.—*Becky and Reubie* is a very pretty story, vastly superior to most tales of street children.

Faithful Words for Old and Young. A. Holmes, 14, Paternoster-row.—A magazine intended for distribution amongst the poorer classes. It is full of Scripture teaching, and is very suitable for general circulation. The illustrations are for the most part exceedingly good.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR JANUARY, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883. Jan.	*Rises.* H. M.	*Sets.* H. M.	*Sets.* H. M.	*Rises.* H. M.	*Rises.* H. M.	*Sets.* H. M.	*Sets.* H. M.
1	8 6	4 2	4 33a	5 10m	7 51m	7 7m	3 55m
11	8 2	4 14	5 25	4 47	7 42	6 23	3 14
21	7 54	4 30	6 13	4 38	7 30	5 39	2 35
31	7 41	4 47	5 56	4 38	7 14	4 57	1 56

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Jan. 1st, Last Quarter 0h. 50m. after. | „ 16th, First Quarter 0h. 48m. morn.
„ 9th, New Moon . 5h. 59m. morn. | „ 23rd, Full Moon . 7h. 16m. morn.
31st, Last Quarter . . . 10h. 27m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Jan. 12th . . . 9h. after., Perigee . . . 228,372 miles.
„ 28th . . . 7h. after., Apogee . . . 251,616 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 239,994 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Jan. 1st . . . . . 90,142,750 miles.
Feb. 1st . . . . . 90,361,120 „

The only planets visible to the naked eye before midnight, during this month, are *Jupiter* and *Saturn*, if we except *Mercury*, which may be seen after sunset about the 21st.

Mercury attains its greatest distance southward from the ecliptic on the morning of the 3rd. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 10th at noon, the planet being 7 deg. southward. On the morning of the 22nd it will be in the plane of the Earth's orbit going northward, or, as it is expressed technically, in ascending node. On the same day, an hour before noon, it will have attained its greatest elongation from the Sun, 18 deg. 32 min. eastward. It will be in perihelion,—that is, nearest the Sun—on the 26th, at 4h. in the afternoon. On the 27th at noon it will be stationary, and after this it begins to move westward among the fixed stars, or in a direction contrary to the apparent motions of the Sun and the Moon.

Venus is now a very fine object in the morning sky. Of course, so soon after transit, it is a beautiful crescent in a good telescope. It will be in perihelion on the evening of the 9th, and at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 11th. On the 31st in the evening it is at its greatest distance northward from the ecliptic.

Mars rises during the month less than half-an-hour before the Sun, and therefore cannot be seen with the naked eye. The satellites of Mars cannot be observed, even with the best telescopes, during the year. Under the most favourable circumstances these tiny bodies are very difficult to see.

Jupiter is in Taurus, north of Orion, and comes to the meridian at 10h. on the 12th of January, and at 9h. on the 26th, evening, at an altitude of 61 deg. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 20th.

Saturn is in Taurus, on the borders of Aries, a few degrees south-west of the Pleiades. It comes to the meridian on the 8th at 8h., and on the 23rd at 7h. in the evening; altitude, 54 deg. On the 17th, at 7h. in the evening, it will be in conjunction with the Moon. The extreme length of the ring is now 43 sec., the breadth 16 sec.

Uranus is on the borders of Leo and Virgo, about 13 deg. south of Beta Leonis. It rises on the 9th at 10h., and on the 24th at 9h. in the evening. The plane of the orbits of its four satellites is turned very slantingly to us, so that they appear to move in very elongated ellipses, the length of each being ten times the breadth; the planet in the centre. The major axis makes a very small angle, with a north and south line through the planet. Of the four satellites, the inner one only will get occasionally behind the planet.

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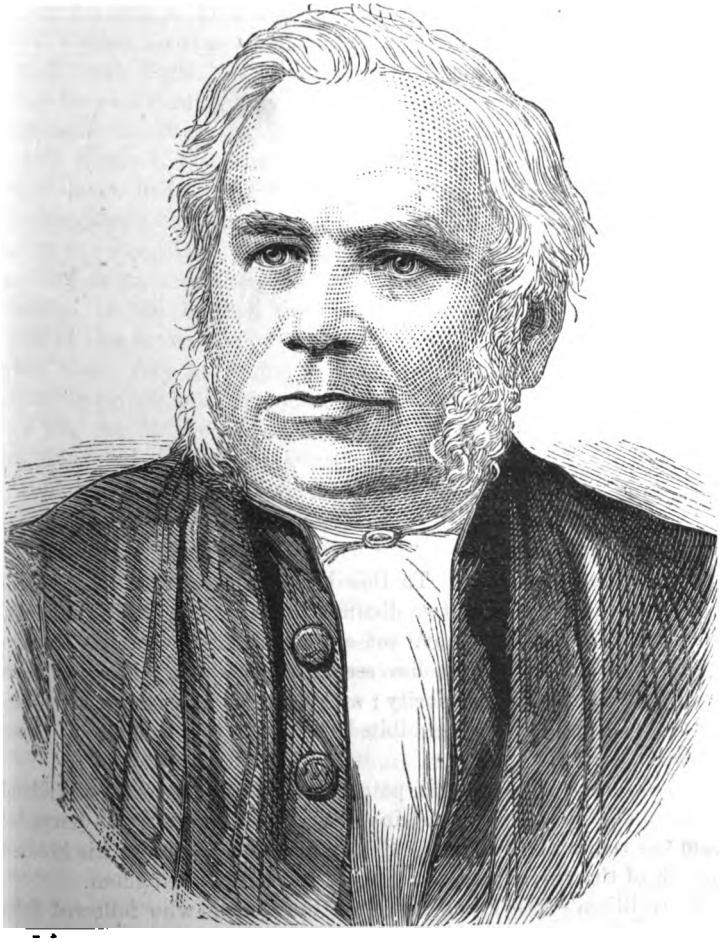

ALDERMAN SIR WILLIAM M'ARTHUR, K.C.M.G., M.P.

When Lord Bacon wrote his essay on *Plantations*, and when his shifty master, James I., created a new title in order to raise funds for the colonization of Ulster, probably they did not foresee the great results that would flow from their undertaking. Guided, no doubt, by God's Providence, they were preparing the ground for a masculine race of men who have saved Northern Ireland from the fate of Tipperary or Connemara. As the horticulturist grafts a nobler stem upon the trunk of a wild olive, so a new race was planted in the bosom of Celtic Ireland. Unfortunately the fusion has been only partial; and, to a great extent at least, the two rivers flow side

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by side without mingling. To this day the stranger in Ulster finds himself in the presence of two distinct nations. On the lower race, centuries of degradation have set an unmistakable stamp. In the towns of Ulster the Catholics seem to live apart. Many of them recognise their own inferiority; and even in the shops, when any more expensive article is exhibited, will tell the tradesman, 'Sure that's for a Protestant!'

Sir William M'Arthur's paternal ancestors travelled to Ireland from among the granitemountains of Argyle, his mother was descended from the richer districts of the South, and thus he claims his kindred in each of the three great divisions of the United Kingdom.

Sir William's father was one of the brave men who followed John Wesley. The great Evangelist died in 1791, and in little more than a year Mr. M'Arthur entered the ministry. Thus he was called to labour through the dark times of the Irish rebellion. The sad stories which have so often crossed the water during the last two years, seem mild when compared with the days of '98. Then our wealthiest laymen were compelled by conscience to don the uniform and bear the bayonet of the king; gently-nurtured ladies were driven for refuge to the woods; and the spirit of massacre spared neither age nor sex nor rank. During all these troubled times, Mr. M'Arthur travelled from Circuit to Circuit for six and twenty years. In 1818 he became Supernumerary, living partly at Omagh and partly at Londonderry, till in 1840 he rendered up his account to the great Master.

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The brothers M'Arthur began business in the city of Londonderry. That maiden fortress stands nobly on one of the long reaches at the top of Lough Foyle. On the summit of a central hill, towering high above the surrounding city, rises the plain cathedral where Walker denounced the Stuarts. The inhabitants still show the spot where Lundy climbed over the wall; in the cathedral porch is the shell which James had stuffed with written offers of mercy; and on a tall weather-beaten column still stands the figure of Walker, conspicuous far up and down the Foyle. 'In one hand he grasps a Bible, the other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts seen in the distant bay.' The spirit of the brave men of 1689 has descended with their glory, and while there may be faults to deplore, there is still the grand old loyalty to principle in this outpost of the Protestant faith.

While the M'Arthurs carried on business in Londonderry, where his proud fellow Methodists still point out the familiar shop, the present member for Leicester, in 1843, journeyed to Australia, where he opened a new branch of the business, and where he married a daughter of the Rev. W. B. Boyce. The new undertaking prospered beyond all expectation; the firm rapidly grew, not only in commercial success, but in general repute. The senior brother took a prominent part in all local politics, and was soon known as a loyal and devout Methodist. Dr. Punshon has been known to say, that when he first visited Ulster he was told that there were two things which he must do: he must visit the Giant's Causeway, and he must make the acquaintance of the brothers M'Arthur. So deeply were the brothers rooted in popular esteem, that when, in 1857, the firm finally removed to London, their departure was regarded as a public loss; and when, eleven years later, the elder member of the firm was a candidate at Lambeth for Parliamentary honours, the artisans of Londonderry published a memorial in which they expressed their universal love and respect for one who had been so long their fellow-citizen.

The new firm soon gained a city repute, and in 1867 the celebrated philanthropist, George Moore, proposed Mr. W. M'Arthur for Sheriff of London and Middlesex. The terms used by Mr. Moore in his address show that he felt himself to be engaged in a congenial task, and the new sheriff tasted all the pleasure of being praised by one who himself was worthy of praise. In 1865, Mr. M'Arthur unsuccessfully contested the borough of Pontefract, and was defeated by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the general election of 1868, however, he was elected to represent Lambeth in the Liberal interest; he retained his seat amid the great changes of 1874, and in 1880 he was again returned by a substantial majority. In the House

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of Commons, a private member, unless gifted with remarkable powers of eloquence, has few opportunities of attaching his name to any particular legislation; but Mr. M'Arthur, without pushing himself obtrusively to the front, has associated his name with two Acts of permanent benefit. By one he has laid the poorer classes of London under perpetual obligation, and by the other he has added a new jewel to the crown of our Queen. To him it is largely due that the many bridges over the Thames are now free from toll; and it was mainly by his energy and public spirit that the Crown was induced to accept the offers of Fiji. If a general who subdues a province by fire and blood is held entitled to the highest honours of his country, honour may well be paid to those who extend our territories by the victories of peace. As a Member of Parliament, Mr. M'Arthur has well sustained the Methodist traditions: and on questions of national education, of temperance, and Sunday closing, he has always voted 'straight.' He has been no time-serving politician, but has acted as one who had the fear of God and the real good of his country ever at heart.

In 1880 he was chosen Lord Mayor of London, and dispensed the hospitalities of the Mansion House with no sparing hand. Methodists who allow questionable amusements in their houses because of the claims of society, may learn one lesson, at least, from the late Lord Mayor of London. For one year, at least, the Mansion House was free from either dancing or cards. It was a happy coincidence that the first Methodist Œcumenical Conference met at City-road during the year of Mr. M'Arthur's Mayoralty. Toward the close of the Conference, a crowd of ministers and laymen, representing every section of Methodism, was invited to the Mayor's official residence. Perhaps the bearers of sword and mace were startled at the rush of black coats; but they must have been shocked out of all propriety when the Lord Mayor gave out a hearty Methodist hymn, and delivered an address in true Love-feast style.

Of Sir William's services to Methodism there is no need to write. As a Sunday-school superintendent, as a Circuit-steward, and as a member of nearly all our Connexional Committees, and of our Mixed Conference, both in England and Ireland, and in many other ways, he has served the Church of his fathers with brain and purse.

Very recently, Mr. M'Arthur was decorated with the Order of St. Michael and St. George, in recognition of his services to our Colonies. 'Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.'

B. B.

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ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

FEBRUARY 4th.—*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.*—MATT. XI. 28—30.

How divinely full, how homely sweet, are these words of Jesus, which fill the morning as with chimes, proclaiming Sabbath to all. There are few sayings of His that are more familiar than this to our ears and our hearts. Yet, well known as it is, are we quite sure that we have a clear perception of its meaning? In our weariness, we hail, with satisfied content, the announcement of REST, and have but little heart to listen further. Is this not enough? No; never enough, if it be less than the Lord intends. And that He does mean something far different from the quiet of mere inactivity, is clear to us as soon as we take in all together what He says. The rest which He undertakes to give does not come from a cessation of effort and work, but from a change of toil and service. The life of faith in Christ must be, above all things, a yoked life; or, as we should say—to whom the sight of yoked oxen is no longer familiar—a harnessed life, which wholly yields to control in order that it may serve. To all but those who wear the yoke, it must seem a paradox that rest should come by means of toil. It is true that men labour in order to make it possible for them some day to put labour aside and repose in the enjoyment of what it has won. But they who labour in Christ's service find their rest in the toil, and not only when it is done. They escape the weariness which comes from a life vague with uncertainties, and bewildered with questioning what should be done. The submission of their heart's love to the Supreme will, brings with it a blessed, guiding sense of order; and the very pressure of the yoke reminds them that the Lord makes Himself responsible for the issues of the course taken, and of the work done.

When the Lord invites us to-day to *learn* of Him, let us fully understand that the learning means yoke-bearing and service: and herein to learn of Him signifies not only to take the lesson from Him, but to find it in Him Whose meekness and lowliness of heart give us the perfect pattern of devoted obedience. We cannot have His *rest* without His burden. Again, let us note the strong emphasis on the repeated *My*—MY *yoke*, MY *burden*. Have I, with full submission and consent, so accepted Jesus, that the yoke of my religion is really and only His? If not, I shall never quite comprehend His saying, *My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.*

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FEBRUARY 11th.—*Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the Lord thy God Which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.*—ISAIAH XLVIII. 17.

In receiving these gracious words, do not overlook their meaning of tender reproach. They are the utterance of disappointed love, which has failed to endow its object as richly as it longed to do, and now speaks, not so much in chiding as in sorrow, a sorrow which is poured out yet more fully in the next words (ver. 18, 19). And if we would claim the priceless blessing here set forth, must we not come in lowliest penitence to ask for it? For has not the Lord occasion to reproach us also for the neglect of His gifts? Let us, then, walk very humbly in exploring the great privilege here assured to the people of God, and turn the light of God's gift upon the past, as well as on the present, so that while we rejoice that, by its abundance of grace, we are what we are, we may mourn, in humbled contrition, as we think of what, with such resources, we might have been.

See how, in opening to us the way of faith, the gracious God makes His glory to pass before us. When He declares Himself to be our guide, He does it by an imperial proclamation, in which His Name, in all the majesty of its infinitely glorious titles, is pledged to us. And, in this connection, how unspeakably precious to us is the title, *The Holy One of Israel!* At the sound of that Name, all God's sure covenant with His own people spreads before us; and all the history of His longsuffering faithfulness to the Covenant gives its shining evidence. The Gospel has assured our admission into this Covenant, and unfolds to us its fulness. *And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise* (Gal. iii. 29). The New Covenant holds within its greater self all the Old. Thus note the enlargement of meaning in the Name, *Thy Redeemer.* The redeeming must ever come before the leading. Read, therefore, JESUS into such ancient songs as this: *Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed: Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation* (Exod. xv. 13).

Take in all you can, then, of this divine wealth of mercy, and might, and truth, into your view, as you survey the ample assurance, *I am the Lord thy God Which teacheth thee to profit*—with a teaching which always leads to everlasting benefit,—*Which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.*

Help me, O Lord my God in Christ, that I may this day so obediently accept all Thy teaching as to secure Thy eternal blessing; and so to follow Thy leading, that, whether or not I go in the path I should like, I may be found walking in the way I ought.

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FEBRUARY 18th.—*And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold* [*one flock*], *and one Shepherd.*—JOHN X. 16.

When the Lord Jesus uttered this declaration, He spoke of the extension of the Kingdom of God beyond the walls of the Jewish *fold;* and His words carried a grave admonition to those who shut up all their religious sympathies within those narrow limits.

Although we never dream of claiming for our own Church enclosure that it holds within it all the flock of God, yet we shall do well to ponder faithfully and solemnly these words: for are we not in danger of contentedly settling down in the order, and privilege, and comfort of our Church life, and practically shutting out from our sympathy and effort those who wander outside? If we have ears to hear what the Great Shepherd says, we must needs learn that, however excellently constructed and furnished our fold may be, if we inhabit it with these feelings of selfish content, we may not reckon upon His presence with us therein. The folded religion which forgets or neglects the sheep that wander, and does not take upon itself the Lord's yoke of *I must*, will surely come to be left behind by Christ.

Let us, then, in the enjoyment of our Sabbath blessedness, learn well this lesson. We must have Jesus with us, or all will be vain. We cannot have Him with us if we refuse to share His sympathies and His obligations. Let us seek to enter faithfully into both the *I have*, and the *I must*, which He here pronounces. There are other *sheep* beside those who are folded with us. There are *sheep* who are not folded at all; and they, though all astray in uttermost error, are as really His as the most safely gathered ones. They have cost Him as much as we.

And when the Lord goes on to say, *them also* I MUST *bring*, is it not as if He said to us to-day, 'If you would have Me, you must go with Me. If you would keep the blest shelter of My love, you must carry with Me the yoke of its service. Each one, not by compulsion of enforced duty, but by stress of My shared love, must wear with Me the willing bond—*them also I must bring.*' It is for us, therefore, to see what each may do in this holy obligation of bringing. And let us begin with those nearest to us, taking this for our encouragement, that the work thus undertaken for His sake is His work. His *I must* holds within it yours; and He is carrying out His aim through you: and thus your service of seeking and recovering, feebly and timidly, but lovingly done, is borne on into the divine certainty of His success, —*and they shall hear My voice.*

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FEBRUARY 25th.—*He knoweth them that trust in Him.*—NAHUM I. 7.

This gem of most precious assurance shines all the more by reason of its setting. Its edge of light round about is shut in with the darkness of the Divine vengeance; and the terrible might, against which no enemy can prevail, becomes the impregnable *stronghold* of the Lord's people.

But what is this peculiar favour given to the trusting ones: *He knoweth them*? For does He not also know as intimately those who rebel against Him? Yes. That question brings out the exceeding blessedness of *them that trust in Him*, marking, as it does, the utter difference between him who has all the infinite perfections and resources of God arrayed on his behalf, and him who has all terribly against him. The same all-seeing knowledge, which pierces every darkly-kept secret of the wicked, looks through all my being, and finds out each shrinking weakness, and searches each mystery of trouble and want with most compassionate love, if I put my trust in Him.

What a priceless comfort it is, to know that God's knowledge of me is all in my favour. Not that His love, like ours, becomes partial, and so overlooks faults and excuses evil. With us, in such case, love, as we truly say, is blind to the ill it does not wish to notice. But the eyes of my God are not blind to anything: neither does anything seem to Him to be other than it really is. He knows every sin that finds place in me, and hates it; but He loves me, and works to rid me of the evil: and my trust is well grounded, that if I let Him have all His way with me, He will destroy that which offends His all-searching eyes. And surely this is the very essence of trust, that I yield myself wholly to Him, leaning on Him with my whole weight, giving myself up altogether to His will. Then, that which was my fear becomes my song—*Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me.* Baffled by the intricate secrets of my own heart's nature and infirmities, I am composed into rest by the knowledge that He Who has pledged Himself to save me, understands me perfectly; and that, when He took my salvation in hand, He knew the worst. No surprises of undetected difficulty can ever derange His plans, or defeat His purpose. Every hindrance which disheartens me has been fully provided for; and for every want and weakness there is a prepared supply. As my trust is, that God my Redeemer knows all, so it will be both my wisdom and my peace to tell Him all, and thus, step by step, in confiding intimacy of reverent fellowship, and obedient trust, to walk humbly with my God.

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FRIENDS IN PARADISE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

Two women spoke: the first seemed glad,
For velvet-smooth her life was made;
The other graver glances had,
Half weary, patient, unafraid.

The first said, 'All my days go by
Made bright with love of child and friends:
So pardon if I see not—I—
How lives like yours fulfil God's ends.

'When men and women smile and share
Soft words of greeting, love and praise,
Say, are not you in passing 'ware
Of something missed from out your days?

'Of something missed: of glory waned,
Of gladness never more to be?'
'Nay,' said the other, 'I have gained
The calm of heaven's unruffled sea.'

'Are you not lonely?'—'Day and night,'
She said, 'my friends, encompassing,
Walk with me viewless to your sight,
Strange words to speak, strange news to bring.'

'How? tell me!'—'Ay, my empty hands,
Unclasped by human hands, reach out
And touch (my soul half understands)
Those who are saved from earth and doubt.

'"Ah, sweet!" sometimes I pause to say,
"What earthly love can be like mine?
Dear friends, who have not passed away
And are but changed to things Divine.

'"Through day and strife, through night and rest,
Ye circle me, ye comprehend
What in my soul is worst and best,
What God designs, and I intend;

'"What when on earth the fleshly veil
Hid from your sight, now do ye know;
What nevermore in heaven shall fail
To be as clear as God can show."

'And you who question! you, who love!
Say, have you friends as close as mine?
Whose love shall be as hard to move,
Whose tenderness is more Divine?'

Then answered she whose eyes were glad,
'Forgive me. I the truth have known,
For He with Whom all lives are hid
Stays with the souls that seem alone.'

MORE LEAVES FROM MY LOG.

BY T. C. GARLAND.

'TAKEN FROM THE GUTTER.'

ABOUT nine years ago I was walking up Ratcliff Highway, when I observed one of the most deplorable objects I ever saw in my life. It was a young man, who seemed to be a foreign seaman; he was sitting on a door-step, with his face between his knees; his clothes were filthy and hanging in rags. It is possible that I should have passed

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him unnoticed, but for some little children who were gathered in a group, laughing, mocking, and throwing pieces of orange-peel at the poor half-starved man. After sending the children away, I took my seat by him on the door-step. At first he was very shy and reserved, would scarcely speak to me; but I told him I wished to be his friend, and encouraged him to tell me his troubles. He said, 'Sir, they are too many and too deep for you to help me out of them. I am thinking only of the workhouse, or hospital, till I can gain strength, and become able to go to sea again.' With a trembling voice he thanked me for my sympathy, but said, 'You can't help me.' I tried to cheer him up, saying, 'You don't know what I can do; I have one Friend Who is rich and benevolent, and by His help there are good times coming, and if you will place yourself in my hands all will be well.' The poor fellow said, 'Do not mock me, I can't bear it.' I assured him that I was in earnest, and was both willing and waiting to take him to a respectable lodging, and would feed and clothe him till he could help himself. His face was covered with tears and smiles. 'It's like a dream,' he said; and hope once more entered his soul as he exclaimed, 'God Almighty bless you! I never dreamed of such kindness as this in London, especially in this part.' I asked him if he was hungry, and he nodded his head, for his heart was too full for words.

A passing policeman enquired if I was 'holding him' till he came to 'take him in charge.' I said, 'Well, I shall require a little assistance. At this the poor fellow cried, 'O, my God! it's to the police-station, is it? Well, better there than where I have been.' I assured him that the officer's help would be needed only to assist him into the coffee-house, where he should have a good tea. Having given him a good meal, I took him to a lodging where I knew he would be well attended to by a godly widow. I procured him clothes, shoes, etc., by means of the Distressed Seamen's Fund.

The following afternoon I learnt the sad, but too often-told story of the way in which many of our seamen are robbed in this and other seaport towns. He told me that on his ship's arriving in London, a few weeks before, a respectably-dressed person boarded his vessel, and presenting him with a card, invited him to lodge at the address given on it, where he assured him he would be very comfortable. 'London is a queer place,' he said, 'and many *queer* people in it. You take my advice and go to this man's house; make the landlord your purser, let him hold the money when you are paid off, and draw from him as you want it.' This man was one of many, called '*runners*,' or '*land-sharks*,' who are daily watching the vessels as they arrive in dock. Then they go to the offices when the men are paid off, and with fair

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words and promises they ply their trade so successfully that numbers of our brave and jolly tars are induced to place themselves in their hands. These runners are paid so much per 'head' by their employers.

My poor friend had soon found to his sorrow that he was in the hands of thieves; his money and clothes the landlord held 'for his good.' He 'could have what grog he liked; but it was not wise or safe to have much money in his pocket.' Thus spoke the cruel landlord to his unfortunate prey. As might be expected, the poor man was soon told that his money was all gone, and that unless he could procure more cash by pawning his clothes, he would have to seek a new home. The sailor remonstrated and threatened to 'prosecute,' but all to no purpose, and was compelled to part with one article after another till he was destitute. The landlord seeing he could dispose of nothing else, turned him out of the house to seek a 'new home, and in this state of destitution I found him.

After a short time, through the kind attention and nursing of his landlady, he recovered his strength and was fit to go to sea again. But the difficulties to him were great indeed. Speaking of the future, he said, 'Suppose I do get a ship, who will take me? who will advance money enough to rig me out with clothes?' I replied, 'Trust in God, and all will be well.' In a few days I got him a situation on a ship bound for Natal. The captain was a godly man, and when I told him the circumstance, he kindly advanced some money. This, with what I could collect and give, was sufficient for his voyage. When he left, I accompanied him to the 'pier-head,' and bade him farewell. He tried to speak his thanks, but his emotion overcame him. At last he said, 'God bless you, Sir!' and we parted. I remained on the quay watching him till the vessel was almost hidden behind the forest of ships and masts which crowded the river; he then waved his cap to me three times, and I lost sight of him. On reaching Natal he wrote to the Mission House—not only to thank all the friends who had been interested in him, but to say that he had found the Saviour to the joy of his soul. The captain also wrote saying that the man was not only a true Christian, but a 'power' of good among his shipmates.

His parents had given him a good education, and he could speak several languages fluently. His friends had always objected to his being a sailor, and he was now anxious to get a situation on shore. After a time he became a clerk in a French bank, and before long he obtained a more lucrative place.

Other scenes and faces had occupied my thoughts, and I had almost forgotten the young man and his history, when one afternoon,

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just as I returned from my work and was sitting down to dinner, a loud knock was heard at the door. The servant being out, my wife answered it, and was astonished to see a fine, tall gentleman standing on the door-step, and another sitting inside a cab. The former nervously enquired if I was at home. Being answered in the affirmative, he walked into the house, saying, 'I wish to speak to him immediately, please, as I have only a few minutes to spare.' Leaving him in the parlour, my wife came to me, saying, '*Such* a fine gentleman has called to see you, but he can only stay a few minutes. Go just as you are.'

As soon as I entered the room the gentleman rose, and to my great surprise gave my hand a most hearty shake, saying with a foreign accent, 'How do you do, Sir? I'm so glad to see you once more.' I replied, 'You must have made some mistake, Sir, as I have not the pleasure of knowing you.' 'Not know me? Please look again.' Still I could not remember ever having seen him. 'Ah! I see, I see,' he said; 'I was ragged then, but I am changed;' and with deep emotion he added, 'If you do not remember me, I *do* you.' After a short pause he continued, 'Do you not remember picking up a young man in Ratcliff Highway, wretched and half-naked, who had been robbed of money and clothes and turned out of the house to seek a new home?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I do very well; but what has that to do with you, Sir?' 'Much, much, Mr. Garland,' he cried, still holding my hand; 'I am that young man.' At this he burst into tears, and could not without great effort proceed; but recovering himself he said, 'Yes, I am that young man; God has indeed blessed me in all my pursuits. I am leaving England to-morrow morning, but could not do so without coming down to thank you for all your kindness to me; next to God, I owe all I have and all I am to you; if you had not stopped to pick me up, I might have been long ere this numbered with the dead. But since I gave my heart to God I have indeed proved the truth of His Word: "Them that honour Me I will honour." My appointment is one under Government, and I have a good salary;' and pointing to his friend in the cab, he said, 'We are just off to the ship to make my final arrangements; the ship sails to-morrow.'

We knelt down for a few moments in prayer and praise. Several times he spoke of himself as taken 'from the gutter to sit in high places;' and earnestly prayed for wisdom and strength to enable him to acknowledge God in the far-off land to which he had just been appointed. After another hearty hand-shaking we parted, never to meet again, probably, till the last great day.

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A Meeting Interrupted.

Some years since I attended a public meeting in the Wesleyan Chapel, Greenwich, to advocate the claims of our Seamen's Mission. After several ministers and gentlemen had spoken on the subject, Captain P——, of the Merchant Service, gave a very interesting account of his conversion to God, and his early life at sea; and mentioned a few cases of conversion which had occurred amongst those who had sailed with him. These interesting and thrilling facts, displaying the power of 'Divine grace,' made a great impression on the hearts of all the congregation, which was very large and respectable, and we were looking for a good collection.

The chairman (the late J. J. Lidgett, Esq.) made a few remarks, and urged all present to assist our cause, adding, 'The collection will now be made.' As the Stewards appointed to receive the offerings were leaving their pews, to the surprise of all, a stranger stood upon the seat, and requested the Chairman's permission to say a few words 'before the plates went round.' This being granted, the gentleman spoke as follows:

'Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—You will doubtless think it strange that I should thus intrude myself upon your time and attention; my reasons are these: coming down Commercial Road this afternoon, I saw a bill pasted on the board of the Wesleyan Seamen's Chapel, announcing this meeting, and one name interested me much, and I began to wonder if it was a man of the same name whom I had formerly known. And although it had been my intention to leave town this evening, my curiosity was so much excited, that I felt compelled to come over to this meeting to be fully satisfied.

'My life has been somewhat remarkable. When quite young I was wild and wicked; the restraints of home were to me unbearable. I had both money and a strong will, and I was resolved to go to sea. To this my parents and friends were much opposed. But my mind was fully made up: I was determined "to see life, and enjoy it."

'Having, as I have stated, means at my disposal, I left home, and in a short time found myself on a small craft on the mighty ocean. Here I soon learnt many things that neither improved my manners nor language; and in a short time could "run up my ropes" with most of the men.

'My next voyage was to be a long one, and I shipped not only to "see life," but to be the "life of the crew." On the first Sunday after leaving London, when full of fun and frolic, the captain sent for me "aft," and inviting me into his private room, bade me take a seat, as he wished to have a little private conversation. I felt some-

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what alarmed, and wondered what was wrong on board; but was soon relieved from my fears on that head. His first question was, "Are you a Christian? Are you saved?" This was so unexpected that, to use a seaman's expression, it took the wind out of my sails, and I was speechless. The captain understanding from this the state I was in, spoke kindly to me of Christ's love to sinners, and the awful consequences of living and dying in sin; and after a few words in prayer, dismissed me with a request that I would open my mind fully to him on the following Sunday, and stated that as he had observed that I had been well-educated, he intended teaching me navigation, etc. All this kindness affected me much, especially his concern for my soul's interest; and I am thankful to say that his efforts, by God's blessing, led to my conversion to God. Ah, my friends, then and not till then did I enjoy life in its best and truest sense: my heart was filled with joy and gladness, with praise and prayer, to that God Who had watched over me in my sins, and adopted me into His family. When I returned home my brother was much surprised at this unexpected change, but hoped I should soon be myself again; and, leaving on board a box of cigars, said, "These, my lad, with a little grog and London life, will soon put you right again." Thank God, by His grace, I have been kept right without either one or the other.

'Shortly after this I left the sea and entered college, intending to devote my time, talents and means to the glory of God. Since my conversion to God, how many times have I wished to see once more the captain whose efforts to bless and save poor sinners had been so successful in my experience.' (Here he was much affected, and tears ran down his face.) 'That is my happiness this evening.' After a short pause, he continued, 'Captain P——, do you not know me? *I know you*, and while I live shall bless God for the Christian efforts you made on my behalf.

'I am not a seaman now, as you will perceive by the "cut of my coat:" I am a clergyman of the Church of England. God has abundantly blessed my efforts to lead sinners to that Fountain which is "opened for sin and uncleanness." I have only one request to complete my happiness, let me shake you by the hand, captain.'

As he spoke, he walked up to the platform and said, 'Captain, my name is —— ———, I am the Vicar of ——— Parish;' and as the two shook hands in the presence of all the people, there was a loud shout of 'Glory to God!' and then we had a very good collection.

It is interesting to know that after his conversion, this gentleman became concerned about the souls of his friends, but particularly of the brother above referred to. He wrote letters to him, and prayed

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daily for him; and not in vain, for in a few months he also was brought to pray the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' And by a simple trust in the Atonement, found the 'peace that passeth all understanding.' Since then he, like his brother, though he labours in a different sphere, has laid his *all* on the altar of God. Not only his fortune, but his time and his gifts. His joy now is to seek the fatherless and the widows, and to preach Jesus as the sinner's only hope.

'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.'

THE NEW LAW COURTS.

Amongst the memorable changes in processes and places for the administration of English law effected during the forty-five years of Victoria's reign, none surpasses in interest the substitution of the magnificent modern Palace of Justice for its venerable predecessor at Westminster, the centre of attraction during well-nigh seven centuries for all students of English constitutional history. Shall transactions so momentous, spectacles so imposing, trials so world-famed as those whose memories cluster round Westminster Hall, be witnessed in the New Law Courts? Probably not; yet practical minds may well prefer the perfection of modern arrangements to time-honoured inconvenience, nor need we doubt that the New Hall will surpass the old in the facilities afforded to enlightened justice. With all its love of historic association, the nation welcomes a change so manifestly beneficial, and echoes the hope expressed by Her Majesty on declaring the building open: 'I trust that the uniting together in one place of the various branches of judicature in this my Supreme Court, will conduce to the more efficient and speedy administration of justice to my subjects, and I have all confidence that the independence and learning of the judges, supported by the integrity and ability of the other members of the profession of the law, will prove in the future, as they have been in times past, a chief security for the rights of my Crown and the liberties of my people.'

Leaving out of view the present century, it can scarcely be averred that independence and integrity were marked characteristics of the officers of justice who discharged their functions in old Westminster Hall. The brutality of a Jeffreys, the cupidity of a Bacon, the unveiled profanity of many a Chancellor of past days, no longer threaten to disfigure the administration of British law, nor can we find in modern England the over-fed and under-worked 'Justice'

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with whom Shakespeare has made us familiar. Such figures have vanished from amongst us, and in their place we are privileged to see men whose simplicity and godly sincerity in private and in Church life form an admirable background to their high professional attainments.

'New men, new measures,' says the proverb; and notwithstanding the fascinating eloquence and profound learning of bygone days, those who throng the new Law Courts may well be thankful to leave to Westminster Hall its memories of partiality and persecution dealt out under the name of justice. Amongst all the irregularities and inconsistencies by which English law is at present disfigured, it is satisfactory to know that he who asks why the former days were better than these, does assuredly enquire 'not wisely.' A man is no longer liable, as under Charles II., to the alternative punishment of self-transportation or hanging if convicted three times of attending an illegal prayer-meeting. No man's auditory nerves will tingle in the new Law Courts under sentence of loss of his ears, or, as in the well-known case of Prynne, the *remainder* of *his ears* in the pillory. Mutilation by law is no longer admissible. A criminal's person is invested with a sacredness unknown in the last century, nor can he now, as then, be condemned to death for the 'grand larceny' of stealing a couple of shillings. The rigour of the law was indeed mitigated by the ingenious theory that certain classes of things were not capable of being stolen. On this point, the deprived owner and the law were doubtless at variance. 'First of all,' says a high authority, 'it was considered that as it was a physical impossibility to steal a piece of land, so it should be made legally impossible to steal anything which formed part of, grew from, or was permanently affixed to the soil. So far was this carried, that it was not theft at common law to cut down a tree and carry it away, or to rip lead off a roof and melt it down. Coal forming part of a mine, even fruit on a tree or growing corn, was not capable of being stolen at common law. Again: as a legal right was physically incapable of being stolen, it was held that the evidence of a legal right, such as a deed or bond, should also be legally incapable of being stolen. When bank notes first came into use, they were not stealable, because they were only evidences of the holder's right against the bank, and were otherwise of no value. Again: many kinds of animals were not regarded as being capable of being stolen, because, as old writers said, 'they were not worthy (as oxen and sheep were) that a man should die for them.' Such were dogs and cats, and wild animals kept in captivity for curiosity, like bears or wolves. Yet, notwithstanding these loop-holes for the escape of undoubted culprits, many a family tragedy as

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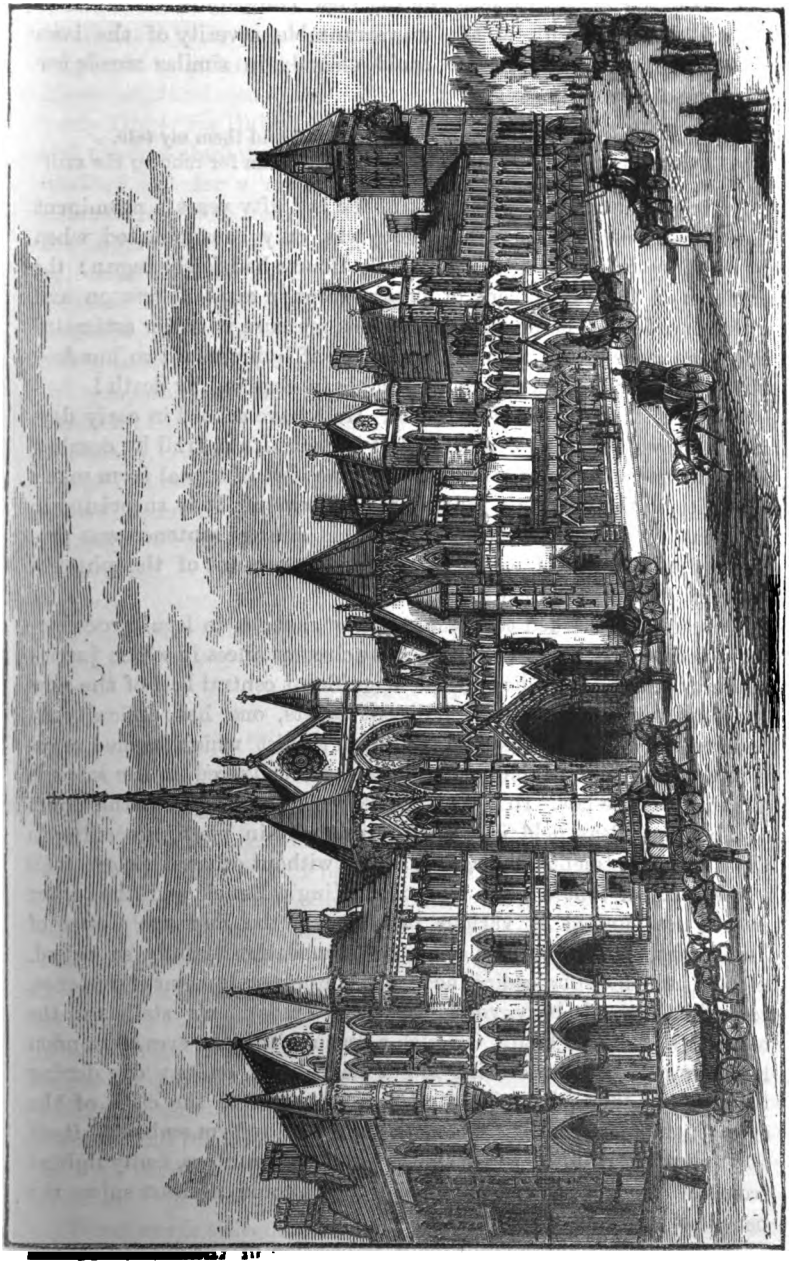

(*The New Law Courts.*)

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heart-breaking as that recorded by the Poet Laureate in his ballad of *Rizpah* was the result of the unwarrantable severity of the laws against theft. Many a mother could embody in similar words her sad story of buried hopes:

'I came into court to the judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale,
God's own truth—but they killed him. They killed him for robbing the mail

Amongst the many law reforms of the last fifty years a prominent place must be given to that which was only consummated when preparations for building the New Law Courts had fairly begun: the abolition of the punishment of death except in cases of treason and wilful murder. The importance of this measure is better estimated when one reflects that within the memory of living men two hundred and twenty three crimes were punishable in England by death!

The ancient walls of Westminster Hall have echoed in early days the sentence of trial by ordeal, and of its substitute, trial by combat, wherein was still dimly conveyed the same idea of appeal from man's fallibility to the unerring judgment of Heaven. It is surprising to find that so recently as the year 1819 this strange sentence was pronounced, and failed of execution merely on account of the physical inequality of the destined combatants.

Scarcely less marked than the striking changes in legal procedure above referred to, are those affecting the circumstances in which justice is administered. Standing in the magnificent central hall of the new building, with its eighteen adjacent courts, one has difficulty to imagine the scenes of licensed confusion amidst which learned arguments and profound judgments have been delivered in the ancient sanctuary of the law. In the north-west corner of the Hall, the Court of Common Pleas held its sittings 'in a certain place,' according to the strict enactment of Magna Charta, without other division than a low wooden fence. The Court of King's Bench and the other courts, now united as various functions of the Supreme Court of Judicature, were provided with accommodation, falsely so called. Above the sounds of pleading, accusation or pronouncement of sentence, rose the hum of busy voices from the tradesmen's stalls on the opposite side of the Hall. On such a scene as this the eyes of London loungers and country cousins might have gazed on any day during the sessions from the middle of the sixteenth to the close of the eighteenth century. By degrees the spirit of reform embodied itself at Westminster in the shape of ill-contrived chambers, badly lighted from the roof, in which the various courts could at least enjoy the benefit of separation from one another.

If we would have an adequate impression of the dignity of the

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venerable structure now vacated, we must concentrate attention on the Central Hall, with one exception the largest room in Europe unsupported by pillars, the great hall of William Rufus, 'which,' says Macaulay, 'had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the Hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the Hall where the eloquence of Stafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the Hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.'

Associations so pregnant with interest are the slow growth of centuries, for which no perfection of architectural skill can wholly compensate. Yet to those who have watched through fourteen years the completion of the magnificent plans of their gifted and lamented architect, the new Law Courts present more than the bald charm of novelty. The Jews looked with additional pride on the Temple which had been forty and six years in building. Even so the English nation regards with satisfaction, heightened by delay, the stately structure which has now become an integral part of the world's metropolis.

G. M. A.

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

CHAPTER II.—MOLLY'S JOURNAL.

London. Last Tuesday in September.

How long it seems since we left Oakhurst; in truth 'tis little more than a week, and my eyes and thoughts have been engaged with so many novelties, I have hardly found time for scrawling a line or two to apprise father and Wilkins of our safe arrival in town; still less have I found leisure for this Journal. I suppose it is the wearisomeness of our journey hither that so lengthens out the time in my remembrance. Patty laughs at me for disliking a stage-coach, and says I was surely born for a great lady, and to travel with my own carriage, since I complain even of this way of conveyance, so quick and convenient; but it seems to me cumbersome and ill-devised. I like not the sleeping at noisy inns, where the service is coarse and careless, and the fare so poor that had not our good Wilkins supplied us with baskets well stored with cold fowl and game pies to eke out matters, I think we must have starved.

What coach travelling may be in summer I fear to think; it was stifling enough in September as, amid clouds of dust, we rolled on our

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way, six unhappy creatures boxed up to suffer together. I longed to feel the air blow and to see the quick change of prospects, as freely as our man Sam, who had climbed to the roof; or even as the old woman whom I once spied smoking her pipe, as she sat on the top of our trunks in the basket behind: how shocked Patty would have been had she known my ungenteel fancies! My chief solace was to take note of the humours of our fellow-travellers. At first I knew their faces and their talk too well, and they gave me small diversion, but one after another left us along the road, and at our last stage an entire new set got in. There were two men and two women; but one of these last would thank me little for having written her down in so coarse a way, for she seemed an amazing fine lady, full of vapours and megrims, and ready to faint at every jolt of the coach. She had chosen to travel in a monstrous hoop, and I having no such protection, her whalebones incommoded me sadly, as she sat opposite. This was not the only oddity about her: though she was not at all young, she was dressed in bright colours, her soberest garments being a black satin cloak lined with pink, and a velvet hood to match; and her face had a curious faded prettiness, with a sort of silly look about her mouth. There sat by her a modest young woman in a plain riding-suit, whose face was like a delicate picture of what the other might have been in her youth; and one could not help thinking how much better she would have set off those gay clothes than their wearer. She called the elder lady Aunt, and was very careful of her comfort. I felt mightily inclined to talk to her, but was shy of beginning; however, an odd sort of opening was made for me by one of the men passengers. The elder of these, a trim, clean, sharp-faced, elderly man, spoke hardly to any one; the younger, who stumbled awkwardly into his place at first, and was very slovenly and heavy-looking, yet rather handsome, broke into our talk in a strange way of his own. Patty had begun telling me how she had heard from the chamber-maid of a very bad accident to the northern mail; one passenger had his neck broken, and two were sadly cut and bruised. This youth stared at her while she spoke with his great stupid eyes, and when she had ended, says he very slowly, 'Miss, we ought all to be thankful we are alive—don't you think so? we ought to be giving thanks on our bended knees that we are alive. However,' says he, 'in any case we haven't much longer to live. The Judgment Day is fixed, you know, for next year.' Here he took out a penknife and began to trim his nails carefully, saying, 'It makes me a bit downish to think of it, you know.'

Patty looked at me and I at her, hardly knowing whether to laugh or be uneasy; but he lifted his heavy eyes again and went on:

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'What we have to do is to be ready—that's what I say. Are you ready, Miss?' looking at Patty. 'You have got your sins forgiven and all straightened up, ha'n't you?' She stared at him and said nothing. 'We must have our sins forgiven'—and then he fell to work with his penknife again—'are your nails pared, Miss?' he added presently. 'I'll lend you my penknife, if you haven't one of your own.' He leaned forward as if to offer it her, but the old man sitting next him gave him a sharp pull back into his place, saying, 'Will never any sense come into thy thick head, William?' while the young man looked at him half-amused, and saying, 'Anything to oblige you, Sir,' shut his knife and put it in his pocket. Patty had put on such a look of scorn, that I turned away so as not to laugh, and met the eyes of the young lady fixed on me, and full of tears. She bent towards me, saying softly, 'Do not despise my poor William; if he has not too strong a head, he has an excellent heart; 'tis the best, the kindest, simple creature living.' 'Is he your brother?' I whispered back. 'No, but he is my cousin,' she replied; 'and the only child of my dear Aunt, with whom I live. 'Tis well she sleeps, for it vexes her when he talks so simply to strangers; and to hear Mr. Ellis, yonder, reprehending him for folly, too, is more than she can bear. I suppose you will know Mr. Ellis, Mrs. Wilson?' I started to hear the name; and Patty, who was listening, said, 'This is my cousin Mrs. Heywood, madam, not my sister. It seems you have the advantage of me in knowing my face at least.'

'I have seen you often, madam, but at a distance,' said the stranger, colouring faintly; 'we are rather near neighbours of yours, my Aunt having rooms in Mr. Ellis's house.' 'I don't know him from Adam,' said Patty in my ear; and then the elder lady woke, and had a dozen wants to be attended to at once, so that her anxious attendant had enough to do; while Patty rather eagerly pointed me to a black, frightful shape, like a wicked cross, standing on a hill at no great distance. 'You will know what that is?' she said; and I was not well pleased to learn that it was a gibbet with a robber or a murderer, I know not which, hanging on it in chains. It has been my good fortune to see nothing of the sort before; but at the sight of it, all began to talk about highwaymen and their growing boldness; and at our next halt Patty made me notice that the guard had a loaded blunderbuss, while the men passengers looked well to the horse-pistols which they all carried. It seemed to me that her spirits really rose at every hint of danger, and that she had a pleasure in pointing out to me every dismal object like that first shocking spectacle, of which there were far too many. I asked her at last pettishly why she kept me in such disagreeable talk, and she

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whispered, 'Lest your innocence should be drawn into too much converse with our pretty friend on the other side, my dear. If these persons are indeed our neighbours, and reputable people, we may meet them in town. But *that* woman looks to me like a play-actress without her red and white paint; and we don't court such acquaintance.'

As I know little indeed of plays and actresses, I was fain to submit to Mrs. Patty; but I believe the girl to be a true, modest gentlewoman, whatever her Aunt's condition may be; and I am keeping a look-out for her sweet face, though 'tis a wonder to me how people ever can meet with their friends in this monstrous city of London. To hear, too, how people talked, one would say that Barbary is as safe and pleasant to live in as this same city; no gentleman can drive beyond the busy parts without a strong guard of armed and mounted servants; we passed one or two such parties; and the thieves and the wild young gentlemen within are as daring, and as barbarous, as the highwaymen without.

Being entertained with such pleasant tales, and the dusk coming on, I grew quite cold with fright before our coach began to jolt over the uneven streets of London. I could see little of the houses, in spite of the lamps which were being lighted, and what I did see disappointed me. I know not what childish fancies I had entertained of something gloriously splendid, though sure I was not so simple as to expect golden pavements and fairy palaces; but something better I did expect than this mere piece of dull earth. It revived me wonderfully to spy at last the friendly faces of Uncle Wilson and Cousin John, who were awaiting us in the Inn-yard, and who at once put us in a coach and conveyed us home. I had meant to take note which way our travelling companions should go; but I found such a hope had indeed been a piece of rustic simplicity.

As we drove towards Uncle's house, which is near the Exchange, we spoke of our frights and fears on the road, of which Uncle seemed inclined to make a little gentle sport, saying, 'I fear, Patty, you have been practising on your cousin's natural ignorance of our doings;' and in truth Patty's eyes sparkled finely, while she strove to say demurely, 'But indeed, father, there *are* robberies every day.' I said, 'I wondered the ugly spectacles we had met did not scare thieves from their bad ways.' 'No more, my little Molly,' said Uncle, 'than a rat nailed on a barn-door will scare living rats from the corn-ricks;' and John added very gravely, 'The more hangings there are for even trifling offences, the more desperate do the great criminals become. They act in the spirit of the vulgar saying, "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb." Our laws are not far from the unwise harshness of Draco, who punished even

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idleness with death.' I did not know who was this law-maker he talked of, and could only think at first of Sir Francis Drake, whose great exploits brother Tom used to delight in; but Patty has told me since 'twas some tiresome old Greek that John was meaning; he has spent much time, she says, in that sort of learning.

Sure there is a great change in Cousin John since last year; he is not like the same who was so well pleased to join in the harmless mirth of our haymaking at Oakhurst. I never thought him like Uncle Wilson then, but now I see a great likeness in their dark eyes and serious faces; and though Uncle's locks are grizzled and his brow a little wrinkled, his kindly smile makes him seem well-nigh as young as John, who wears a look of desperate gravity that I think rather forced. I like Uncle much the best of the two, and Aunt Wilson better than him. Not having seen her before, I felt discomposed and shy when I first saw her waiting at the door to greet us; but words cannot paint the tender welcome she gave me, with three kisses: 'one for thyself, niece,' she whispered, 'and two for thy dear mother, for I think thou art herself alive again;' and I felt a tear on my cheek which came not from my eyes, and so my courage quickly rose high enough to take note of her looks. She is like Patty, but more plump and blooming, and her look and smile more open and cordial. I should like to see her set off with dress better suited to her husband's wealth, and yet I shall soon love her mob-cap and white apron, and sad-coloured gown, just because they are hers.... She is calling me, and I must check my prating. I see I have scribbled here a thousand idle nothings, instead, as I designed, of writing a proper account of my new-found relatives; yet here is some hint of them all save my two younger cousins Harry and James, of whom I yet see little; they are much engaged with their masters.

Thursday Evening.

This house is mighty different from the Manor. I think the beauty of the one lies without, and that of the other within. Patty indeed thinks that their windows command a fine prospect, for the street is of the busiest, and even on Sunday there are many coaches and chairs jostling one another, on their way to our parish church, which is very fashionable; but I still like better the home prospect of gardens and fields. She is vastly proud too of the house itself: 'tis of brick, faced with stone, curiously carved about the doors and windows, and with much scrolled ironwork in rails and gates dividing it from the pavement; and it is three times loftier then the Manor at least. But I cannot for my heart admire it as Patty does, nor think its modern air redeems it from ugliness; it is not so very modern either, my

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grandfather having had his counting-house here, and his own dwelling, just like Uncle.

But within doors I must sink my crest, and allow all sorts of superior excellence to Aunt Wilson: what spotless, perfect order she maintains, and what comfort! And then her tapestry and damask hangings, her worked chairs and Turkey carpets, put our wainscoted walls and our oaken furniture to the blush, to say nothing of her Japan chests, cabinets, and screens, and gilded brackets, with all the store of rare china set on them. When I broke off last she was calling me to help in washing her best tea-service; I was proud of the favour, for she will hardly trust Patty with them. 'Your uncle, Molly,' says she, 'will have it that I make a god of my china; and I own it would go to my heart to have a piece broke; but I keep on this side idolatry.' 'You might very safely worship some of it,' says Patty, who was set at her knitting; 'that dragon, there, is like nothing in heaven above or earth beneath, I am very sure.' 'You are saucy, Miss, and not over-reverent,' says Aunt, smiling cheerfully; and I asked her, 'why Uncle said such odd things about harmless cups and plates?' 'He would gladly have this service sold,' said she, 'and the money bestowed in charity. I told him, however, I would rather save in other matters, and would gladly spend less on dress and such toys, than have the house stript of all its rarities. So, child, he said gravely, "It is a mercy you are free from the soul-destroying love of dress," and with that he went away—in good time, or I must have laughed. A mother with a child of my Patty's age, should have shaken off the love of dress—don't you think so, niece?' 'I should dearly like to see you richly drest, Aunt,' said I. 'Don't tempt me, child,' she said, very kindly; 'had I a cherry satin petticoat like thine on, my Stephen would have something to say about the blood of poor innocents being found in my skirts, and something of the sort would be in my own head. The difference between stuff and satin in my gown would save more than one poor maid from starving with hunger. And to say truth, my girl, I have a doubt sometimes about costly furniture; but my worked curtains and chairs have kept two poor needlewomen alive for a year; and so I soothe up my conscience.' And here our talk ended; I hardly know what to think of it, yet it keeps coming into my mind at odd times.

Friday, 11 *p.m.*

We have had a gay and busy day. According to appointment, Mrs. Collings, Patty's chiefest friend, a young lady lately married, with her husband and a gentleman friend of his, came about ten in a hackney coach to take Patty and me, with John for our escort, on a sort of rambling expedition among the wonders of the town. We went

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to Faulkener's, the great lapidary's, to see the cutting and polishing of stones; and to this place after one great picture, and to that after another; 'twas to be a very sober and instructive sort of thing. Mrs. Collings is prettyish, and vastly fine in her dress, but I think not over well-bred, though she greeted me with a great compliment. 'So now,' she said, 'I see at last the white rose of the North which has been so highly commended; it will be a happy day when this fair blossom is transplanted into a City garden for the admiration of all,' and she looked aside at Patty, who smiled significantly in reply; and there were often little whispers and nods between the two which I did not like; 'twas as if they were sharing some mighty secret.

Mr. Collings is elderly and formal, but they say prodigiously rich; and his friend Mr. Norton, of rather mean figure, has a sharp and bitter tongue, which seems to be *his* recommendation. The two ladies were kept constantly laughing by him, but Cousin John grew stiff and gloomy, and hardly spoke till we were at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where our party went to view the two great paintings on the staircase of Scripture subjects by Mr. Hogarth. Mr. Norton made great sport of them. 'See,' said he, 'what a vulgar, deformed object is this cripple at the Pool of Bethesda; look how clumsily the Good Samaritan is ministering to that wounded man, whom one might suspect from his ugly aspect to be rather a robber than a victim; even the figure of the Great Physician has no grace or dignity.' 'Mr. Hogarth is quite unequal to the grand style,' said Mrs. Collings. 'He is a painter of much merit, notwithstanding,' said her husband; 'he made a portrait of my late wife which was every one's admiration.' 'No doubt, my dear Sir,' cried Mr. Norton, changing his tone a little, 'we must grant that such worn-out themes as these old Bible stories must cripple the most ingenious artist. Who could find inspiration, in this enlightened period, in such threadbare allegories and incredible wonders?' It was then that John blazed up suddenly in a way I rather liked. 'It is, on the contrary, for want of a right sense of the eternal beauty and majesty of his subject that the artist has failed,' said he, in a deep, shaken voice; 'these themes which you are pleased to term "worn-out" are too high for him. Yet Mr. Hogarth has a good honest nature, I believe, and great skill; but surely had the Divine Pity in the Redeemer's face ever shone upon his heart, some ray of that glory would have lighted up this dull canvas.' 'Nay, my good young Sir,' said Mr. Norton, 'I meant not to wake your enthusiasm, which I had forgotten; and if you really believe in miracles ——' 'Come, come,' said Mrs. Collings laughing, and moving to go, '*of course* we believe in miracles, we are all good Church people; what has that to do with pictures? We are going now to the Tower, and by special

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favour we may see the assaying of gold and silver at the Mint. That will interest you, Mr. Wilson.' John bowed gravely without speaking.

I suppose the Mint was the greatest curiosity we saw to-day, but I understood it too little, and was better pleased with the old armour and the strange weapons in the Tower, and specially with the wild beasts—the lions and the porcupines. We had already seen some wild animals in Covent Garden, but they were not to compare with these; one in particular, whose cage is more to the front, is a fine and terrible creature; they call him the King's lion. I shall not soon forget him, for I was near making closer acquaintance with him than I wished. It seems people who cannot muster up sixpence are allowed to bring small animals, such as dogs or cats, which they give to be devoured by the beasts, as payment for a sight of them; and a villainous ragged creature, who stole in behind our party, had brought in this way a pretty white kitten—I make no doubt he stole it. I saw it thrown into the cage, but the great beast took no notice of it, and I could not help slyly squeezing my hand between the bars and trying to draw the little thing outside; it seemed horrible for it to be devoured. At the moment when I stooped and had it grasped, I felt myself seized and pulled violently back, kitten and all; I dropped the creature, which scampered nimbly away, and turned to see who was holding me; it was John, and he was ghastly pale. 'Do you know you risked your life?' said he; 'your head was really within the lion's reach—look at him,' but there came a savage growl so close at hand that I dared not look. 'It was a piece of madness,' he went on; 'I can hardly believe this is your living self.' He drew me still further from the cage and from our party, who luckily had not noticed my action, and were high in admiration at the mad fury of the lion.

'How was it you saw me?' I asked. 'I thought myself secure from notice.' He did not speak at once, and I think he changed colour; then he said, 'Ah, Molly, sure it was a Divine impulse that made me watchful over you; yours was too sweet a life to be thrown away untimely by a rash movement of pity for that poor little animal; there are better works of mercy awaiting you, if you will but listen to the Heavenly voice. But you did not do right, dear,' he said very gently; 'your life is of too much value———' 'Even to you?' I could not help saying; he looked such a changed creature, all softened and moved. 'Even to me,' he said, 'it is only too valuable'; and he broke off, the others coming round us with curious looks. We left the Tower, and went to finish our day with the dinner bespoken for us at Pontack's. I do not know what was said or what was done; I had constantly before me my cousin's looks and words. Sure his cold, severe manners are not natural, they are put on wilfully; but why should he try to wear a mask with me?

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MEMORY PICTURES.

BY THE REV. JOHN COLWELL.

'MEMORY is that faculty of the mind by which it retains ideas.' But memory is not remembrance. Many men with good memories do in no true sense remember. Some memories are like a lumber-room, filled with unassorted rubbish. The owner can find nothing of worth in them; for his memory, like the dam in the river, has arrested the refuse and allowed the pure stream to pass on unimproved. Some memories are like rich cabinets in a state of litter—here a Raphael and there a Rubens, antique vases jostling Dresden ware, rude geological specimens crushing beautiful works of art. But some memories are like well-kept picture-galleries. Every master has his place. As impressions are gathered from nature, books, or men, they are carefully hung upon the walls and ticketed for future reference; while the great events of life are ranged in order and may be seen at a glance. When, at the close of their wonderful desert journey, Moses bade the Israelites '*remember*' (see Deut. viii. 2), he was, in fact, bidding them to arrange and examine their memory-records, 'to call to, or to keep in mind.' No doubt he intended this act of remembrance to be continuous, rather than fragmentary or occasional; it was to be a habit of the mind rather than a passing incident; the Israelites were to be a *thoughtful* people. Nevertheless, there are times when memory is more active than usual, times when we find it most easy to 'remember.' Small, and apparently trifling influences, will at such times suffice to quicken the moral pulse:

> 'Some subtle smell that spring unbinds,
> Some pause abrupt of midnight winds,
> An echo or a dream.'

Any of these, and less than these, will cause the leaves of memory to make

> 'A mournful rustling in the dark.'

Let us then first ask, WHAT WE SHOULD REMEMBER.—'All the way,' said Moses. Let the retrospect be searching and complete. When the Israelites looked back along the desert-path, they must have found ample cause for reflection. But three great pillars stood up, like pinnacles of fire, illuminating all the way. On the first of these was written, in letters of love, Great Deliverances; on the second, in letters of light, Great Opportunities; on the third, in letters of flame, Great Obligations.

Great Deliverances.—The Book of Deuteronomy is largely a recapitulation of Israel's mercies: almost every page is bright with some story

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of Divine love and care; just as the entire path from Egypt to Canaan was all aglow with miracle and mercy. How emphatic is the eighth chapter! Read verses 4, 14, 15, and 16. What a summary of blessings they contain! Deliverance from Egyptian slavery. That was the foundation upon which the superstructure of their national life was laid. And what a wonderful deliverance it was! How unlikely to happen, how improbable to human eyes must such an event have seemed. The Israelites were but a number of slaves. They were without enterprise, without weapons or knowledge of their use, without hope, without enthusiasm. Their masters were astute, determined, unscrupulous and powerful; and yet the slaves escaped! Viewed on its human side, the Exodus was utterly improbable. It has no historic parrallel; it is unique in the history of the world. As we meditate upon the matter, we gain some insight into the meaning of that wonderful song, that echoed over the Egyptian desert as Israelitish maidens hymned the praises of Him Who had cast 'the horse and his rider into the sea.'

But many who read these lines can remember a still greater deliverance. Let memory busy herself with the records of the past. What does she find there? A certain dismal night, in which neither moon nor stars appeared. The artificial lights of the soul were darkened, and the true Light had not come. For the first time in life, the soul's slavery was *seen* and *felt*. O, who shall depict the wretchedness of that hour! But the Great Deliverer appeared; the Day Spring arose in our hearts. The birds of hope and promise called to each other under the clear heavens. The pains and chains of slavery to sin were cast aside, and we sounded 'the loud timbrel' o'er the 'dark sea' of our past troubles as we turned our faces toward the land of promise,—'Thou shalt *remember*.'

To discuss the many deliverances of Israel in detail would fill a volume. Let the thoughtful reader note the verses above referred to and ponder. When a great people was created out of an insignificant and down-trodden tribe, all the difficulties of the Exodus had been surmounted, and on the verge of Canaan the people now rested, ere they went up to take possession. Such events may well furnish a striking chapter in human history. But, in sober truth, have not things as wonderful happened to ourselves? 'Distance lends enchantment to the view;' and when contrasted with these famous annals of olden time, our own poor histories look commonplace. But turn the intenser light of quickened spiritual insight upon them, and they will shine with startling brightness. 'I this day see my life as I never saw it hitherto,' said a man when under the influence of unexpected blessing. 'I fix my attention especially upon two points:

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When I was quite a boy I went out one day to yoke my father's horse to the cart. I had just fastened the gear on one side, and was in the act of passing round to the other side, when the horse started. In a moment the wheel was locked firmly between the gate-post and the wall, and the cart was broken by the violent shock. Had I been there nothing could have saved me from death, and had it occurred a moment sooner I should have been there. Never shall I forget, either, how suddenly my attention was one day called to my spiritual blessings. I was speaking to a sinful young man about religious things, when he turned upon me with startling energy and exclaimed, "*You* talk to *me*, how can you? If I was good it would be a wonder; and if you were not good it would be a shame. My father kept a low public-house; I was his pot-boy. My language was corrupted from the cradle; the moral atmosphere in which I lived was poisonous. You were brought up in the midst of religion and nursed in piety." So I was; it was all true; but I had never seen and felt it before.' May not this man be spokesman for many of us? 'Thou shalt *remember*,' says the Voice of Inspiration.

Great Opportunities.—Mercy and opportunity are ever companions. What openings for praise, for trust, for service, had the deliverances of the way presented; and how grand was the opportunity that opened itself before them at the end of their journey. The land of promise lay before them. Its plains were fruitful; its hills rich in natural defences and mineral wealth; its brooks and rivers full and unfailing. 'Opportunity is everything,' says the modern proverb; but if so, how kindly does Providence deal with men. Israel's opportunities were but typical of our own, and to a large extent of those of mankind generally. Three persons sat in the same pew one Sabbath evening listening to a sermon from the words upon which we now write (Deut. viii. 2). At the close of the service they spoke thus. The first said, 'Thirty-seven years ago I was a scholar in this Sunday-school. The superintendent came to me and said, "Yield your heart to God to-day while others are doing so; it is a golden opportunity." I did it, and I am still the Lord's.' The second said, 'Forty years ago last week I was a lad in search of a situation. As I walked along the street I met a gentleman who knew me. He said, without my asking him, "Do you want a situation? If so, I know of a place that will suit you. Take my card and say I sent you; it will be a nice opening." I went, I was engaged, and I am with the same firm yet.' The third said, 'I come from America. It is just thirty-five years ago since I was a penitent seeker of salvation in this chapel. The brother who sits by me was praying with me, and directing me to the Saviour. I found Him, and though I have

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wandered far I have still followed Him. To-night I have been remembering the blessed opportunities of my life.' Again, might not these friends be our spokesmen? Opportunity has met us at every turn in the path. The brass has had to be wrested from the hill (v. 9) with much labour; heart and brain have both well-nigh fainted, but since a kind Providence did put the brass into the hill and lead us to it, shall we complain of the toil of getting it?

Great Obligations.—With ancient Israel, as with modern Christians, obligation waited on the heels of mercy. '*Put that to mine account,*' said the Apostle. So saith the voice of our Heavenly Father over every service we render Him; while the grateful heart replies, 'Yea, I owe Thee my ownself besides.' We know our obligations, but we forget them; therefore, says the inspired Book, 'Thou shalt *remember.*' Let us now ask

II. WHY WE SHOULD REMEMBER.—Not for the pleasure of indulging in fond regrets, uttering fine sentiments, or dwelling on what might have been, but for our profit and improvement. Moses teaches us how these ends may best be secured. Let us so remember the past as to *make us humble.* God so led thee 'to humble thee,' said he to Israel. And truly that must ever be the effect of a candid survey of the past. Compare what, with such advantages, we might have been with what we are; look at what we hoped to be; consider how much better some others have made themselves than we have done. Hang these pictures upon the walls of the mind, and meditate upon them. What might have been, and what ought to have been, shine brightly; but who shall describe what *is?* Can the thoughtful soul find pleasure in its own doings? How little is its most, how poor is its best. 'Remember.... to humble thee.'

Let us so remember the past as to *make us wise.*—The effect of Israel's experiences was to prove them, to show them what was in them, to reveal them to themselves. By experience alone can men know themselves. The actual test is the only proof. How fast the horse can run, the man can walk, the bird can fly; how sweetly the voice can sing, the orator can speak—would we know these things? then we must actually prove them. But in our past lives, our powers, our very selves, have been put to the proof. Memory has recorded the result. Let us thoughtfully and prayerfully examine it.

Let us so remember the past as to *make us better.*—'Thou shalt remember.... to do thee good at thy latter end.' All God's purposes have been of mercy, they are so still. His everlasting purpose is to do His loved ones 'good.' Every act of remembrance should therefore make us hopeful, strong, and brave. Despite all Israel's sins and follies, they had reached the verge of Canaan. For what purpose?

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That they might enter it. Not that we might be given up at the shining portals, but that we may enter through the gates into the city, has the Divine Lord brought us thus far. Strange, indeed, if we should despair now. The rather let us press on with hope, remembering the love and mercy of the past, and trusting it for the future.

'CAPTAIN RUST.' *

At the time I made his acquaintance, 'Captain Rust' was a 'long-shore ranger, and as such was much better known than respected. I first heard of him in connection with the unlawful disappearance of some chickens. I happened one morning to be passing a row of cottages, the backyards of which went down to the river-bank; and seeing a crowd round the door of one of them, I asked a person who had come from the spot what was the cause of the commotion.

'Well, it ain't anything very dreadful,' answered the man; 'it's Jim Burgess a-swearing vengeance agen everybody, because some one has been and collar'd a couple of his chickens. He thinks it's some of the neighbours, and he's a-letten out strong in hopes as the party may get raw and put their head in the cap.'

I knew Burgess in a general way, and observed:

'I should hardly have thought any one in the Row would have been so unneighbourly as to rob him.'

'Well, for my part, I don't think any of 'em has,' said the man; 'but *if* they have, there's nothing he can say as is too hard for 'em—he's a quiet cove, and one as wouldn't touch so much as a pin-head that wasn't his own.'

At this point a woman, who, to judge from the basket over her arm, and the house-door key carried loosely in her hand, had been out marketing, came along the Row, and on reaching the verge of the crowd asked:

'What's up?'

'Some one has stole two of Jim's best chickens,' answered a dozen voices.

'Ah, I shouldn't wonder,' she said coolly; 'I was expecting to hear of something bein' a-missing—I saw "Captain Rust" prowling about outside the back-doors when I was a-getting up this morning, and I thought to myself at the time, "Well, some one will suffer for it."'

* Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the River-side Visitor. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road, E.C.

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On hearing this there was a general exclamation of 'O-o-o!' uttered in a tone that made it mean that there was no further occasion to ask to whom the disappearance of the fowls was attributable. This also seemed to be Burgess's opinion; for, looking greatly disconcerted, and muttering something about giving Mr. Rust a dustin' the first time he dropped on him, he hastily retreated indoors, and the crowd dispersed.

One of them was a shrewd, good-humoured tinker, with whom I had a nodding acquaintance, and following him up, I asked:

'Who is "Captain Rust"?'

'What, don't you know Rust?' he exclaimed in astonishment. 'But, there, of course you don't,' he went on, smiling; 'or you wouldn't have asked; on'y I'd have thought as how no one could have been about here, if it was on'y for a week, without hearing about the gallant Rust.'

'Well, but who is he?' I asked again.

'Well, as to *who* he is,' answered the tinker, sententiously, 'I can't tell yer; as likely as not he couldn't tell yer himself. As to what he is, why he ain't anything in particular; he's on the loose. You see he's the sort of gentleman for fowls to roost high from, and he ain't partic'lar to trifles in other ways. All the same, he's not what you may call an altogether bad sort of warment. At least not yet; though I suppose he will be all in good time, or, as I should say, all in *bad* time. The law is sure to have him sooner or later; and, when he's been jailed two or three times, or done a turn of penal, he'll come out a finished blade and a keen un. When Rust has once got the jail polish, it'll be "ware hawk" between him and them as has got anything to lose.'

'But why do they call him "Captain Rust"?' I persisted, as my discursive acquaintance came to a pause.

'Why, because he's a ruster. Leastwise, he sets up as rusting bein' his reg'lar game, and I suppose it is to a certain extent; but he ain't partic'lar in sticking to one line: bits of sails, or rope, timber, or any such live stock as pigeons, fowls, or rabbits, anything, in fact, as ain't too hot, or too heavy, or too well watched—it's all the same to him, all's fish that comes to his net.'

'Still you haven't told me what rusting is,' I said.

'Beg your pardon, no more I ain't,' answered the tinker, good humouredly: 'well, it is pickin' up old iron 'long shore—they call it rust, because it mostly is rusty, I suppose.'

For some months after this, it was not my hap either to come into contact with Captain Rust, or to hear anything further of him. I had almost forgotten that there was such a person, when his name

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('*May I speak to you, guv— Sir?*')—See page 83.

again cropped up in connection with a matter in which I was personally interested.

I had been assisting to establish a Ragged School in a part of my district standing sorely in need of such an institution, and just as the school was about to be opened, I, in common with my fellow-workers, was portentously informed by some of the inhabitants who had taken a friendly interest in our labours, that we might look out for squalls; that the redoubtable Captain Rust had taken up his parable against the school, and avowed his intention of 'making it hot' for all concerned in the affair.

Whether or not Captain Rust was at the bottom of it, certain it is that the night-school on its opening had an evil time of it. Bands of young roughs besieged it. The younger scholars were pelted and hooted at as they went in and out. A constant whooping and howling was kept up, the doors were battered till at times they seemed about to give way, and occasionally windows were broken. One night when I was taking a class the annoyance had been particularly great; and on the close of the school, I was leaving in

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anything but an amiable frame of mind, when one of the pupils, who had left a few minutes previously, came running up to me breathlessly, exclaiming:

'They've got him, Sir, they've cotch'd him, old Ben Tyler has,—and ain't he just a-servin' on him out, Sir, that's all!'

As he spoke he pointed to a group a little way down the street, and walking up to it I found in the midst a boy tied up to the wall by the thumbs in such a manner that the tips of his toes barely touched the ground; while, standing beside him, flourishing a stout rope's-end, was Ben Tyler, an old navy pensioner, who added to his scanty pension by fish-hawking.

'Punishment parade, you see, yer honour,' said Ben, touching his hat as I came up, and evidently expecting my approval.

'He's got to have ten minutes more of this, and I've give him a round and sound dozen with Timothy Tickle-Toby here'—he went on brandishing the rope's-end as he spoke—'and though—as is only fair to say—he's game to the backbone, and wouldn't give mouth, I'll pound it that every stroke went home, and won't want no rubbin' in.'

The culprit was a boy of apparently nine or ten years of age. I had often seen him in the streets and about the river-bank, and, without knowing who he was, or ever having spoken to him, we had come to entertain a liking for him. He was a well-grown, fine-limbed boy, with a jaunty, rollicking gait that spoke him full of spirits. He had a fair, chubby, smiling face, bright blue eyes, and crisply curling brown hair; and, well washed and dressed, would have been pronounced a handsome boy anywhere.

Though he now kept his teeth firmly clenched, and tried to appear carelessly defiant, it was evident that he suffered severely. Seeing this I said to old Tyler:

'Well, perhaps it's only from thoughtlessness that he has annoyed us; and, at any rate, he has been sufficiently punished, and you had better let him down now.'

'Beggin' pardon, yer honour, I don't think I had,' answered Tyler; 'it's not often you can catch a customer of his stamp, and when you do you should stick to 'em. I've been arter him for some time, but he has always managed to run the blockade up till now. To-night, howm-sum-ever, I captured him fair, and me and some of them round as have boys at the school court-martialed him, and the sentence was a dozen with the rope, and a quarter of an hour's stringing up. The dozen he's had,' he concluded, pulling out a large old-fashioned watch as he spoke; 'but there's eight minutes of the time to run.'

'O, but you must let me beg him off that,' I said; 'he will promise me not to disturb the school again, I know—won't you now?'

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I paused for an answer, but he would make none, and Tyler exclaimed:

'There, you see the sort he is! Let him go, eh? Give him another dozen, more like.'

'Well, it seems he is a stubborn boy,' I said; 'still I cannot stand by and see him tormented;' and without further parley I cut the string. I had laid hold of his collar intending to administer a few words of admonition ere letting him go; but before I could speak he had deftly twisted himself loose and dashed away.

'You'd a better let him had the dose out, Sir,' said Tyler, somewhat sulkily; 'I wouldn't go to be cruel to any youngster, but with such as Captain Rust you must be hard if you mean to do any good with 'em.'

'Captain Rust!' I exclaimed, 'Do you mean to say that was Captain Rust?'

'Why, yes,' said the pensioner; 'who did you think it was? There ain't another Captain Rust, I expects; or, if there is, that un's the original character; and a beauty he is, without paint.'

The following morning I was going along a street from which side streets branched on either side, when I became conscious that I was being dogged. I could hear a pattering of bare feet behind me; but whenever there was any indication of stopping or turning on my part, I could tell by the sound that the person following me rushed down the nearest side street. At length, feeling more irritated than alarmed, I determined to ascertain by whom I was being followed; and, striding hastily back to the top of a narrow street, whom should I behold but Captain Rust, trying to so flatten himself into a doorway as to be screened from sight. He now darted out, but, having retreated well out of reach, he came to a standstill as if undecided what to do. Presently he began to come cautiously forward, and on getting within earshot, opened parley:

'May I speak to you, guv—— Sir?' he called out stammeringly.

'Of course you can,' I answered.

'And you won't go a-collarin' of me, or a-giving me into charge for making a row at the school?'

'No; I would do nothing against him for what was past,' I answered.

'Honour bright?' he questioned dubiously.

'Honour bright,' I answered; and then he came confidently up to me.

'And now what do you want to say?' I asked.

'Well, you see,' he began slowly and with a rather puzzled air, 'it ain't exackly as I've got anythink to tell you like; on'y I see you

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goen along, and I thinks to myself, I ought to say "Thank you" to him, and I was a-comin' right up, when I thinks as well, perhaps he'll lumber me, and that was what put me folloren you up in sich an in-and-out style—so thank you, Sir.'

'You mean for cutting you loose last night?' I said.

'Yes, Sir,' he answered. 'I wouldn't knuckle down to old Ben and that lot; but it did hurt me orfle, and wasn't I glad to get away! and I'll never get on with any games at the school again,—I wouldn't be such a bad un as that 'ud come to, arter *you* cutting of me down; and if any of the rest on 'em gets a molestin' of you, it'll be them and me for it.'

'I should like you to come to school as a scholar,' I said, 'only in the evening; now, will you come?'

He paused in evident embarrassment, but at length he said:

'I can't, Sir; I scrats for myself, and I'm on lays as takes me pretty well all my time.'

I felt drawn towards the sturdy little fellow, and, seeing some of his arab companions approaching, and desiring to have a little quiet talk with him, I asked:

'Have you had any breakfast this morning?'

'No,' he answered, in a tone of indifference.

'Well, will you come and have some with me?'

'Where?' he asked, with quick suspicion.

'O, only round at B——s,' I answered, naming a coffee-house, just outside a neighbouring shipyard's gates.

'But I didn't speak to you to get you to stand anythink,' said the captain sturdily.

His mind set at ease upon this point, the captain accompanied me with cheerful alacrity, and a few minutes later was seated at a breakfast, which, though plain, I took care was substantial and plentiful. Sipping at a cup of coffee, and appearing to be absorbingly interested in a week-old paper, I let the captain finish his meal without interrupting him by talk, or embarrassing him by any notice; and a very hearty meal he made.

He was the first to break silence. Twitching me by the sleeve, he whispered:

'Does yer have to pay for the lot?'

A glance at the table showed me the captain's drift, and I briefly answered:

'Yes.'

'Well, that un,' he whispered, indicating a slice of bread and butter still left upon the plate, 'is one too many for me now—can I plant it?'

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I nodded assent, and the next instant he had stowed it away in the pocket of his ragged jacket, and then with a sigh of pleasure he exclaimed:

'Wouldn't it be jolly to have a blow-out like this every day! But there,' he added in a slightly disappointed tone, 'you does have as much as you likes every day.'

'And don't you?' I asked, by way of drawing him out.

'Why, no,' he said; 'plenty o' days I don't. I don't more days than I do, and nows and thens there's days when I don't get any at all.'

'Well, captain,' I began, adding in a laughing, apologetical way, 'I must call you Captain Rust, you know, as I don't know your proper name.'

'Which everybody does call me Captain Rust, and I don't mind,' he put in; 'on'y if you want to know my proper name it's Bill White.'

'Well, then, Bill,' I said, 'about your coming to the school, you may take my word as a friend, that it would be the best thing you could do for yourself; a boy or man that can't read or write has very little chance of getting on in the world nowadays. Come, now,' I urged, on seeing that he remained silent, 'there is nothing to pay, and it's only at night, you know, you could manage that; you can't rust in the dark.'

'But it ain't dark till late now,' he said; 'all the same I don't rust at night, but now as it's the summer I'm on another lay as I do go arter at night.'

'What lay is it?' I asked.

'Chuck-out-yer-mouldy-coppers, you know,' he answered.

My looks intimated that I did *not* know, for he went on in an explanatory tone:

'Mud-larkin' and cart-wheelin'. I meets the wans coming back from the bean-feasts and the like, and turns cart-wheels along the road beside 'em, and sings out to those on 'em, "Chuck-out-yer-mouldy-coppers," and there's mostly some good-natured uns among 'em. Then other times I works down 'long shore to the Trafalgar, where the swells as come down to the whitebait feeds are out in the what-do-calls—in front of the winders, you know, and I does a bit of tumblin' afore 'em, and then sings for them to chuck out their coppers.'

'That may be all very fine now, Bill,' I said; 'but you should remember that, after a while, you'll be getting too big for those sort of games, and if you are not a little bit of a scholar, you won't have much chance of making a man of yourself. You had better give up the mouldy-copper lay, and attend the night-school.'

'I must knock out a living how I can,' he muttered.

'Have you no one to help you?' I asked; 'no parents, no father or mother?'

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'I ain't got no mother,' he answered, and his voice grew low and trembling, and a look of sadness came over his face. 'It 'ud be different with me if I had. I dessay I should 'a been at school afore now if she'd a been left; she stuck to me through thick and thin. I only wish I did have her now. But I dunno neither,' he added quickly, 'she had an orful time of it, and a good deal through a takin' of my part. He used to wollop us dreadful, particlaly poor mother; he killed her orf by inches.'

'Your father, you mean?' I said.

'I does, and no one else,' he said, his eyes flashing angrily.

'And is he dead too?' was my next question.

'No; wuss luck,' he answered promptly. 'I'd 'a been a lot better off if he had been. He worn't content with kicking me out; if ever he thought I had a few ha'pence he'd come arter me and shake 'em out o' me, and gie me a hidin' if I said anything agen it. Howsumever,' he went on, his face brightening again as he spoke, 'he's pretty nigh as good as dead to me; he's doen time—ten years' penal, and he had a back-scratchin' into the bargain. A woman as know'd my mother read it all out of a noosepaper to me, and didn't I larf when it said how he 'owled when they were givin' him the "cat." I know'd he was chicken-'arted. Though he used to knock us about so, I've heard men put him down like old boots, and he hadn't a word to say for hisself. Agen he's out next time, I'll be man enough for him myself, an' if he comes near me then I'll smash like that,' and he brought his fist down fiercely on the coffee-room table.

'O, come, Bill,' I said, laying a hand upon his shoulder, 'you must not have such thoughts as that, they are wicked.'

'You may think so,' he answered somewhat doggedly; 'but you don't know how I've been knocked about; and mother, poor mother!' he added, his voice dropping to a murmur.

'But there!' he resumed suddenly, as if wishing to shake off some train of thought, 'I must be goin'.'

'You have given me no answer about the school, though,' I said, as he rose to his feet.

'I told you the lay I was on,' he answered.

'Well, but if I can find you something to do in the day-time to make up for that lay, will you come to school then?'

'I wouldn' like to say anythink to you, Sir, that I mightn't stick to, he answered, 'and so I'd rather not promise; leastwise not now, perhaps I'll come in the winter.'

(To be concluded.)

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'MY HEART IS FIXED.'

BY SARSON.

'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed!
I will sing and give praise.'—PSALM lvii. 7.

'My heart is fixed:' Prosperity
May try her secret wiles;
I will not heed her flattering words,
Or her alluring smiles.

'My heart is fixed:' adversity
May send its bitter wind,
I'll spread my wings to meet the blast,
Nor think its breath unkind.

Weaned from the world, my heart shall rest
Upon Thy righteous will;
As sleeps the fledgling in the nest,
The moonlight on the hill.

And undismayed my heart shall keep
Her heavenward, homeward track;
The storm-bird bold to ride the wind
Will not be beaten back.

'My heart is fixed:' erewhile it turned
Aside like a bent bow;
Nor would the river to the sea
Within its borders flow.

'My heart is fixed:' I'll sing, O God!
I'll sing, and give Thee praise;
Let storm or sunshine be my lot,
Adverse or prosperous days.

In midnight shades the nightingale
Sings happy in the dark;
And when the cold, blue morning breaks,
Carols the mounting lark.

So I will sing and give Thee praise,
Because 'my heart is fixed:'
Bitter and sweet are in my cup,
The good is all unmixed.

DANIEL'S TRIUMPH.*

BY THE LATE REV. W. M. PUNSHON, LL.D.

THE vile council which met to compass Daniel's ruin laid their scheme cunningly. They knew him to be faithful, faithful in all respects; and it may be that like that other famous council of which Milton sings, they were about to separate in despair without accomplishing their purpose, when some Belial spirit suggested that his fidelity to man should be pitted against his fidelity to God. The scheme succeeded. The king's consent was hastily gained to the promulgation of a decree, that for thirty days no petition should be offered to God or man, save to the king's own majesty; and the men, who knew Daniel's habit of prayer, exulted as they deemed his ruin sure.....

How will Daniel meet this new peril? It is inevitable. Darius cannot relent, for 'the law of the Medes and Persians altereth not.' Then, shall Daniel yield? Shall there be evasion, compromise, delay? His manner was to retire, that he might commune with God undisturbed; to kneel in the prostration of a spirit at once contrite and dependent; to open his window towards Jerusalem, that the prayer

* *Lectures.* By the REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road, E.C.

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which Solomon, as if prescient of their exile, invoked at the dedication of the temple, might be realized and answered. Shall he omit an observance, or suspend even for an hour the constancy of his devotion to his God? I think you could answer these questions from what you already know of the man. *He did exactly as he had been accustomed to do.* He did not then for the first time throw open his window. If he had done that he would have been a Pharisee. He did not close his window, because, for the first time, there was danger in opening it. If he had done that, he would have been a coward. He was neither the one nor the other, but simply a brave, good man, who loved life well, but who loved God better; and who, when a thing was put before him, when Timidity whispered, 'Is it safe?' and Expediency hinted, 'Is it politic?' and Vanity suggested, 'Will it be popular?' took counsel of his own true heart, and simply enquired, 'Is it right?' You can see him as on the fated day he retires for his accustomed worship; and with a quickened pulse, for he knows that his foes are in ambush, he enters his room, and opens his western window. Now he reads in the law of the Lord; then the psalm rises, a little tremulous in its earlier notes, but waxing louder and clearer as the inspiration comes with the strain; then the prayer is heard—adoration, confession, supplication, thanksgiving, just as it had arisen from that chamber through the seasons of some seventy years. And now the room is filled with the envious ones, their eyes gleaming with triumph, and they accuse him fiercely of a violation of the king's decree. He does not falter, though he might have faltered as he thought of the cruel death, from which the king laboured vainly until sundown to deliver him; though he might have faltered as he thought of the hungry lions, kept without food on purpose that they might the more fiercely rush upon their prey; but he does not falter; and rather than betray his conscience, goes calmly down to death, with the decision of the martyr, with the decision of the martyr's Lord.....

And now surely the enemies are satisfied. They have compassed the ruin of the minister, they have wounded the heart of the king; they have removed the watchfulness which prevented their extortion, and the power which restrained them from wrong; now they will enjoy their triumph! Yes! *but only for a night.* The wicked do but boast themselves a moment, and the shrewd observers, who meditate upon their swift destruction, remember the place where it is written, 'They digged a pit for the righteous, and into the midst of it they are fallen themselves.' O, vain are the efforts of slander, *permanently* to injure the fair fame of a good man! There is a cascade in a lovely Swiss valley, which the fierce winds catch and

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scatter so soon as it pours over the summit of the rock, and for a season the continuity of the fall is broken, and you see nothing but a feathery wreath of apparently helpless spray; but if you look farther down the consistency is recovered, and the Staubach pours its rejoicing waters as if no breeze had blown at all; nay, the blast which interrupts it only fans it into more marvellous loveliness, and makes it a shrine of beauty where all pilgrim footsteps travel. And so the blasts of calumny, howl they ever so fiercely over the good man's head, contribute to his juster appreciation and to his wider fame. Preserve only a good conscience toward God, and a loving purpose toward your fellow-men, and you need not wince or tremble, though the pack of the spaniel-hearted hounds snarl at your heels:

'Never you fear, but go ahead,
In self-relying strength;
What matters it that malice said,
"We've found it out at length"?
Found out! Found what? An honest man
Is open as the light!
So search as keenly as you can,
You'll only find—all right.

'Ay! blot him black with slander's ink,
He stands as white as snow;
You serve him better than you think,
And kinder than you know.
Yes! be the scandal what you will,
Or whisper what you please,
You do but fan his glory still
By whistling up a breeze.'

I trust there are many of you who are emulous of Daniel's heroism. The brutality of the olden persecutions has passed away. Saul does not now make havoc of the Church, nor Caligula nor Adrian purify it by lustrations of blood, but the spirit of the oppressor lives, and there is room enough in the most uneventful life for exemplary religious decision. The exigencies of the present times, regard for your own character and honour, the absolute requirement of God, all summon you to this nobleness of religious decision. Resist all temptations to become recreant to the truth. Remember that the Christian ought to be like Achilles, who could be wounded only in the heel, a part of the body which good soldiers *do not generally show*. Don't let the question ever be asked about you, 'Is such an one a Christian?' The very necessity to ask suggests a negative answer. Some painters in the rude times of art are said to have put under their works: 'This is a horse'! Of course it was necessary, for no one could possibly recognise it without being told. But it is a poor sign when either a work of art or a work of grace needs to be labelled.

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Who thought of asking where Moses had been when he came down from the mount? They looked at him, and they saw the glory. Let your consistency be thus steadfast and pure. If you know that the 'writing is signed' which will throw you upon the world's cold pity or cruel scorn, because you will keep your conscience inviolate, take heart from the example of Daniel. Don't shut your lattice-window. Men may ridicule you, but they will respect you notwithstanding; and if they do not, you can afford to do without their good opinion, while God looks down upon you with complacency, and the light of His countenance shines, broad and bright, upon your soul.

I have never despaired of the future of the world in which I live. I leave that to infidelity, with its sad scorn of the immortal and its vaunt of brotherhood with the brutes that perish. Humanity has been at once ransomed and glorified by Christ, and though there are still dark omens round us, though 'this dear earth which Jesus trod is wet with tears and blood,' yet there is a power abroad, to whose call there is something in every man responsive, and the glad Gospel of peace and blessing shall yet hush the voices of earth's many wailings, and speak of resurrection amid the silence of its many tombs.

And the work is being done. When I think of the agencies which are ceaselessly at work to make this bad world better, I am thankful that I live. From the eminence of the proud to-day, as from an alp of clear and searching vision, I have looked backward on the past, and forward on the illimitable future. I look, and that former time seemeth as a huge primeval forest, rioting in a very luxury of vegetation; with trees of giant bole, beneath which serpents brood, and whose branches arch overhead so thickly that they keep out the sun. But as I look there is a stir in that forest, for 'the feller has come up against the trees.' All that is prescriptive, and all that is venerable combine to protest against the intrusion. Custom shudders at the novelty; Fraud shudders at the sunlight; Sloth shudders at the trouble; 'gray-bearded Use' leans upon his staff and wonders where all this will end; Romance is indignant that any should dare to meddle with the old; Affection, clinging to some cherished association, with broken voice and with imploring hands, says, 'Woodman, spare that tree.' But as I look the woodman hath no pity, and at every stroke he destroys the useless, or dislodges the pestilent, or slaughters the cruel. The vision vanisheth, but again—

> 'I look, aside the mist has rolled;
> The waster seems the builder too
> Upspringing from the ruined old
> I see the new!

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'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had,
Is living still.'

The woodman is there still, but he has thrown his axe aside, and now drives the ploughshare through the stubborn soil, or delves in the earth as lustily as though he knew that the colours of Eden were slumbering in the clods, and close upon him come the planter and the sower, and soon upon the *cleared ground* there is the laugh of harvest, as reapers, with their sickles bright,

'Troop, singing, down the mountain side.'

That vision of the present vanisheth, and, yet further away, there dawns on me the sight of the to-morrow. The woodman and his co-workers are dead—all dead!—but the work lives on. The seeds of the former time have ripened into a goodly growth, and there, on the spot where once the swamp was sluggish, and where once the serpent writhed, lo! a Paradise, wherein is man, the loving and the happy, into which angels wander as of yore, and where 'the voice of the Lord' is heard speaking 'in the cool of the day.'

Brother, this vision is no fable. It is for an appointed time, and it will not tarry. It is nearer for every outworn lie, and for every trampled fraud, for each scattered truth-seed, and each kindly speech and deed. Each of us may aid it in its coming. Children who fling seeds about in sport—Youth in its prime—Age in its maturity—Manhood in his energy of enterprise—Womanhood in her ministry of mercy—all may speed it onward. In a reverent mingling of faith and labour, it is ours to watch and to work for it. Do not mourn the past, my brother; it has given place to better times. Do not dread the coming of the future. It shall dawn in brighter and in safer glory. Come, and upon the altar of the faith be anointed as the Daniel of to-day, at once the prophet and the worker—the brow bright with the shining prophecy, the hands full of earnest and of holy deeds.

'PEACE IN BELIEVING.'

BY THE REV. ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

THE Scriptures continually speak of the comfort, the rest, the peace, the joy of the consecrated man. 'Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' 'Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.' There not only 'remaineth a rest to the people of God,' but 'we which have believed *do* enter into rest.'

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'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.' 'Fear hath torment,' but 'perfect love casteth out fear.' 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace,' etc. 'Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace.' 'Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them.' 'We have peace with God.' 'To be spiritually minded is peace.' 'The peace of God which passeth all understanding.' 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.' 'Righteousness is sown in peace.' 'That My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.' 'Your joy no man taketh from you.' 'Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' 'In Whom..ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' 'I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation.' 'Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice.' 'We have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.' 'Rejoice evermore.' 'Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice.' 'As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing.' Such is the common phraseology of the Gospel.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, alluding to the revived interest of Protestant Christendom in the higher Christian life, and the consequent increased enjoyment of all life, asks: 'Is there, in fact, such a thing as an attainable habit of mind that it can remain at peace, no matter what external circumstances may be? No matter what worries; no matter what perplexities, what thwartings, what cares, what dangers; no matter what slanders, what revilings, what persecutions; is it possible to keep an immovable peace? When suddenly called to die, or to face sorrows worse than death, is it possible to be still at peace? Yes, it is.' She discussed the subject in an American journal as a sign of the times, and remarked, that 'Evidences, at this time, through all Christendom, show certainly that there is poured, from the heart of Jesus, a current of faith into the hearts of His people, stronger than all the currents of scepticism and unbelief. There are at this time, even in the very highest circles of England, men and women who have been led to that entire consecration of themselves to Christ and His cause which the Bible supposes.' She witnessed an example of this higher faith in the demeanour and blessed death, under her own roof, of an English clergyman. 'He belonged,' she says, 'to that increasing class who are sometimes spoken of as Christians of the higher life; those for whom earthly care and sorrow have ceased, and who on earth have entered into the secret of that peace which Christ giveth. There was about his views of religious questions a peculiar freedom from prejudice and passion, and clearness of spiritual insight; and the personal impression he made was of a singular restfulness and sweetness of nature. The peace which passeth all understanding seemed to be the habit of his soul.'

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The authoress of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*, writing on the same subject, remarks, that 'It seems to me this life is the normal, natural Christian life, which we all ought to be living, not merely a few of us; which we ought to be living always, and not merely now and then.' A just view of the case, indisputably; it was the common life of the Church in the apostolic age, and was the secret of its success. There were two most obvious characteristics of the apostolic Christian life: first, entire consecration; and secondly, absolute faith; and these are the postulates of the higher life, as taught by the modern apostles of scriptural holiness.

They have, too, let us admit it, some justification of the discriminative phrase 'higher life,' in the fact that though this life should be the common, the universal experience and example of Christendom, yet it confessedly is not. As a matter of fact it is really a 'higher life,' and were it to become common again, as it was in the primitive Church, we should have a new Christian era—an era of spiritual light and power and rapidly-extending propagandism and general joyousness of life. This is what the most prudent advocates of the 'higher life' seem to be labouring, praying, and watching for.

Again says this excellent writer: 'The tenses of Christian life are not mere preterit tenses—they are perfect and present. "Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood; . . . and hast made us . . . kings and priests," etc. That is, we are redeemed and do belong to God now. We are not our own, but His; dominion over sin is not a vague promise in the future, but a possibility and a possession now, *in and through Him Who lives in them that trust in Him.* The consecrated, sacerdotal, sacrificial life is not for a future age, or a limited number; but for the whole Church, every moment, now and for ever. It is simply the translation of possibilities into acts. As Coleridge said, "To restore a common-place truth to its first uncommon lustre, you need only translate it into action." That is, when the Master says, "Abide in Me," we are not vaguely to reply, "Enable me to abide in Thee," but "I do abide in Thee;" not only "I will," far less "I fear I shall not," but now, at this moment, "I do." And the Master's response is, "He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." The beneficences and endurances and sacrifices of the believing, obedient life are not constructed painfully as works, but spring forth naturally as fruit. It is not, "that ye may have a little broken, interrupted joy," but that "My joy might remain in you," and that "your joy might be full." It is no new thing; yet now it seems to me as if I had only half believed it. I never believed in any Saviour but a Saviour from sin; I never dreamed of any salvation but a salvation from sin; yet now every

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thing, every word of the Bible, every relation of human life, every thing in nature—old familiar hymns, the creeds, the services of the Church, the holy communion—glows, becomes translucent with new glory and significance.' Yes, thus it is to those who 'walk in the light as He is in the light'—who not merely occasionally emerge into it, but, by habitual consecration and faith, live in it. And to them is the pledge given that, while they do so, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth' them 'from all sin.'

But our popular language on the subject, especially regarding spiritual enjoyments, needs to be guarded. Much is said about the 'rest of faith'—much that is very precious. The phrase is substantially scriptural. 'I will give you rest,' is the pledge of the Master to those that come unto Him, even though they be such as labour and are heavy laden. Under the old dispensation itself there was a Divine experience which afforded perfect peace, and a Hebrew saint could say, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee'—the blessing and its conditional cause being both affirmed. Now this blessed consolation cannot be too much exalted. It is the peace which the world cannot give nor take away. It may abide with us for ever, even as the Comforter, Which imparts it, does with the faithful soul. But to teach that it is entire exemption from trial would certainly be a dangerous and unscriptural inference. Or to teach that the trial may exist, but is not felt by the sanctified soul, is equally illogical; for what kind of a trial would it then be? The holiest souls attest the contrary.

Two remarks more: First, however desirable feeling may be, remember that it is uncertain, and is not, therefore, to be taken as a test of spiritual experience. It depends greatly on temperament and on accidental physical circumstances. Faith may abide in its absence, and faith is the condition of acceptance with God through Christ. Therefore, secondly, it is the failure of faith, not of feeling, that involves moral risk. 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.' In the darkest hour of spiritual trial retain firmly thy faith. Nothing can be more rational than that thou shouldst do so, for God can never fail thee. Say ever, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Thou shalt thus have the rest of faith.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Truth about Opium Smoking. Second Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.—This is a most useful and timely publication, and ought to be circulated in all parts of the country. Mr. Broomhall, of the China Inland Mission, has brought together the testimony of missionaries, medical men and others, showing conclusively the terrible result of the opium trade, from which so large a proportion of our Indian revenue is drawn. With one voice the missionaries of all Churches declare that opium-smoking is ruining—physically, morally and spiritually—tens of thousands of Chinamen, and that this sin is the great hindrance to the spread of the Gospel in China. The conscience of Christian England is at length being aroused, and we trust that it will not be long before the country will declare that we must abandon for ever this iniquitous trade.

The Witness of the Spirit. The Twelfth Lecture on the Foundation of the late John Fernley, Esq. By the Rev. R. N. YOUNG. Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room. 1882.—A Methodist Lectureship could not well avoid the subject of the Witness of the Spirit. Notwithstanding the true catholicity of the doctrine, the Methodist Churches seem to be providentially and peculiarly responsible for its exposition and enforcement. Mr. Young sets himself to demonstrate three propositions; namely, that 'provision is made in the scheme of Redemption for certifying to the believer in Christ the fact of his adoption into the family of God;' that the Holy Spirit is the Certifier; that the witness is borne by the Spirit to the heart of the believer. He shows that the very nature of experimental religion demands Divine attestation of acceptance with God; that the Scriptures imply such evidence over and over again; and that they distinctly assert it in no small number of instances.

The various texts in point are examined with careful criticism, and with an obvious desire to ascertain their real meaning, and not to strain them one hair's-breadth beyond. The Lecture maintains its scholarly and calm, almost judicial, yet deeply spiritual, tone throughout. The volume is enriched by some well-selected extracts from theologians of different sections of the Church, proving their substantial agreement with the Wesleyan doctrine. Frequent quotations from Wesley, Watson, Prest, Pope, etc., manifest conscientious study of our own literature on the subject.

Mr. Young sedulously guards the doctrine from the extravagances with which it has sometimes been connected, and distinguishes it clearly from the errors with which it is not seldom confounded. The Twelfth Fernley Lecture furnishes a summary of the truth about its subject which the student will find convenient and correct.

By the way, does not Mr. Young speak rather too positively as to the hopelessness of tracing any relation between 1 John v. 6, and John xix. 34?

The White Cross and Dove of Pearls. By SARSON C. J. INGHAM. Fifth Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.—We are not at all surprised to find that this admirable story has reached a fifth edition. We can heartily recommend it to all our readers, whether old or young. It is a great pity that such sensible, interesting high-class tales do not drive out the foolish and overdrawn novels which abound in our circulating libraries, and are eagerly devoured even in Christian homes. If we had more fiction of the class of *The White Cross*, wise and godly people would have less reason to fear the appearance of story-books in the family circle.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR FEBRUARY, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*
Jan.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
31	7 41	4 47	5 56a	4 38m	7 14m	4 57m	1 56m
Feb.			*Rises.*				
10	7 24	5 6	6 41m	4 42	6 56	4 16	1 18
20	7 5	5 24	6 4	4 45	6 36	3 37	0 42
March							
2	6 44	5 42	5 53	4 47	6 14	3 0	0 6

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Feb. 7th, **New Moon** . 6h. 10m. after. | „ 14th, **First Quarter** 9h. 55m. morn
22nd, **Full Moon** . . 0h. 18m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Feb. 9th . . . 3h. after., Perigee . . . 224,907 miles.
„ 25th . . . 11h. morn., Apogee . . . 252,135 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 238,521 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Feb. 1st . . . . . 90,361,120 miles.
March 1st . . . . . 90,882,480 „
Increase of distance for the month . . 521,360 „

The Great Comet, which has recently attracted so much attention, was at its lowest point on the night of December 18th, 1882, or rather the morning of December 19th. On that morning it crossed the meridian at 6m. past 2, at an altitude of 8 degs. for the latitude of Greenwich. At that time, three months after perihelion passage, it could be seen by the naked eye under favourable circumstances, though its distance from us was 147 millions of miles. On the 1st of February it crosses the meridian at 9h. 22m. in the evening, at an altitude of 17 degs.; its distance from the Earth is about 209 millions of miles, and from the Sun 269 millions. On the 1st of March it crosses the meridian at 7h. 14m. in the evening, at an altitude of 23½ degs.; its distance from the earth being about 273 millions of miles, from the Sun 307 millions. As a carefully computed elliptic orbit seems to indicate that it will not return to the Sun for several thousands of years, the orbit gives more than four thousand, we may abandon all dread of an immediate precipitation into the Sun, and a sudden and disastrous accession to the Sun's heat: probably, too, we must abandon the idea of its identity with the Comets of 1843 and 1880, though it travels in a path very similar.

The only planets visible to the naked eye in the evenings are *Jupiter* and *Saturn*. Saturn will be near the Moon on the 13th, Jupiter on the 15th.

Mercury will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 7th, and with Mars on the 13th. On the evening of the 17th its apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct.

Venus will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 4th. Seen from the centre of the Earth, the planet at conjunction would be only 44m. north of the Moon's centre, or about half a degree from the edge; consequently, in some parts of the southern hemisphere the planet will disappear behind the Moon. It will be at its greatest elongation from the Sun, 47 degs. west, on the morning of the 16th.

Mars rises only half-an-hour before the Sun, and cannot be seen this month, even with the aid of a telescope.

Jupiter is moving westward among the fixed stars until the 15th, after which it moves eastward. At half-past ten on the evening of the 22nd, the satellites will all be on the western side of the planet in the order of their actual distances.

Saturn will be in quadrature with the Sun on the 8th, and near the Moon on the night of the 13th.

Uranus rises on the 7th at 8h., and on the 22nd at 7h. in the evening.

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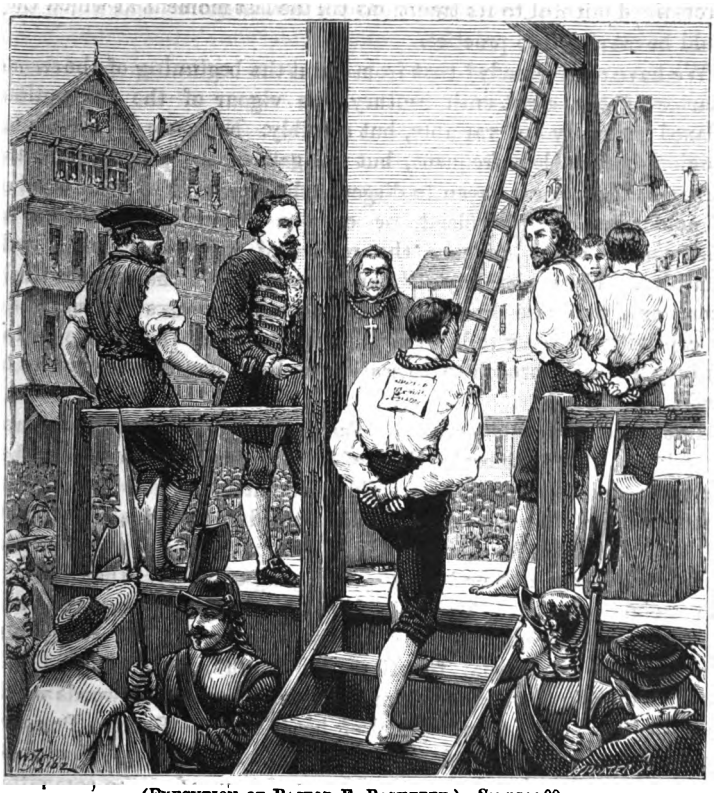

(EXECUTION OF PASTOR F. ROCHETTE.)—*See page 99.*

THE LAST OF THE HUGUENOT MARTYRS.

BY THE REV. J. ROBINSON GREGORY.

To the town of Toulouse attaches the undesirable distinction of having shed the blood of the last of the Huguenot martyrs. The town had long been noted for the merciless severity and untiring fanaticism with which it persecuted those who were not of 'the king's religion.' Nearly two centuries and a half before, it had put to death almost the first French Protestant slain for his faith, Jean de Caturce, a lawyer, who had suggested that 'May Christ reign in our hearts!' was a more suitable sentiment for the feast of Epiphany, than the meaningless sentence, 'The king drinks.' Between 1532 and 1762 both the Parliament and the people of Toulouse had manifested again and again a ferocity towards the Huguenots remarkable even in those days of bigotry and barbarity. The two stories I have to tell show that

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it remained faithful to its traditions till the last moment at which they could be carried into practice.

We have seen already* that from about the beginning of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, the vigour of the persecutions relaxed gradually and variably, but sensibly. Not only did arrests for religion become less frequent, but the galleys, the prisons, and the Tower of Constance began to disgorge their prey. The good word of a nobleman, a state-official, or even a distinguished author or philosopher, could procure the release of a prisoner with little difficulty. The moderately rich, and now and then the comparatively poor, could purchase their freedom; and in some cases the hardships of captivity and servitude were alleviated. After the middle of the century a faint approach to toleration of Protestantism seemed to be made.

In these circumstances a young Pastor, François Rochette, ventured to seek rest at the mineral springs of St. Antonin. On his way thither he was requested to baptize a child in the little town of Caussade, at some distance from his route. He travelled to the village by night, with two peasants for guides. The little party was arrested by the police, who thought they belonged to a gang of robbers that infested the neighbourhood. The mistake was speedily discovered, and Rochette was recognised. As he had not been seized while performing any ministerial function, his captors, who admired and pitied him, offered to release him if he would speak any words which they could construe into a denial of his identity. But the Preacher would consent to no evasion of the truth, and the three Huguenots were necessarily taken before the Mayor of Caussade, who committed them to prison.

Tidings of the event spread with extraordinary rapidity. Early in the morning crowds of Huguenots poured into the town to entreat for the deliverance of their beloved Pastor. The Catholics industriously circulated the report that another Camisard insurrection was imminent, or that at any rate the prisoners were to be released by force. Three Protestant gentlemen, the brothers Grenier, rashly came to Caussade with arms in their hands. The narratives of their arrest are not very intelligible. They seem to have joined prominently in the appeal to the mayor, and finding it fruitless, to have started upon their homeward journey. They were pursued, dogs being employed to track their footsteps, and soon shared the same gaol as Rochette and his comrades. It is worthy of notice that from first to last no one charged the Greniers with *using* their weapons.

* See *The Church of the Desert*, in this *Miscellany*, for Nov. and Dec., 1882.

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Fearful, apparently, that the ordinary judges would not deal with the accused with sufficient rigour, the Parliament of Toulouse claimed cognisance of the matter. After a prolonged but atrociously partial trial, sentence was pronounced: the Pastor and the three brothers were condemned to death, the two peasants to the galleys for life. When the sentence was communicated to Rochette and the Greniers, they knelt down, and the Minister prayed that God would accept the sacrifice of their lives which they were about to offer Him. The Popish usher of the court was affected to tears. Strenuous efforts were put forth to induce the four Huguenots to change their religion. To threats of eternal torment if he did not abjure, Rochette calmly answered, 'We shall shortly appear before a Judge more just than you.' To some soldiers who compassionated him, he said, 'Are you not yet ready to die for the king; why should you then weep for me who am to die for God?' The three gentlemen showed equal constancy, though they could not brook patiently the wearisome exhortations of the priests to recant: 'If you were at Geneva,' retorted one of them, 'about to die in your bed —for there they kill nobody for religion's sake—how would you like four ministers, under pretence of zeal, to come and persecute you to your very last breath?' The abashed priests, for lack of answer, withdrew.

The execution took place on February 19th, 1762. Rochette walked to the gallows stripped to his shirt, his head and feet bare, the rope round his neck. A paper was pinned on his back bearing the words, 'Minister of the pretended Reformed religion.' The hangman, with kind-hearted bigotry, besought the Pastor to 'die a Catholic.' 'Judge,' he replied, 'whether is the better religion, that which persecutes or that which is persecuted.' While the final preparations were being made, the four martyrs sang a psalm of praise. Rochette was hanged; the three Greniers were beheaded, after an ineffectual effort to terrify the youngest into abjuration by the sight of his brothers' blood.

Streets, windows, house-tops, terraces, and stands of various sorts, were packed with spectators of the execution. The demeanour of the crowd must have been the reverse of satisfactory to the Roman Catholic authorities. Huguenots were present in large numbers; and they did not hesitate to manifest their grief and anger and sympathy. But the Catholics themselves showed unequivocal signs of admiration of the heretics and disapproval of the authorities. 'Toulouse seemed a Protestant town,' declared an eye-witness. Something was due to the youth and handsome figure of Rochette, something to his courageous and devout bearing, something to the social

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position and the undaunted constancy of the Greniers; but it was only too evident that public opinion stigmatized the executions as cruel and unnecessary murders, and regarded the four Huguenots not as vile criminals, but as sincere, even if possibly mistaken, martyrs. Such a change of sentiment in Toulouse, 'the city of blood,' must have been as startling as unwelcome to the Popish rulers.

No direct connection can be traced between the scene and comments at the execution of Rochette and the brothers Grenier, and the tragedy which was consummated nineteen days afterwards. But the most reasonable explanation of what would otherwise be a purposeless crime is that the Popish priests eagerly availed themselves of an opportunity to turn the growing popular sympathy with the Huguenots into fanatical hatred. For once, however, the schemes of evil, though successful at first, ultimately wrought out their own defeat.

There lived in Toulouse a Protestant tradesman, Jean Calas by name, who had passed the sixty-four years of his life as quietly and inoffensively as a Huguenot could. The entire family followed the faith of their father, except one son, who had been perverted through the influence of a Roman Catholic servant. The servant was permitted to continue in the household, though she had so grievously abused her trust—a tolerably clear indication of Calas' lenient temper. The law allowed no one to practise any of the learned professions without a certificate of Catholicism, which, however, was granted and accepted not unfrequently as a mere matter of form. This certificate was refused to the eldest son of Jean Calas—Marc Antoine; and after repeated failures to obtain it, he settled down discontentedly to assist in his father's shop. Feeling the business to be unbearable drudgery, he sought relief in gambling, billiards, and loose company. He was entrusted with money in the course of trade, for which he professed himself unable to account. One evening he sat down as usual with the family to an early supper, but left the room before the meal was fairly finished. For weeks he had grown taciturn, so that his silence and absent-mindedness that evening passed unremarked. A friend who was visiting Toulouse, remained with the household till about ten o'clock. Pierre, the youngest son, carrying a light, accompanied him downstairs to the outer door. Speedily the two returned with the terrifying intelligence that Marc Antoine had committed suicide.

The body was found suspended by the neck from a log of wood laid across the open leaves of a folding-door that divided the front from the back shop. Pierre, in wild excitement, ran everywhere spreading the dreadful news. As the nearest neighbours arrived, the

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father unadvisedly begged them to keep the occurrence a secret, so that his son might not be deprived of Christian burial. A great crowd soon collected, and amongst it was David de Beaudrigue, a 'titular Capitoul of Toulouse,'* and a zealous Catholic. This official conceived, or adopted, the brilliant idea that Jean Calas had murdered his son because he was about to forsake his paternal creed, and that the whole household, including the visitor and the Romanist maid-servant, were accessories before the fact, or possibly assistants in the deed. In vain was it pointed out to him that Jean Calas was a semi-paralytic old man, and Marc Antoine in the vigour of his age; that the young man's upper garments had been taken off and folded neatly; that neither the body nor the clothes that covered it, nor even the shop, bore the slightest marks of any struggle. Jean Calas was a Huguenot, and that was sufficient presumptive evidence of guilt.

The prisoners were tried before a court of which the magistrate, who had already prejudged the case, was a prominent member. It rejected all evidence in favour of the accused, and allowed the merest untested *hearsay* and unsupported conjectures as evidence against them. Yet even this atrocious travestie of evidence required manufacture. The Brothers of the White Penitents went throughout the city inflaming the passions of the mob, and spreading the most preposterous calumnies against the Huguenots. They murdered, it was said, all children who abjured the Reformers' religion, their meetings in the desert were held to elect executioners. Marc Antoine Calas had fallen a victim to this practice; and so on. Masses were offered for the repose of the (so-called) martyr's soul; visions were reported to be seen of his ghost, with the martyr's palm in its hand. The Archbishop of Toulouse issued a pastoral which was read in all the churches, assuming the guilt of the prisoners, denouncing their crime, and ascribing it to the principles held by Protestants, and commanding all good Catholics to come forward with any condemnatory evidence they could gather *by rumour or otherwise.*

The court sentenced Jean Calas to be broken upon the wheel, and announced its intention of burning his wife alive if they could obtain further testimony. The Parliament of Toulouse duly ratified the finding.

The problem how to extort more abundant incriminating evidence remained unsolved. Jean Calas was therefore put to the torture 'by water and by rack,' that some words might be extorted from his agony that could be used against the members of his household. He

* A *titular* Capitoul was one who had *bought* the rank and rights of Councillor of Parliament and judge without previous legal training.

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endured the most excruciating and protracted pain the human body can bear without dying, but no confession could be wrung from him. Even when his broken body hung upon the wheel, expiring in slow torment, not one syllable could be extorted from him of the character his murderers hoped for. To the last he protested his own perfect innocence and that of his family. The priest who was stationed by his side to catch from his dying lips some acknowledgment of guilt, was so impressed with his fortitude and his persistent declarations of innocence, that he waited upon each of the judges separately to convey to them Calas' last testimony and his own conviction of its truth. After this the unscrupulous Parliament of Toulouse itself dared not detain the other prisoners in custody.

Though Jean Calas did not die in defence of his faith, yet he deserves to be reckoned on the roll of the Huguenot martyrs. His faith was the cause of his violent and cruel death; and, as will appear in the sequel, his judicial murder put an end to the slaughter of the men of the religion ' for righteousness' sake.

(*To be concluded.*)

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

MARCH 4th.—*Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.*—1 COR. XI. 27, 28.

This is a very solemn admonition. Let me take good care that I make no ill use of it. And surely I shall use it grievously amiss if, through dread of the evil against which it is spoken, I fall into the sin of disobeying the Lord, and forsake the Table whither He has charged me to come. If these words be rightly considered, there is nothing in them to deter the feeblest disciple from taking his place in the Lord's appointed Communion. Let me, then, search into their meaning. What is this great sin—*guilty of the body and blood of the Lord?* They who *eat this bread and drink this cup, do show*—proclaim—*the Lord's death.* But if any do this without accepting Him as the atonement—for the pardon of their sins and the cleansing away of their unrighteousness—His death leaves on them nothing but the guilt of His murder. Thus it is said elsewhere (Heb. vi. 6) of those who renounce their faith in Him as the Christ, that *they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame.*

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What worthiness, then, can I bring to the Lord's Table? This—that I wholly consent to His meaning therein. It is true—sadly, shamefully true—that I am a great sinner; but this very fact is taken into His gracious intention. Let me only give heed to accept all His meaning in its completeness; for a part only will not serve me. My sins laid on the crucified Jesus; that is the whole of the truth. Coming to consent to this Gospel, and to proclaim it, I should be disqualified at once if I were to come saying that I had no sin; for then I could not *show forth* the first part of the sacramental meaning. What, then, are my sins no argument for my staying away? Surely not, unless I unbelievingly make them so. If I bring them where God has, on His part, put them—on Jesus, and yield to have them all dealt with as He has made possible by His Atonement, then I come and *eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord*, worthily.

To this end, then, let me *examine* myself. Am I altogether a sinner? Do I penitently confess, mourn, and forsake my sins? Do I accept Christ Jesus as the Atonement for all my sins, and give myself up to be saved by Him? Then I come to His table *worthily*, and do not sin in coming; but shall surely sin if I willingly stay away.

MARCH 11th.—*And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with Me from the beginning.*—JOHN XV. 27.

Thus the Lord claimed the testimony of the Apostles; and in them only could all the meaning of these words be exactly fulfilled: for they, having been in constant fellowship with Him *all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among* them, had a witness to give concerning Him peculiarly their own.

And has not every disciple a witness to give which is peculiarly his own,—something to tell of the doings of the Lord Jesus, which only he knows? And does not the Saviour require that this witness should be borne, and borne for the same reasons, and on the same grounds, as that which He demanded from the Twelve? Against the world's hatred of God, Christ is to be continually set forth; and for this very purpose *the Spirit of truth* has *come*, even to testify of Christ. But the fact that the Holy Spirit is doing this work in all the greatness of His Divine power, by no means shuts out the necessity for our testimony. *Ye also*, says Jesus, *shall bear witness*. Every one, therefore, who has known the Lord through faith, and tells and commends the love which he has found, becomes a *worker together with* God the Holy Ghost. And this not merely as doing a separate work alongside of His, but as fulfilling a service which, with all its failings, the Comforter takes up into His own perfect operation,

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makes use of it for His own purpose, and renders it effectual according to the measure of His own success.

As to the bearing of our witness, let us not fall into the mistake of supposing that it can be done only in a few fixed ways, lest, if those particular ways be not open to us, we should end in leaving it undone altogether. What we need is, to be ready for any way of witness which may present itself: and—to go still further back—in order that we may be so ready, there must be the continual desire, which is ever on the alert, waiting for opportunities of making known the Lord our Saviour. And this comes, not by putting ourselves under a certain rule, as if we should say in everything, 'Here I ought to testify for my Lord:' but from a happy instinct, which asks, in receiving each new gift of His love, 'How can I transfer the blessedness of this to others?'

Both the subject of our witness and the guarantee of its success are here—*because ye have been with Me.* There is only one starting-point for effectual testimony, and that is Christ Himself. If we begin from any other point, we shall fail in leading others to Him. And when we are warmed and quickened by fellowship with Jesus, we are faithful to Him because of the very gladness of it; and the influences of His given blessing, while they abide in us for our own salvation, go forth from us for the good of those about us, making both our heart to rejoice with a hidden bliss, and our face to shine with an unveiled witness.

MARCH 18th.—*But now, O Lord, Thou art our Father: we are the clay, and Thou our potter; and we all are the work of Thy hand.*—ISAIAH lxiv. 8.

Seeing how this verse stands, we may well join to it the Apostle's wondering adoration, and cry, *Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.* After all *our iniquities*, and their bitter fruits of shame, and the hiding of God's face;—after all, *Thou art our Father.* But how can I claim this trust, and yet suffer the Father's image in me to be blurred and spoiled? Surely, true faith is that which, while it looks confidently for all the benefits of the fatherhood of God, submits wholly to His supreme will. If I fall back upon the claim which it gives me upon God, that He is my Father and Maker, I cannot use that plea consistently unless I consent to His carrying out fully His own design concerning me. *We are the clay, and Thou our potter.* Have you ever watched a potter at his work? See how the plastic clay beneath his hands yields to his lightest touch. He knows beforehand the exact form of the vessel which he wishes to make; and there is nothing in the clay to resist or hinder the fulfilling of his purpose.

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If there were, the mass would be unfit for his use, and must undergo further process of preparation. He will have nothing to do with it unless he can do with it whatever he will.

Now, often as I have used these words, have I given to them all this—their full meaning? Has the gracious God had all His own way with me? Do I now so yield myself to Him, that He finds no hindrance to His work in carrying out His will concerning me? He asks no more: for it is not in the clay to help the potter, except it be by not hindering him. Mine is only the shapeless material: His is all the beauty of the form, and the excellent fitness for use of the designed vessel. My part, then, is to put myself wholly at His disposal, so that when He takes me in hand to mould me according to His purpose, He shall find in me no dull reluctances, no stubborn oppositions of will,—no untempered portions in the clay, which do not answer at once to His touch, and so mar His design.

Look at this matter in the light of last Sunday's meditation. The workman is judged by his work. It speaks for him or against him. It is his most important witness: for, whatever others may say about him will go for little unless it agree with what he himself has done. Our God asks of us that we should supply this witness: that we should be in the eyes of men specimens of His work. If, then, we yield ourselves only partially to His will, the result misrepresents Him, and we grievously discredit the handiwork of Him by Whom we profess to be formed.

MARCH 25th. EASTER.—*If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.*—COLOSSIANS iii. 1.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED! How shall we rightly *keep the feast* of resurrection-life? We will comfort ourselves to-day concerning *them which are asleep*, and concerning the coming slumber into which our own tired life shall pass, that it holds within its silence the certain hope of joyful awakening. But our Easter means far more than hope. It is the celebration of an inheritance already given, an eternal life now possessed. As, to have *hope in Christ in this life only*, would make us *of all men most miserable*, so also, to claim nothing from His resurrection but a future triumph over the grave, would be to rob ourselves of half its benefit. Let us, then, look at the portion we now have in the risen Jesus.

If ye then be risen with Christ, or more correctly, *If ye were raised with Christ*. This is set down, therefore, as an essential part of the Christian life, that we have been already raised from the dead *with Christ*. By faith, we enter into fellowship with Him in all things.

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See Col. ii. 12, 20; and Rom. vi. 1–11. We have died with Him. Our old life passed into death when we believed in Him as crucified for us: and thenceforth our destiny and His were, by the wondrous grace of God, blended together, and in His resurrection we were raised into newness of life—a life which followed a dying unto sin. But our oneness with Christ goes right on, even to His highest exaltation and uttermost triumph. See Ephes. ii. 4-6. *Our citizenship,* therefore, *is in heaven* (Phil. iii. 20, Rev. Ver.); and though now we sojourn for a while away from home, it is there that our hearts must be; for more than our treasure, our very 'life,' is there (ver. 3).

Our warrant in seeking to-day *the things which are above* is, that Christ is there, taking possession of them all on our behalf. Into the full enjoyment of the heavenly things we cannot enter until we go to be *for ever with the Lord;* but in a very large measure we may partake of them now. Thus, from amongst those *things which are above,* let us, as having been raised with Christ, *seek* the victory over the world. Because *ye are Christ's, the world is yours*—subjected to your everlasting interest. Do not, then, throw up this your imperial advantage, and allow yourselves to pay homage to the dominion of the world, through setting your affection on the bribe of its gifts. In order to this, *seek*—as the best of all keeping of the Easter feast—that all those *things, in the which ye also walked some time, when ye lived in them,* shall be given up to that power of death by which *the old man with his deeds* has been done away. It is the risen Christ Who *liveth in me:* and *in that He liveth* [the life that He liveth], *He liveth unto God. Even so reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.* This is the only true Easter.

'CAPTAIN RUST.'

(*Concluded from page* 86.)

THOUGH I failed in the chief object of it, my interview with Captain Rust had increased my liking for him; and my desire to snatch him, if I could, from the life of criminality and misery towards which he was but too probably gravitating. He was a sturdy, fearless, self-reliant little fellow, with the seeds of much that was good in him; a boy that, under favourable circumstances, would, in all probability, make a bright man, and a useful member of society. But he was not under favourable circumstances; he was under very *un*favourable circumstances, was in a way to become an enemy to society—one of the 'dangerous' classes.

His promise that there should be no more disturbances at the school was faithfully kept; and that, as I was told, at the cost of

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several fights with some of those who were desirous of continuing the sport, as they considered it. At the same time, however, the captain very characteristically began—as my informant upon this point put it—to make poor old Ben Tyler's life a burden to him.

As most of the younger boys who attended the night-classes were in the habit of going into the country with their parents harvesting and hopping, it was, on that and other grounds, decided to discontinue the evening-classes at the school from the beginning of August till the middle of October. When they were resumed I was away from the district on leave of absence, and did not return till November, when, however, I immediately bethought me of Captain Rust. I began to look out for him when taking my walks abroad; but, having at the end of a week seen nothing of him, I began to make enquiries as to where I would be likely to 'drop on him.'

Well, they couldn't exactly tell me, was the answer given by those to whom I put the question. Somewhere about his old 'lurk,' they should think; but he hadn't shown up much lately, and seemed to be dreadfully down on his luck. At length I fell in with an old man, the keeper of a moored barge, which served as landing-stage for a waterman's ferry, who was a little more definite.

'I see him a few days back,' he said, 'and precious ill he was, too, poor little feller, with his head in a sling, and looking like a walking skeleton a'most.'

'But can you tell me where I can find him?' I asked.

'I can't now,' he answered; 'but I'll try and find out. I would like to see summat done for him. He ain't come out much lately,' he went on. 'You see he's like the wild beastes, as you may say; and like them he'd try to creep into some quiet hole to die.'

'But he can't be dead,' I said hastily; 'or it would be known in the neighbourhood.'

'Well, I don't say as he is dead, Sir,' answered the old man, 'and I hope he ain't; but as to saying he can't be, that's another affair. I ain't saying it in a hard-hearted way, but a dozen such as him might be dead and no one know, and—God help 'em, poor little creeters!—no one care about it either. Just you put it to yourself, Sir—here's the captain, poor knocked-about little wasteral, who's to miss him if he was gone?'

The old man spoke with a depth of feeling that was catching, and for the moment I had no words to answer him. After a brief pause he went on in a somewhat calmer tone:

'It's pretty certain, Sir, that he's kennelling out, most likely in some out-of-the-way corner of a shut-up wharf or yard; and he might die there, and not be a case of "body found" for long enough after.'

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What the landing-stage keeper had told me made me feel very anxious and uncomfortable, and throughout the remainder of the day I was actively engaged making enquiries among the policemen on the beat, common lodging-house keepers, and others; but all in vain, none of them could tell me the whereabouts of Captain Rust. The next morning, however, the desired information was brought to me, thanks to the instrumentality of the old ferry-keeper. I had just got downstairs, when I was told that a man wished to speak to me. He was a tall, burly fellow, and, with a hairy cap tied down over his ears, a large red woollen 'comforter' wrapped thickly round his throat, and a much bepatched great-coat coming down to his heels, he looked a formidable customer.

'Beg yer pardon for calling so early,' he began, the instant he was shown into the room; 'but you see, Sir, I'm night watchman at Miller's yard, and I thought if I didn't call before I turned in, I mightn't catch you.

'That was all right,' I said, signing to him to take a chair, 'but what might you want with me?'

'Well, it's this way, Sir,' he began, in a half-confidential sort of tone; 'as I was a-coming home this morning, I meets old Dan Davies down at the Ferry there, and says he to me, "Charley"—Charley Johnson bein' my name, you know—"do you happen to know anything as to where Captain Rust hangs out now?" So says I, "Why?" "Well, cos," says he, "Mr. —— was a-enquirin' of me about him, and I think he'd give him a lift if he could find him." "Well, if that's it," says I, "I do know something about him. I know where he sleeps, only I'm not supposed to. I'm supposed *not* to, more than anybody else." "Well," says he, "if you'd give Mr. —— a call, I'm sure he'd be obliged to you," and so I said I would, and here I am, Sir, and I 'ope you won't think me for'ard in coming.'

'I thought him a good-hearted fellow,' I answered; and was very much obliged to him for taking the trouble to come.

'O, don't let us say anything about that, Sir,' he answered, colouring. 'It *would* be a poor heart that wouldn't go a step out of its way to help another. This is how it is, Sir: Dingley's yard, which is next to ours, has been standing idle this year past, and it's in a shed there that the captain sleeps, though I have to make believe not to know it. I'm supposed to keep a bit of an eye on that yard as well as our own; so, if I was to let on that I was aware of his coming there o' nights, I'd be expected to drive him away; but, bless you, Sir, I couldn't do it. So as I tell you I take on as if I didn't know it. I try not to see him, and he tries not to let me;

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he's a sharp little chap, and we understand each other. When I'm having my supper, I leaves a bit at a spot where it's handy for him to fetch it, and then I goes for a walk in another part of the yard, and when I come back the grub's gone; but of course *I* ain't seen any one take it; it might ha' been a dog for anything I know; and if I throws a bit of sacking or a few pieces of coke over the wall, I ain't supposed to know as anybody walks them off and turns 'em to account. Drive him away! No! I couldn't have the heart to do it, if I was to lose fifty jobs over it! I'm a roughish sort o' chap, Sir, but it almost brings the water into my eyes to think o' that poor little feller, he's so broke down and ill, and so brave-hearted with it all. I've six on 'em myself, three boys and three girls, and there's only two-and-twenty shillings a week to keep the lot of us, so you may know there ain't much chance for saving; and when I see little Rust—for between you and me and the post, Sir, I do see him sometimes—I think to myself what would become of my own youngsters if they were left as poor Rust has been? If you can do anything for him, Sir, it'll be a real charity; and if I can do anything to help you in it, there's my hand on it.'

Heartily I grasped the brawny hand he proffered me, and then in a few brief words it was arranged that he should that night conduct me to the spot where Captain Rust 'kennelled.'

It was a rainy, raw November night, and the disused ship-yard seemed to me an especially dismal place as I stood in it at the point close to the water's edge, at which I had clambered into it in company with my kind-hearted guide. In about five minutes we got up to the brick-built parts of the yard, the forges, stores, offices, and there things seemed more cheerful.

Coming to a stand for a moment, my guide whispered,

'We're close to him now; the shed's just behind that second forge there; should I speak to him first? he'll know my voice.'

'Yes,' I whispered; and then the pair of us advanced as directly as we could. As we came up to the shed, we heard its occupant creep to the door to listen; and so, hastening forward, my companion, putting his mouth to a chink, said, in an undertone—

'Don't you be afeared, Rust, it's only me—Charley Johnson, you know. I've brought Mr. —— with me; he wants to see you; open the door, that's my hearty.'

There was a sound as of a piece of wood being struck out of a staple; and then the door swung open and we entered.

Having pulled the door to after him, Johnson turned on his lamp by the light of which we saw poor little Rust crouching in a corner beside the pile of old sacking which served him as bed. He looked

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a wofully different boy from what he had done when I first met him. Wasted, haggard, emaciated, with face deadly pale, lack-lustre eyes, the old buoyancy of bearing gone, and his clothes not only dreadfully ragged, but hanging about him 'a world too wide.' It was a piteous spectacle, so piteous, that I was for the moment unable to speak, and the boy himself was the first to break the painful silence.

Slowly rising to his feet, he dragged himself towards me, and in a weak, hollow voice, said:

'I 'spose you've come about the school; but I couldn't come in such togs as these; and, besides, I've been very bad, Sir, I have indeed; there ain't no sham about it; is there, Charley?'

'No, I can see that but too plainly,' I said; and then, with an assumed heartiness of tone, went on: 'Never mind about the school now; we must get you better first, and then we can talk about other things. I've only come to take you away from here at present.'

'Where to?' he asked quickly, and shrinking back as he spoke.

'Well, I hardly know yet,' I said; 'however, it will be some place where you'll be well done by, and where I don't think you'll want to leave, but where you'll be free to leave if you do want.'

'There now, what could be kinder or fairer than that!' exclaimed Johnson, admiringly; 'so come along, little matey;' and without more ado he took Rust up in his arms as lightly and as tenderly as though he had been an infant, and led the way out of the yard. He carried him thus till we came to the front gate of the premises of which he was watchman, then standing him gently down on the pavement, said:

'May it be the turn of the tide for you, old chap, as summat seems to tell me it will; but if it shouldn't be, and you ever do want the shed again—which, of course, I 'ope you won't—there it is for you, and no questions ast and no notice took. And now, good-bye, little Rust—good-bye, and God bless yer.' As he finished speaking he stooped and kissed the desolate boy upon the forehead, and then, with a brief good-night to us, he went off.

Calling a passing boy, I sent him to a neighbouring stand for a cab, and, while waiting for it, I resolved to convey Captain Rust, in the first instance at any rate, to a local home for destitute boys, with the manager of which I was acquainted.

It was nearly ten o'clock when I reached the Home, and the boys being gone to bed, I found the matron in her own room, darning stockings. It was a cosy little room, and with a clear fire burning, it looked and *felt* decidedly cheerful by contrast with the dark, wet streets, and I could see Rust's eyes brighten the instant he came into

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A glance at my companion was sufficient to give the matron a general understanding of the position; and, before I could enter into any explanation, she had put the already singing kettle on the fire, and was bringing out a little jar of extract of beef wherewith to make beef-tea.

'Ah, poor little fellow, he looks sadly wasted,' was her comment, in an undertone, when I had briefly told her Captain Rust's story; 'but it's more a case for meat than medicine.'

The beef-tea was soon ready, and while the boy was sipping it the active matron prepared a warm bath for him in an adjoining room, and looked out a suit of the Home uniform. Somewhat refreshed by the beef-tea, the warmth, and his brief rest, the captain went readily enough to the bath when requested to do so, and came back looking decidedly improved. In the meantime the matron had got ready a cup of coffee, with an egg and some thin bread-and-butter. To this the captain sat down with something of his old alacrity of movement, but he had scarcely tasted the food when, covering his face with his hands, he burst out sobbing as though his heart would break.

'I can't help it! I can't stand it no longer! It chokes me a'most!' he gasped out between the great sobs that shook his poor little frame.

'What is it, Bill?' I said soothingly. 'You can't stand what?'

'This,' he sobbed out brokenly—'yer all bein' so kind to me. I know its babyish, but I can't help it.'

The matron probably divined that I was going to tell him that he must not cry, for with a quick shake of the head at me, she advanced, and patting him on the head, said:

'There, dear, you are weak now, but you will be better soon. I'll keep your coffee hot for you; it will do you good presently.'

Her voice and touch seemed to calm him, for his sobbing immediately became less violent. Seeing this the matron left his side and resumed the conversation with me, which had been interrupted by the captain's outbreak of grief. It was about him that we were talking: the matron sorrowfully explaining to me that she feared it would be impossible for the boy to be sheltered there for more than a day or two, as what beds they had were full, and the state of their funds did not admit of their adding another bed.

We had spoken in whispers, but the event proved that the captain's sharp ears had caught at least the general purport of our talk. Suddenly rising, he staggered to where the matron was seated, and falling on his knees at her feet, and burying his face in her lap, broke out:

'O lady! don't send me away. I'll sleep anywheres, and do anythink, only let me stay. I could be good where you wos, I know

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I could. Take pity on me, I'm quite broke down. I'm on'y a little chap, and I've no mother.'

There was an earnestness in his brokenly-uttered appeal, an air of forlorn helplessness about his attitude and wasted figure, that would have touched even a hard-hearted person—and the matron was *not* hard-hearted.

Bowing her own head over his to conceal her rising tears, she murmured: 'No, you shall not be sent away, poor motherless wanderer. I'll have room made for you somehow. With God's help, I'll be as a mother to you, so far as in me lies.'

Timidly he kissed her hand, and, so well as his choking sobs would let him, fervently murmured some incoherent expression of thanks. Balm had been poured upon his wounded spirits; gradually the tempest of grief in his breast subsided; his sobs grew softer and softer, till at length they died away in sighs; and, finally, he fell into a light and gentle sleep.

And so, still resting his weary little head on the lap of her who had promised to be a mother to him, I left him—a brand snatched from the burning.

A GROUP OF DEVOUT WOMEN.*

BY THE REV. BAMFORD BURROWS.

When the armies of Louis XIV. attempted in the Palatinate that universal destruction which was afterwards so wonderfully, though unintentionally, imitated by Hyder Ali in the Carnatic, a group of exiles found their way to the neighbourhood of Limerick. Rudely uprooted from their ancestral associations and deprived of their familiar means of grace, they gradually became notorious for drunkenness and profanity. After half a century of demoralization, they were visited by the Methodist Itinerants, and a marvellous change, a miracle of grace, was speedily accomplished. All the outward signs of vice disappeared, and the hamlets of the Palatines were soon as eminent for piety as they had formerly been notorious for irreligion.

Barbara Heck, whose maiden name was Ruckle, was born in 1734, and was converted to God about eighteen years later. From the beginning of her Christian life, her piety was pure and profound; she lived habitually in the enjoyment of the witness of the Spirit, and shortly before her death was able to say that, from the day of her conversion, she had never lost the evidence of her

* *Memorable Women of Irish Methodism in the Last Century.* By the Rev. C. H. Crookshank, M.A. London: Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room.

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(BARBARA HECK.)

acceptance for twenty hours together. In the year 1760, she, along with her husband and a group of Palatines, set sail from Limerick for the New World. Among the number was Philip Embury, who had been, apparently, a Class Leader and Local Preacher, and who seems to have preserved his own piety among the temptations of New York. Nearly six years went by before any overt attempt was made to establish Methodism on the New Continent. Late in 1765 'a vessel had arrived at New York, bringing over another band of Irish Palatines, some of them relatives of Embury, and others his former friends and neighbours. A few of these were Methodists. Mrs. Heck visited them frequently, one of the company, Paul Ruckle, being her brother. On one of these visits, she found some of the party engaged in a game of cards. There is no proof, either

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direct or indirect, that any of the individuals so occupied were Methodists, or connected with Embury. Her spirit, however, was roused, and, doubtless emboldened by her long and intimate acquaintance with them, she seized the cards, threw them into the fire, and most solemnly warned them of their danger and duty. Leaving them, she went immediately to the dwelling of Embury, in Barrack-street, now Park-place, and told him what she had seen and what she had done; adding, with great earnestness, "Philip, you must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell, and God will require our blood at your hands." Embury replied, "How can I preach, as I have neither house nor congregation?" "Preach," said the noble woman, "in your own house, and to your own company." Having at length obtained the desired consent, she went out, and returned with three other persons, who, with herself, constituted the audience. After singing and prayer, Embury preached the first Methodist sermon in New York, and afterwards formed those present into a Class, which he continued to meet weekly.'

The seed was sown, and American Methodism is the result. The John-street Chapel was built in 1768, and was soon thronged with worshippers. In 1785, the Hecks' emigrated to Canada, where Barbara was still mindful of her Providential mission, and was still a pioneer of Methodism. She died in 1804, at the age of seventy. 'Her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, and her inseparable companion in all her wanderings, was her comfort and guide to the last. She was found sitting in her chair, dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap.'

A story of a very different type is that of Mrs. Mary Smyth. The daughter of a wealthy Dublin goldsmith, and, by marriage, closely related to a Bishop and an Archbishop of the Established Church, she might seem far removed from that sphere of spiritual influence which touched the humble home of the Palatines. Shortly after her marriage it was announced that David Garrick was about to give a series of rehearsals prior to his taking a final leave of the stage. Mrs. Smyth, who was passionately devoted to the theatre, travelled from Dublin to London in order to hear the great actor. In London she stayed with the Duchess of Leeds, and sat in her box at the theatre.

The Rev. William Romaine was at this period in the zenith of his popularity. Hearing of the immense crowds that attended his ministry, and the astonishing effects produced, Mrs. Smyth expressed a strong desire to hear him, though her new friends were unanimous in their reprobation of the man, and of the doctrines he preached.

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In vain it was urged that he was a Methodist—an enthusiast—one whom it was improper for her to hear; and that to procure admittance to a place so crowded was utterly impracticable. The more Romaine was reprobated, and the greater the difficulty seemed of obtaining admission to the church, the more urgent was Mrs. Smyth in her wish to hear him; nothing could deter her, for go she would, in defiance of every remonstrance. Romaine preached from the words: "Who knoweth the power of Thine anger? Even according to Thy fear, so is Thy wrath." The word preached was applied by the Holy Spirit with power to her heart, leading her in humble penitence to the foot of the cross, and enabling her to lay hold on Christ as her Saviour.'

Mrs. Smyth's conversion, thus strangely brought about, was speedily followed by that of her husband, and for many years their house was a home for all who were eminent for piety. Mr. Wesley, the Fletchers, Adam Clarke, and others were among their honoured guests. Mrs. Smyth died, in extreme old age, in 1824.

Another honourable woman of that generation was Mrs. REBECCA RUTLEDGE. She belonged to the Established Church; but, when young, heard the Methodist Preachers proclaim the glad tidings of salvation. When about eighteen her heart was filled with the hope of glory, and she openly adopted the scandal of Methodism. When first married, her husband was a stranger to the saving grace of God, but he was afterwards truly converted, and they lived together during many happy years of prosperity. In 1798, during the Irish Rebellion, Mr. Rutledge and his oldest son felt it their duty to join the royal army. When they had departed for the camp, the brave woman commended them in prayer to God; for herself and the younger children, she rested on the Divine assurance, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'

'When evening set in, she found it necessary, with her children, to leave her home, and for that night they found an asylum in a neighbouring house; but on the following day they were compelled to seek shelter elsewhere, as the owner informed them that the house was marked on their account. Mrs. Rutledge entreated to be allowed to leave her daughter, lest she might fall into the hands of the brutal ruffians that swarmed around; but this request was refused, and they departed under the cover of darkness, with no provision but a morsel of oaten bread. Thus slenderly provided, they proceeded to a wood on their own farm, having first to wade through a river and a bog, under the guidance of her little son, who knew the country well. Taking shelter under a bush, the children, wet and weary, soon fell asleep, while the afflicted mother spent the night in prayer to

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Him Whose watchful Providence is ever guarding, and Whose eyelids never slumber. When day returned, she saw that the rebels had taken possession of her house, and had destroyed everything in it. She removed, therefore, to a thicker part of the wood, and having ventured into the meadow, procured a quantity of hay, which supplied a bed.'

Here she remained for some time, and had several remarkable deliverances from danger. On one occasion, 'her servant boy, a Papist, who had joined the rebels, passed close to the spot where they were concealed, accompanied by her own dog. The animal entered their retreat, but—as if Providence had restrained its ordinary sagacity—appeared to have forgotten them, and passed on another way, leading the servant, who was searching for them, altogether away from the spot.

'After a time, she succeeded in getting a small supply of food from a neighbour, at whose door she ventured to call at midnight. Then at length the long-looked-for deliverance arrived. The rebels, with their foreign allies, being completely defeated, Mr. Rutledge returned once more to his family; and though they found their goods destroyed, and their house nearly in ruins, gratitude filled their hearts, as they united in acknowledging the continued care of a loving Providence.'

George Fox relates that when he was under conviction of sin, the clergyman of the parish exhorted him to take part in various profane amusements; MRS. GAYER met with an equally wise spiritual guide. She was passionately fond of dancing, was a charming singer, and entered with enthusiasm into all the gaieties and frivolities of the times. 'But, some time after her marriage, she became very deeply concerned about the salvation of her soul. In her anxiety she consulted a clergyman concerning her state, and what she should do to obtain relief of conscience. He told her that her spirits had become depressed, and that she should travel, go more into society, and engage more frequently in fashionable amusements. She followed his advice; and, not finding rest of soul, she then endeavoured at once to raise her spirits and satisfy her conscience by a strange compromise—entering heartily into the world, yet faithfully attending to her religious duties. This she carried so far that on one occasion, when she went to a ball at Dublin Castle, she took her prayer-book with her, and after each dance retired and read a portion of it.' But being still unhappy, she went about to establish a righteousness of her own. By a good Providence, a regimental surgeon, named Crumlin, called upon her husband, and by his devout conversation she was led to exercise simple faith in Christ. Mrs. Gayer's conversion was followed by that of her daughter and her husband. The story of her husband's

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conversion presents us with an interesting anecdote of Mr. Wesley. In 1773 Mrs. Gayer heard and was introduced to the Father of Methodism, and he promised to call upon her. 'Knowing the strong feeling Mr. Gayer had against Methodism, and fearing the reception Mr. Wesley would receive from him, she, with her daughter, made it a subject of special prayer during most of that night, that the Lord would dispose the heart of her husband to receive the servant of God graciously. On the following day Mr. Wesley walked out to Derryaghy from Lisburn, and met Mr. Gayer in the avenue leading to his residence. Mr. Wesley enquired if Mrs. Gayer lived in that house. He replied, "Yes, she is my wife," and entered into conversation with Mr. Wesley, not knowing who he was. Mr. Gayer was much impressed with the culture and gentlemanly deportment of the stranger, felt drawn towards him at once, and invited him to dinner. Thus his prejudices were completely removed, and arrangements were made for regular preaching at Derryaghy; which, being commenced by Mr. Wesley on that very day before a large congregation, was subsequently continued in a place fitted up for the purpose by Mr. Gayer at his own expense.'

The life of MARGARET DAVIDSON shows the power of Divine grace amid circumstances of unusual depression. When quite an infant, she was blinded by small-pox, and was also so sadly disfigured that even her mother hoped for her death. Yet her sight was taken away that her inner eyes might be flooded with that light which never was on sea or shore; and even in early childhood she showed a special thirst for religious instruction. Gradually she learnt that it is possible to have the assurance of the Divine favour, and resolved never to rest till this blessing was received. 'When almost about to give up in despair, she says, "Jesus came to my rescue; I was enabled to stretch forth the withered hand, and spiritually to touch the hem of His garment. The disorder of my soul was instantly cured; I found the virtue of Christ's blood cancelling my iniquity, and His love as a mighty stream rushing into my soul." Her joy was rapturous, and continued for days and nights, taking away all desire for either rest or nourishment.' Her conversion was followed by much persecution. All her relatives concluded that she had gone mad; and her Minister advised them to read diverting books to her, and to send for a doctor. While thus surrounded by unsympathetic friends, she heard rumours of the Methodist Preachers, and resolved to hear them for herself. After many obstacles, she succeeded. 'The Preacher was Mr. James Oddie, and the first words the poor sightless and weary girl heard were:

> "Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
> And leap, ye lame, for joy."

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And she did see Jesus, and her heart danced for gladness; for the word preached was greatly blessed to her soul. She and many others of the congregation subsequently went to meeting, and heard the Minister denounce in unmeasured terms the new sect, having with wondrous sagacity selected as his text that terse and telling description of Paul and Silas: "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."' A little later she heard Mr. Wesley, and says: 'He preached in the Bowling Green, from these words, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." While he was speaking, my heart was inflamed with love to God and man; and as I was placed near him, I could just observe the waving of his hand between me and the light. After preaching, he took me gently by the hand and said, "Faint not, go on, and you shall see in glory." These words left a lasting impression on my mind. I was also present when he met the Society; and at parting he commended us "to God, and to the word of His grace." I was melted into tears, and could only say, "The will of the Lord be done."'

Gradually the poor blind girl found a path of usefulness. She visited among the people, pleaded with them and prayed with them, and also assisted in the public services. After some years, meetings were arranged for her, and large numbers flocked to hear the blind woman. These services were crowned with such signal success, that within a month a hundred of her hearers were brought out of darkness into marvellous light. She retained all the fervour of her zeal to the close of life; and, as long as her strength permitted, continued to visit the people from house to house. Thus her closing days were free from all worldly care and devoted to the service of her Lord.

These simple records of piety may serve at least to teach one great lesson of faithfulness. Barbara Heck's devout adherence to principle laid the foundations for what promises to be the greatest of all Protestant Churches, and so provided another illustration of the parable of the mustard-seed. To neglect duties on the plea that they are trifling is the very perfection of folly, for no one can foretell how great results may flow from the meanest occupation. We see also in how various ways the Providence of God can lead sinners to the Cross. A pedler leaves a tract at a cottage door, and it leads to the conversion of Richard Baxter; a timely word from a fellow-student changes the life of Paley; and so curiosity to hear an actor brings a Dublin lady within the reach of Romaine; while the gentlemanly courtesy of John Wesley overcomes the obstinate prejudice of one who had set his face against fanaticism. As with Margaret Davidson, so with all, God leads the blind by a way that they know not.

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LAVENDER-SPRAYS.

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

GRANDMOTHER sits in her large arm-chair,
Glowing with crimson of sunset-light;
The sun-rays touch her whitened hair
With lingering fingers soft and bright,
And the summer-air its perfume sheds,
Anointing of youth for aged heads.

Stay, she seems to be listening now;
No sound is heard; but an odour faint,
Like an aureole round the pure cold brow
And holy head of a pictured saint,
Inspheres with perfume sweet the form
That bravely has passed through life's rough storm.

See, there's a light in the dim gray eyes,
For 'tis the breath of a flower-sweet
That brings again in their former guise
The years that passed her with hurried feet;
The lavender brings them all again—
The visions of joy—the spirits of pain.

Grandmother watches with kindling cheek
For one who comes when the sunset glows,
And she sees once more the eyes that speak
(They tell a tale that her heart well-knows)—
And smiles to herself—for John did bring
A lavender-spray for love's offering.

Now she doth walk from the cottage gate,
A dainty bride, down the flowery way,
With hastening step, for John doth wait;
She sees him wear a lavender-spray
As he stands in church his love beside,
'Twas that which won her—his fair young bride.

Hush! for her eyes hold a glistening tear;
She stands by an open drawer to-night,
And she lays the scarce-worn garments there,
Her baby's robes of snowy white;
While baby lies in a darkened room,
And round him sprays of lavender-bloom.

Grandmother's heart is raised on high
With a faith and hope that cannot fail,
For she sees her dead that lowly lie,
Entered with gladness within the veil:
She looks on the graves with starting tear—
A lavender-tree is planted here.

She rises again with brightened face;
Sunset has paled, the shadows descend,
But she wears a light from the Holy Place,
Her trust is still in her truest Friend;
And in far-off lands, reached through the tomb,
Love's sweet flowers for grandmother bloom.

MORE LEAVES FROM MY LOG.

BY T. C. GARLAND.

AN INFIDEL'S CONVERSION.

IN March, 1882, I was invited by the Committee of Christian workers connected with Eastbrook Chapel, Bradford, to preach

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their Annual Sermons on April the 2nd. After a little reflection and prayer I consented to go, and wrote to that effect; but a few days after sending my answer, I was greatly perplexed and tempted not to go owing to the following conversation:

One of our London Ministers called to ask me if I would supply for him on a certain day. I said I should have been glad to oblige him, but was preaching that day in Bradford. 'In Bradford,' he said; 'at which of the chapels?' 'At Eastbrook,' I answered. He was much surprised, and enquired, 'Do you know the place?' 'No.' 'Do you know any of the people?' 'No.' 'Then they know nothing of you as a preacher?' 'O, no, nothing whatever! why do you ask?' 'Ah, I thought as much,' my friend continued, 'for if they did, you would never have been invited to preach there; that is the largest chapel in the town, and the Society are very particular about their pulpit supply. That place will try both your voice and nerves.' This was said very kindly indeed by my friend; but after he was gone, I began to think of it more seriously, and came to the conclusion to write and decline the invitation, and sat down to do so. While thus engaged, a 'bill' came by post, announcing the sermons, etc., with my name as the preacher; this of course decided the question, and I felt it was right for me to go.

Soon after my arrival in Bradford, I accompanied Mr. Dewhurst to the Saturday evening Band-meeting, held in the school-room, and shall not soon forget the singing, prayers, and short experiences of the members. It seemed 'like heaven begun below.' The Rev. W. D. Walters, in concluding the meeting, prayed most earnestly that the Holy Spirit would bless the word on the following day to the onversion of many souls.

After retiring to my closet, I was much distressed in spirit, and spent most of the night in prayer. The morning came, and I preached in one of the other chapels to a good congregation, and the Lord was my helper. As to the evening service I felt that all would be well; but I had not seen the inside of Eastbrook Chapel till I entered the pulpit from the vestry behind, when such a sea of faces met my gaze that I felt completely unmanned, and the words of my London friend flashed into my mind. For a few moments I was compelled to lay my head on the book-board and pray for strength and words to speak, for I felt I was as a 'worm, and no man.'

A good man sitting in the gallery, seeing, I suppose, the state of mind I was in, whispered loudly, 'Glory be to God! Go ahead, my lad!' These words came with so much power, that the fear of man was taken away, and I had great liberty of speech.

At the close of the service I invited all who could to remain to the

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prayer-meeting, and several hundred persons stayed. After the first prayer, I invited all that were seeking the blessing of pardon or the higher life, to come at once to the Communion-rail, when they flocked up in such numbers that we had two rows of penitents at the same time, and very many were made happy in the love of God. It was a pleasing sight to see husband and wife, and in some cases parents and children, pleading together for this full salvation.

But while so many were thus rejoicing, there was *one* person in the chapel who was most unhappy, and it is chiefly on account of this case that I write this 'Leaf from my Log.' This gentleman was a professed infidel, but he was induced to attend the service in this manner. After dining, he left his hotel for a walk through the town, when a young woman (one of the band of workers) offered him a tract, and invited him to the chapel. At first he refused, saying, 'I do not believe there is a God.' She did not argue with him, but simply said, 'O yes, Sir, there is a God, and I love Him and I know He loves me; but if you are an unbeliever, come and hear the singing; our singing is so very good. Please come to oblige me.' These words were spoken with so much earnestness, that he felt constrained to say, 'Yes, for your sake I will come,' and taking her tract they parted; the result of this the sequel will show.

A few months after a card was left at our Seamen's Chapel, requesting me to call the following day at a certain house. I did so, and saw a gentleman, who shook me by the hand very heartily, saying, 'My dear Mr. Garland, I am delighted to see you once more.' I enquired where and when we had met? 'At Bradford,' he said; 'I heard you preach in the Wesleyan Chapel.' He was somewhat embarrassed, and I thought he was in trouble on account of sin. After a while he related to me the circumstance which induced him to go to God's House; and then gave me the following sad account of his past life:

'Only a few years back I married a pious and respectable young lady, the only daughter of her parents, and for some time we were as happy as man and wife could be; but I was fond of drink and company, this unfortunately led me away from home, and I often returned the worse for drink. My dear wife never reproached me, but she would weep and pray for hours. This made me far worse, for I could not bear to see her patient and quiet spirit. And at length my conduct to her became so bad that she was twice compelled to find shelter in her mother's house. The last time was a few weeks previous to my seeing you at Bradford. I then sold my furniture, gave up my house, and spent my evenings with other young men of infidel principles, whose lives were as bad as my own;

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and by reading their books, persuaded myself that there was no God, no hereafter. Still, I did not neglect my business, having a good salary as a buyer in a large London house.

'Business took me to Bradford, and there I was asked to come to your chapel. I kept my word with the young woman, and went. On entering, I cannot tell you how I felt—a solemn feeling came over me; my infidel notions were all gone. I felt there was *something* in religion, but still felt no *desire* for worship. I went to please the young lady who spoke so kindly and gently to me in the afternoon, as I could not break my promise to her. The singing indeed *was* good—most delightful—and I joined in with the congregation, who appeared so happy that I quite envied them. After your sermon you invited the congregation to remain for prayer, but feeling very uneasy, I put on my gloves, and taking my hat, was about to leave, but strange to say my legs felt quite *numbed*, and I could neither walk nor stand. Thinking this would pass off shortly, I placed my hat on the seat, and with much curiosity watched the number of persons going up to the Communion-rail; but my curiosity was soon turned into disgust, for many of those who went up weeping soon afterwards stood up before the congregation, and said their sins were all forgiven, and many others followed, stating that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth *me* from all sin." This I thought was blasphemy; and, taking up my hat, prepared to leave the chapel, when this thought entered my mind: "If this is true, and without it all are lost, whither are you bound?" Why, Sir, I trembled from head to foot: all my sins came before me—my cruel treatment of my wife, and most of all my sins against God. Then I wished I had never been born, and inwardly prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Then Satan was very busy with me, whispering, "It's no use for you to pray, your day of grace is past." Just at this time a Minister came into the pew before me, and said to one who was weeping, "My brother, Christ came to seek and save the lost. If you are truly penitent, and desire to lead a new life, Jesus invites you *now* to come and cast yourself and sins on His mercy. Come, man, take Him at His word, and the work is done." Ah, I thought, that may do for him, but it is too good to be true for such a vile and polluted sinner as I am.

'At length the service was concluded, and I returned to my hotel; but there was not much rest that night for me. I was tempted to destroy myself, but these words haunted me: "After death, the judgment." Then a little hope would spring up as I thought of this passage: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." At last I knelt down by my bed-side and repeated the Lord's Prayer, then getting into bed, fell into a sound sleep for a short time, and dreamed

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about the meeting, and of those who publicly testified of the "blood that cleanseth."

'When I had finished my business in the town, I left for Liverpool, and from thence went to America, where I was detained some weeks by my business. The first Sunday morning I was determined to find a Methodist chapel, and having walked a short distance, enquired of a young woman the nearest Methodist chapel. She at once directed me, saying, "That is the Methodist Church, Sir, and they have such good singing; I am sure you will enjoy it." These words brought again to my mind what the young lady in Bradford had said to me. I was almost the first person in the church, and if any man prayed the publican's prayer, I did that morning; but it seemed all to no purpose. In the evening I went again, but the enemy was still telling me: "It's no use your praying, you have committed the unpardonable sin." At the close of the service I went to my apartments, and retiring early to my bed-room, fell again on my knees; but I could not pray, my words seemed to choke me; I could only groan and weep. I longed for a Bible, and rising up and walking round the room, to my great surprise saw one on a shelf. Taking it down I opened it, and my eyes rested on these words: "And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Light broke into my soul, and falling on my knees, I cried, "Glory to the bleeding Lamb!" My first thought was to write immediately and let my wife know the blessed change, but I had so often deceived her before that I feared she would not believe me.

'The following morning while at breakfast the waiter remarked, "You are much better this morning, Sir, and looking brighter." "Yes," I answered, "I have found my Saviour." He was a Roman Catholic, and said, "Where did you find your crucifix, Sir?"

'As soon as my business was settled, I came to England, and arrived in London last evening. Now, Sir, may I venture to ask a favour? It is that you will go at once to see my dear wife; tell her all you know —perhaps she will believe *you*—and ask if when I have taken a house and furnished it, she will forgive the past and return to her once guilty but now repentant husband.'

I felt satisfied that his professions were genuine, and when he was calm enough to listen, I suggested that he should accompany me. At first he objected, but at last yielded, and we started at once for the mother's house, which was situated in the north of London. It was late in the evening when we arrived there, and leaving him in the street, I knocked at the door, and found that the old lady was at home. I sent in my card, and was invited into the dining-room. Presently in rushed a lady about thirty years of age, coming towards me with

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open arms. When she saw that I was a stranger, she left the room as quickly as she had entered it, and running upstairs, burst into tears. Her mother said, 'You must please excuse my daughter's strange behaviour to you; poor child, she has been in trouble of late; in fact, we are both in trouble. Her husband has been away from her for some time, and she had a strange dream last night: she dreamed he was coming home, and that he would return this evening. Poor thing! it was only a dream, still she has been talking about it all day, and she no doubt thought he had come when the servant told her a gentleman had called.'

The poor old lady's feelings were much excited. I told her how much I sympathized with them both, and that it would afford me much pleasure to hear a little more concerning her daughter's husband.

'I believe you to be a Christian man,' she answered, 'and perhaps it will give me a little relief if I open my mind and tell you our great trouble. I have only one daughter, and the year after my husband died she married, as we thought, a good young man. He was connected with a respectable house in the City, and was receiving a very good salary. For a few years they lived a happy and comfortable life; but I am sorry to say he was fond of drink and company, and often spent his evenings away from home, neglecting his wife, and was so cruel in other ways that at length I was compelled to take her to live with me. Last April we both agreed to pray for his conversion, to pray at a fixed time each day for a month, that the good Lord would by some means bring him to a knowledge of his sins, change his heart, and restore him to us once more. I know God heard those prayers, and that in His own good time the answer will come.' Here her tears prevented her saying more, but having gained all I desired, I said, 'My dear Mrs. ——, it is respecting your son-in-law that I have called to see you.' The poor mother held up her hands in amazement. Rising from her chair and closing the door, she enquired, 'Is it bad news, or good?' I related to her as briefly as possible what I knew of him, particularly the strange way in which he was induced to attend the Methodist chapel, how the service was blessed to his soul, and how in America he had wrestled with God, and through faith in Christ had become a 'new creature.' I also told her that he had freely opened his mind to me respecting his former life and his treatment of his dear wife; that he was waiting to implore her forgiveness and a reunion as soon as a house could be taken and furnished. The poor old lady looked at me with astonishment, and pressing her forehead cried, 'Can this be true?' 'Yes, Madam,' I replied, 'it is quite true; he is in the

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neighbourhood; in fact, he is just outside the house.' To my proposal to invite him inside, she answered, 'O, yes! by all means fetch him in.'

Leaving the front door ajar, I went out very softly, and said to him, 'It is all right, walk in with me;' he looked pale and shook all over as he walked up the steps, and gently closed the door. The poor mother met him in the hall and shook his hand in silence, broken only by sobs from them both, and led him into the room, when he soon found there was a hearty welcome for him. For some minutes neither of them spoke, but their quiet excitement was most intense. At length, with a face white as marble, he enquired, 'Where is Louisa, mother?' She dried her eyes and said, 'I will go and see,' and immediately went upstairs. We heard her say, 'Louisa, this gentleman has called to speak about your Charles, come down as soon as possible.'

'About my Charlie,' she exclaimed, 'what does he know about him, is he ill? is he dead? O, mother, *do dreams never come true?*' The mother answered, 'Do not be over-excited, my dear, God is good—come down as quickly as you can.'

The poor mother had scarcely taken her seat by me when the daughter came again into the room. Quickly taking my hand, she cried, 'O, Sir, do you really know my husband?' 'Yes, madam, I do.' 'O! where is he?' I tried to speak, but language failed me, and I could only point to the other end of the room. She turned her face, and seeing him sitting in a chair, she flew into his arms and fainted. The mother rang the bell violently for the servants, and ordered one to fetch water; and we laid her on the sofa and bathed her face and hands. She revived a little, but soon fainted again. Presently she held up her hands, saying, 'Where is he? I thought Charlie was come home, but it was only a dream.' Soon she began to weep, and we sat silently looking on. When she opened her eyes, full consciousness returned, and throwing her arms round his neck the second time, she said, midst sobs and tears, 'O, Charlie, my Charlie, I love—you—still!'

He, poor man, was as much overcome as his wife. 'Charlie,' she continued, 'I want to tell you something. God has been so good. He is so good to me. I have been praying so much for your conversion. Do you love the Saviour now? I think you do.' He was too much affected to answer. 'Charlie, do you love Jesus? if so, we shall live and love together as we once did, shan't we?' He said at last, 'I do, Louisa, with all my heart and soul.'

He then related to her the circumstances which I have already narrated. How he was induced to attend the Methodist chapel on

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the first Sunday in April, and his ultimate conversion to God in America. During his narrative she sat up and fixed her eyes on him in amazement. Presently he said, 'Louisa, you can scarcely believe me, I know your mind is full of doubts respecting my change.' 'O no, not for one moment!' she said. Then, looking up to heaven, she cried, 'Thou God of my salvation, the help of the helpless, the strength of all that wait on Thee, I bless Thy Holy Name for this gracious answer to our prayers! Charlie says he is saved, he knows his sins are forgiven through faith in Christ's death and righteousness. I render thanks and praise to the blessed Trinity.'

Addressing her mother, she said, 'Mamma, do you not remember *one* Sunday when we had such an assurance that our prayers were heard?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I well remember it, and was so much impressed that I made a note of it in my memorandum-book, and I will fetch it down.' The book was brought, and there was the entry—*Sunday, April 2nd,* 1882.

Having finished my part in this remarkable scene, I proposed reading a portion of Scripture and praying before I left them. The portion I read was the parable of the Prodigal Son; and then in prayer I committed them all to the care of Almighty God, and prayed that strength might be given them to be faithful to each other and faithful to God. I was just pronouncing the Benediction, when the wife interrupted me by saying, 'Excuse me, Sir, I wish you would remember that dear Christian young lady who first spoke to Charlie and prevailed on him to attend God's House in Bradford.' Her wish was granted, and we parted. I have since had the pleasure of seeing this family, and am glad to state that they are '*living* and *loving* together,' and happy in the mercy of God. Thus, '*One soweth, and another reapeth.*'

CALIFORNIA.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

AMONG the great geographical features of California, the most striking are the two great mountain ranges which run parallel from north to south, namely, the low coast range, whose highest points barely exceed 8,000 feet; and the mighty Sierra Nevada, some of whose passes are found at an altitude of upwards of 12,000 feet, while the peaks range up to about 15,000 feet. One at least, Mount Whitney, has been ascertained to be 14,887 feet.

The coast-range is not only low, but comparatively narrow. It

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acts as a mighty sea-wall, which effectually shelters the land from the damp fogs which sweep down from the North Pacific, but which rarely, if ever, rise above a thousand feet from the sea-level, and consequently never over-pass the sheltering barrier. Consequently, while the seaboard is liable to such cold mists as most favour the growth of the magnificent Redwood pine-forests (of the *Sequoia sempervirens* which is found nowhere in the world except on this one mountain-range), the general climate of California is bright and invigorating beyond that of any other country known to me; and I might safely add, that it is the most blessed climate in the world.

Between the coast range and the Sierra Nevada lies a gigantic valley, about six hundred miles long and forty miles wide, watered by two mighty rivers, namely, the Sacramento, which rises in the north among the blended spurs of the two mountain ranges, and flows southwards as far as the bay of San Francisco, a distance of about three hundred miles. The other majestic river is the San Joaquin, which rises in the south of the State, at the point where the two great ranges again meet and blend. Thence it flows north for about three hundred miles, and likewise falls into the bay of San Francisco.

From these rivers, the northern half of the valley receives the name of Sacramento Valley, and the southern half is known as San Joaquin. Each of these valleys is on so vast a scale, that the eye receives only the impression of a vast plain bounded by distant hills. The alluvial soil is of the richest quality, and needs only a certain amount of irrigation to counteract the droughts of the long, bright summer months, to produce the most magnificent crops. Consequently this vast valley has now been all taken into cultivation, and produces not only sufficient wheat for the consumption of its own inhabitants, but an immense surplus, which is exported to England and elsewhere.

Some of the farms would rather astonish our own agriculturists—wheat-fields of from one to five thousand acres are common; but occasionally a man of large ideas determines to outvie his fellows, so he makes one colossal field of many thousand acres. I have heard of one field of forty thousand acres. Of course such farming as this is considered highly speculative, as the failure of one crop would probably involve ruin. But in California every one likes to do things on a large scale, as being the surest means of attaining some sort of distinction.

And indeed Nature sets man a wonderful example in this respect, for in California everything is done on a large, lavish scale. Great mountain ranges, gigantic valleys, stupendous crags, huge trees, waterfalls that seem to come down from heaven. The farmer is rewarded by such crops as he could never dream of in our own gray Isles:

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and the fruit farmer of Southern California plants his orchards of peaches, apples, plums, figs, pears, olives—just as many acres of each as he can afford to work. Or perhaps he plants a great vineyard of the choicest grapes—some men plant many thousand acres. But whatever his crop, he may almost rest assured that, with moderate care, he will garner a rich harvest. Nowhere does Nature demand so little care from man. Nowhere is she so ready to smile upon his labour.

At the same time, it must not be supposed that life is altogether without its thorns even in California. Even here, in the free Great West, there are hardships and troubles, and keen competition, and a fair share of life's difficulties, to be overcome.

From an artistic point of view, I know no country where the beautiful and the un-lovely are to be found in more violent contrast. These very wheat valleys are not attractive to the eye when the golden grain is garnered, and you ride for miles and miles across a vast plain of yellow dust, where not one green blade of grass remains to refresh your wearied eye. And hideous beyond description is the country where gold miners have been at work, washing away the whole soil in their eager search for gold, and leaving only naked, skeletonized rocks, every crevice of which has been worked out: first by the original miners, and afterwards by many Indians and Chinamen, who patiently go over the ground already so well ransacked, and generally succeed in finding some infinitesimal particles of gold, not to be despised by these more frugal races.

From these dreary scenes (in which whatever there may once have been of natural beauty is now so effectually destroyed), it is pleasant to turn our steps towards the grand mountains and forests, which are altogether wonderful and magnificent. From afar we behold the clear snow-capped peaks which have given to the great mountain range its name, 'Sierra Nevada'—*The Snowy Range.*

As soon as we leave the level of the great valley and begin to ascend even the lowest spurs of the range, we enter the forest belt—a forest wholly coniferous—composed of many varieties of beautiful pines, firs and cedar-trees, all noble in their free growth, and attaining such size and height as we in Britain could never dream possible. Here and there, scattered at long distances apart, there are certain very sheltered valleys, where the soil is rich and deep, and in these are found the stupendous 'Big Trees' (*Sequoia gigantea*) which English people so very unjustly persist in calling 'Wellingtonia,' to the just annoyance of the Americans. These amazing giants are found nowhere else in the world—only in about half a dozen groves in different parts of the Sierra Nevada.

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THE YO-SEMITE FALLS.

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We spent many days of delight in these glorious forests; but our first anxiety was to visit the great Yō-semité Valley, which is in some respects altogether unlike any other valley I have seen, and is a spot of wondrous beauty. It is the largest specimen of a type of valley which is, I believe, peculiar to the Sierra Nevada, and seems to have been formed by a strip of the great granite crust which forms the mountain range having given way, and sunk right down, thus producing a long deep pit, which in geology is called a 'fault.'

The great valley of which I speak was the first of the sort to be discovered. It was named by the Indians *Yō-Semité*, or, 'The Great Grizzly Bear,' from some fancy connecting this shaggy monster with the principal of the many water-falls which leap in white foam from the snow-fields of the Sierras, to join the *Merced* (the 'River of Mercy'), which flows peacefully through this verdant valley.

Hence all valleys of this type are generally described as 'Yō-Semités.' But though all are lovely—green oases in the midst of a vast wilderness of barren fields of the whitest granite—none has yet been discovered so exquisite as this of which I speak. Of course no one can even guess what treasures of beauty may yet be discovered when this great mountain country comes to be more fully explored, for it covers an extent of ground of which a mere glance at a map gives no conception.

For the majestic range which we know as the Sierra Nevada is but the western edge of a vast mountain chain which forms the backbone of the great American Continent. Rising suddenly from the level of the Californian plain, it forms the beautiful ridge, crowned with snowy peaks of from twelve to fifteen thousand feet in height. But it does not sink down to a level on the other side. On the contrary, it forms a vast plateau of high mountain-land more than a thousand miles in width, the eastern side of which is generally known as 'The Rocky Mountains;' and these descend by a very gradual slope till they lose themselves in the general level of the great Eastern States.

I was singularly fortunate in the season of my visit to California, where I arrived in the early spring, when all the hills and plains—so yellow and dusty in the autumn—were clothed with the most exquisitely vivid green grass, and such sheets of wild flowers as were positively dazzling—all flowers which we grow in our gardens, but which are indigenous to California. To enumerate their names would be wearisome; suffice it to say, that in one day's ramble we gathered upwards of a hundred different sorts, and we were told that in the course of a Californian summer we could collect no less than six hundred different blossoms. It was a great joy; and the effect of

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colour on the landscape was as if a rainbow were diffused all over the country: broad gleams of golden yellow, scarlet, blue, purple, in ever-varying combinations.

Leaving the Great Pacific Railway at Merced, we took the coach bound for Yō-semité. For two long days the horses toiled up and down steep hills and valleys, giving us leisure to admire the ever-increasing beauty of the forest as, leaving the low foot-belts, we gradually attained to the grander pine-belts, where stately pillars—red, sienna, or gray—lose themselves in a canopy of dark green; a grand natural cathedral, whose tall columns are the many-hued stems of different varieties of pines and firs,—pitch-pine, yellow-pine, sugar-pine, silver-fir, Douglas spruce, incense cedar, and many another besides.

At length, when we had reached a mountain-ridge seven thousand feet above the sea, we suddenly caught our first glimpse of the Yō-semité valley, lying about three thousand feet below us: a green valley, watered by a silvery stream, and enclosed by a great rock-wall of perpendicular cliffs, of from two to four thousand feet in height. Some are dome-shaped, and one gigantic dome has been split down the middle, and half of it has sunk into the depths of the earth and is lost to sight; while the other half towers aloft, presenting to the valley a stupendous face of sheer precipice four thousand feet in height.

Adown several of these huge rock mountains, and in the deep gorges between them, pour snow-fed streams from the Upper Sierras; and here and there a cloud of floating mist reveals where some stream has taken a sudden plunge into the valley, forming one of the loveliest waterfalls that can be conceived.

The highest of these (and probably the highest in the world) falls from a rounded summit, known as the Sentinel Dome, leaping past a gigantic rock-needle, which stands as a true sentinel, guarding the valley. This fall is upwards of three thousand feet in height, but it is of no great volume, and is only to be seen in spring time, when the snow-fields are melting.

Far more beautiful are the Bridal Veil, and the Nevada, and Vernal falls, all of which fall ceaselessly into the valley, only varying their beauty as each changing effect of sunlight or moonlight, or many tinted rainbows, play upon them, transforming the spray-clouds to the likeness of radiant jewels.

But loveliest of all is the Great Fall which gives its name to the valley, and of which we obtain a glimpse (but only a glimpse) in our Illustration, just appearing between the tall oak trees. But though always beautiful from whatever point it is seen, this gives a very poor idea of the majestic fall when seen in its unveiled loveliness, instead of being dwarfed by tall trees in the immediate foreground. Then

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the white snowy cloud seems to fall direct from the blue heaven, its total height being nearly two thousand seven hundred feet.

From many points in the valley it seems to be one majestic fall, and it is only when we look at it rather from one side, that we perceive it to be composed of three distinct leaps. The upper fall is sixteen hundred feet; the second about six hundred; and the third about five hundred.

An interesting point of comparison presents itself between this great upright fall, and the mighty Falls of Niagara. The latter, stupendous as they are, are but about one hundred and fifty feet in height (including the island which divides the falls into two halves,—the Canadian and the American), and their width is four thousand two hundred feet. The Californian fall impresses us by its height and grace, while Niagara fairly overpowers us by its great volume of water.

There are endless delightful scrambles to be had in every corner of the valley, but none more beautiful than those in the immediate neighbourhood of the Great 'Grizzly Bear' Fall. Following such pleasant paths as are shown in our Illustration, we enter a grove of dark pine-trees, which clothe the base of the lower fall, and beneath which in the spring time the overflowing waters rush in a multitude of small mountain torrents. Following a faint foot-track, we reach a point a little way up the side of the fall, where the rushing waters leap past us in wild beauty.

But a grander view is obtained when, hiring a sure-footed mountain pony, we follow a circuitous and carefully-constructed path, which, by many ascending zig-zags, brings us to the base of the great Upper Fall, where we may take up a position among the huge fallen boulders, and gaze upwards at the wonderful column of snowy waters, ever falling—falling—as if direct from the clear blue heaven above, which nowhere seems so blue and crystalline as in California.

When weary with gazing upwards, we may once more mount the patient ponies, and follow a steeper zig-zag path, up a deep rocky gorge, and so at last attain the summit of the great rock-wall, and, creeping carefully to the awful brink of the cliff, may (if endowed with a steady head, superior to all fear of giddiness) look down from the very edge of the stream, and watch the curving of its glittering waters as they start on their headlong leap, soon to be scattered in countless myriad spray-drops.

From this high point we obtain not only a magnificent view of the valley, but of all the sharp, snowy peaks of the crested Sierras around us. So early in the season the snow still lies pretty thick over all the Sierras, though it has melted in the sheltered valley. But the

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advantages of visiting the valley early in the season are self-evident; for so soon as the summer sun has melted the snows, many of the falls (which in early spring are so beautiful) disappear altogether, and even the Great Yō-semité dwindles away to a mere gauzy film, greatly to the disappointment of many autumnal visitors.

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

CHAPTER III.—MOLLY'S JOURNAL.

Second Wednesday in October.

I HAVE written no word here for many days, for both time and will have failed me. I may not neglect my weekly letter to father, who would feel ill-used without it, though he loves not to epistolize himself; and it were pity not to gratify him, especially since uncle can so easily get franks for me. Dear father! I wish I knew how he fares without his Molly! But the things that are now vexing me I should hardly like to write to him about. They began the other day when Aunt Wilson first took me with her on some of her charitable errands. Patty did not choose to make one with us; she was out of humour that a plan she and Mrs. Collings had framed for a water party was not allowed by uncle. It grows sharp weather for such doings, 'tis true; but I too was fretted by the disappointment and glad to divert my mind by bearing aunt company; and, indeed, the wretchedness we saw drove all scheming for pleasure well out of my mind: never had I dreamed there was such misery in the world.

When we returned, weary and draggled, our baskets lightened and *my* heart at least made heavy, we found Madam Pat awaiting us at the tea-table, looking mighty lively and brisk. 'You are welcome home, poor wanderers,' she said, rising to meet us; 'let me take your cloaks and hoods. I thought I might presume, madam,' she said to aunt, 'to meddle with your choicest tea-chest, since you were so late in returning, and were sure to be dead tired. Did you ever taste anything more exquisite, cousin?' she said when I had taken a cup; 'and yet my mother gives only sixteen shillings a pound for it: a small Indian chest filled with this would be a rare prize for your good Wilkins; what think you of sending her one to comfort her for your absence? And how did you find those poor Browns?' she ran on, giving no time for an answer. Aunt looked at her half roguishly as she handed her her tea, and said, 'Thou hast something in thy head now, child—thou art never so gay and so kind for nothing.'

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'O madam, how cruel in you to take away my character!' said Patty, laughing; 'sure I hoped to pass with my cousin for a pure, good-natured soul without any doubleness. But I will submit to all your slanders, if Molly can guess who hath been here to wait on you while you have been out.' 'How should I guess?' said I. 'I know none of your London friends but the Collings.'

''Tis no London friend of mine, 'tis a country friend of yours,' said Patty; 'what do you say to Mr. Antony Fields?' Well, I said nothing, the surprise so took away my breath; and aunt said, 'No great friend of Molly's, to judge by her looks; what is he, child, and what does he want?'

''Tis my Uncle Heywood's lawyer, madam,' said Patty; 'a friend whom he values much; and he came with a message from his sister, Mrs. Bateman, who would gladly have Molly and me to drink tea with her to-morrow, and will wait on you in the morning to get your leave. She is a widow lady, and lives but two doors from my Anna, who knows her well.'

'Must we go, do you think, madam?' said I.

'I am sorry if you don't like it, child,' said aunt, who seemed a little vexed; 'but I suppose it will hardly do for you to slight a friend of your father's.' And I suppose she was right, unluckily though it has turned out. But my heart weighed so heavy at the thought of meeting that man in town, I did not even hear one word of uncle's evening reading and prayer. 'Tis a pleasant custom, that of gathering all the household for worship night and morning, and there is always something very moving in uncle's prayers; yet I find it odd that he makes them without book; 'tis too much in the way of the Dissenters. I said so once when Cousin John was present, and in his grave way he made sport of me, saying, 'Do you think, cousin, that St. Paul was careful to have a Prayer-book at hand when he prayed with his friends; or that Peter and John, those unlearned and ignorant men, had to read from a written form when they addressed their Heavenly Father?' 'Twas not a fair way of speaking, I said, to compare us of the English Church with saints and apostles, who seem as distant from us as angels in a picture.

'Indeed I fear you speak truth,' he said, quite sadly; so that I did not go on to say what I thought, that his kind of talk seemed quite profane to me; also I had no chance of saying it, because of John taking up his hat and going out. Patty said that he went to sit up with a poor consumptive tailor who is fast declining, and for whose religious counsels John has a great value. 'Tis very strange that a young man of good sense, and well bred, should seek his religious advisers among such low people. But I am wandering far from Mrs. Bateman and her tea-drinking. I wish I could forget it.

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She came punctually in the morning to wait on aunt, and proved to be a little talking woman, rather pretty, although so like her brother. She spoke of a little innocent diversion she had prepared for us, which might keep us rather late; and aunt said when she was gone, 'I wish your entertainment may not be cards—my Stephen cannot away with them;' but had she guessed at our evening's diversion rightly, I think now she would have kept us at home.

Mrs. Bateman received us at night with vast civility. Her rooms are small, but handsome; and so crowded with costly toys that there was scarce room for us and two or three more guests invited to meet us: Mr. Fields being one, as I had feared. They were all prodigiously fine; even Fields was in brown and gold, and Mrs. Bateman quite splendid in blue damask and silver. ''Tis well we have put on *all our airs*, isn't it, Molly?' Patty whispered me; and indeed she had coaxed me into being much smarter than I meant, and was much decked out herself. I found a very new puzzling kind of talk at Mrs. Bateman's tea-table, and was fain to sit silent mostly, but Mrs. Pat seemed quite at home in it.

'What do you think of your Mr. Handel now?' began Mrs. Bateman to her; 'he is quite sunk, quite a lost creature, since the Prince quarrelled with him; the cold shade of Royal displeasure has dimmed that little rushlight genius of his.' 'Sure, madam, you will not say so?' cries Patty; 'never was there anything finer than *Samson*, which he hath produced since this mighty displeasure overtook him.' 'A mere oratorio,' says Mrs. Bateman; 'he does well to avoid opera: the divine grace of the Italian masters is not to be reached by a heavy German.' 'Mr. Handel says 'tis *he* who has quarrelled with the Prince,' broke in one lady; 'and he can never be quite sunk while the Court favours him as it does.' 'Perhaps the quarrel was a politic one,' sneered Mr. Fields; ''tis the surest way to the Queen's heart to have displeased her son: never was such a loving mother!'

And they went on talking of music and of plays, of ridottos and lotteries, and of great Court ladies and their dresses and quarrels, till my head swam. Perhaps it was envy, because I did not half understand it; but it did not seem to me natural talk, but as if a forced imitation of somebody else. I suppose the great folks talk of such things, and little common people like us parrot their speech like children. I like plain household talk better, even though it be only of spinning and sewing, or of pickling and preserving; nay, and I like better the talk at uncle's table, though that is often past me, but the things spoken of are serious and real, and lift one's thoughts up somehow. So I was glad when Mrs. Bateman announced that the coaches were at the door, and we would set off, though I

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knew not where we were going. Patty looked half-pleased, half-uneasy when we were fairly off, and said to me, 'We are going to show you a play, dear little country mouse. Mrs. Bateman said nothing of it at our house, lest father's scrupulous-conscience should be roused to forbid it.'

'Then there must be some harm in it,' I said; 'at least there is the harm of deceit.'

'Nonsense, child,' said she, reddening; 'we are but saving him annoyance by a discreet silence, and you are helping to procure me a vast pleasure which I am unjustly compelled to forego in a common way. I do not carry duty to slavishness when I can help it.'

'I am sure of *that*, but these crooked ways are more than undutifulness,' I said sharply; but what was the good? it did but vex Pat, and I had not the courage to say I would not go. Our party was divided at the theatre, but I found with sorrow that Fields entered the same box as we two. Yet that annoyance and all my scruples went out of my head very soon. 'Tis not that I have never seen a play before; but very different was it to see poor strolling players in a little dim house, lit with smoking tallow candles, and a country fiddler or two supplying all the music,—and to take a place among the gay company in this busy, animated scene, full of light and colour and sweet sound; never had I heard such delicious music; and I was too happy even to mind that Mr. Fields was set beside me. The play, he told me, was one of the great Mr. Congreve's most admired performances, called, *Love for Love*. I do not know who the great Mr. Congreve may be, nor do I wish to know more of him than this play. It might be owing to my rustical simplicity that Patty so often mocks at, but I was soon lost in wonder to see men and women of good repute listening and laughing while the actors, wondrous fine in dress and courtly in manner, said the things that they did. For my part I felt myself going cold and hot with shame, and if any one did but look my way, I shrank as if I had been caught stealing something. 'How do you like it, madam?' said Fields to me as the curtain came down on the first act, and every one began to laugh and talk and stir. 'Not at all,' I said bluntly; 'it seems to me as if all the people in the play were either knaves or fools, and 'tis a kind of company I do not love to be forced into.'

'O, what coarse words, Molly!' says Patty, looking half affronted.

'I have heard you just now laughing at some much coarser,' I said hotly; but Mrs. Bateman interposed in a soothing voice, saying, 'Tis but a kind of fairy world we are looking into; we don't judge it by working-day rules of honesty; its inhabitants are only created to amuse, and we don't hold these pretty stage-puppets answerable for

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their morals, any more than we credit the players with the wit of the author.'

'I know not how such an author can find people willing to represent his characters,' I said; 'I should feel disgraced for ever by speaking such words before such a vast crowd.'

'That delicacy and tenderness of thinking suits admirably with your sweet, innocent youth,' said Fields; 'and I certainly will never be the one to wish it changed.' 'It does not concern you,' I said hastily, and I fear rudely, for a black change came over his face which dismayed me; but just then there was a little stir at the back of our box, and two richly-dressed men who were not of our party pushed their way into it. 'So here you are, old fox,' said one of them, who was much flushed and spoke thickly, slapping Mr. Fields on the shoulder; 'when Herries, here, said he had spied you in a private box with some ladies, I could hardly credit it. You do things at a cheaper rate commonly, don't you? Pray introduce us to the pretty country cousin who has so loosened your purse-strings—for the lady is your cousin, of course? you've such hosts of cousins. Mr. Fields looked like fire, and did not speak. 'Well then, I'll introduce myself—make room for us here,' went on the young man, pushing Fields aside and seating himself by me. 'I'll see the play out here—couldn't be a more charming place.' 'You always take care to secure the best place, Bob,' said the other intruder, settling himself beside Patty; ''tis well I can content myself with the second-best—no offence, pretty one,' he said as Patty shrank away; 'no doubt it was your good-nature made you yield the front row to that little angel, and I like you the better for it.' I rose in my place meaning to move away, but my unwelcome companion caught my sleeve, saying; 'Nay, that's too much cruelty—will you not let a starved insect bask in your rays for a moment?' And Fields leaning across to me whispered, ''Tis my lord Robert Wrottesley, and his friend—endure them, I entreat, till the play is over—I would not offend them—they are men of few scruples.' He looked so anxious and so scared, I saw there was no help in him; but O, how I longed at that moment for the strong arm that had pulled me back from the lion's cage! *he* would not have feared offending a dozen lords on my behalf, were they ever so insolent. 'No chance of seeing him here,' I thought, 'since uncle has so strong an aversion to plays, and I felt we were well punished for our disregard of uncle's wishes. I know not what odious things the stranger beside me kept saying by way of compliment—sure these great folks keep strange company, to judge by their talk. I strove not to listen, and kept my eyes fixed on the stage; and so it was that I recognised, in an actress

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just uttering some jesting speech, that lady who had come to town in the same coach with us, and whose young companion had so pleased me; 'twas almost like seeing a friend's face, for wretchedly friendless I felt, and I continued gazing at her.

'You are looking at the Grandison, I see,' said my lord at my elbow; 'perhaps you know her? not by that name, I'll bet—but 'tis a monstrous fine name for the stage, and she is a monstrous fine woman too, even without her present trappings; and she hath a pretty demure niece, who needs no such adornments—she does not come on in this play, I think.' 'Is *her* name Grandison?' I said. (I had meant not to utter a word.) 'Nay, who knows what her name is?' sneered he; 'but we call her Bab Durham. She is well-nigh as charming as yourself, sweet Phyllis—I would give a great deal to see you together.' So would I, I thought—I am sure she would help me—and I said quite amiably, 'I would gladly afford you that pleasure—could you induce her to come here?' 'She wouldn't lift a finger to please me; she hates me monstrously, I do believe; 'tis not many ladies do that,' said he, with a foolish smile; and then I began to see he was not sober; 'but if you will favour me with your company behind the scenes, it could be done.' 'No,' I said hastily, for I thought that would be folly. 'It's too late to say No,' said he, getting up and drawing my hand through his arm, 'we'll have no blowing hot and cold in one breath, pretty madam; you said you would oblige me,' and I had barely time to whisper Patty to come with me before we were leaving the box, my lord saying loudly to his friend, 'Stay where you are, Jack—never mind if your charming partner does desert you; she can't help her good taste, can she?' Fields looked very black upon us, but had not courage to move a finger. I wonder what hold these folks have on him. My lord was not too steady in his walk, and muttered very ugly words when he chanced to stumble; but he must have guided us honestly, for at last we came to a strange untidy little room, full of odds and ends of finery, where our friend of the stage-coach was sitting solitary, with a book in her hand, and looking strangely out of place in her quiet, modest dress, and with her mild, patient look, among all that glittering trash. She uttered a little startled cry when my lord said thickly, 'Mrs. Durham,' and she looked up frightened; but her look changed to a wonderful tenderness when she saw who we were. 'I've brought you two ladies who have a great fancy for your acquaintance,' said he; 'that should earn your forgiveness for all my sins, for 'tis not often you have such an honour. And I'll give you five minutes to perfect the friendship —'tis monstrous dry work listening, and so you will excuse me,' and he bowed himself out—a rash proceeding, for he was very near tripping and falling as he did so.

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'He will go to the tavern now,' said the girl, looking relieved, 'at least I hope so—but he will soon return, doubtless. How came you into such company, sweet madam?' She looked very pale, and Patty had begun to cry. 'I will tell you gladly how we came into it,' I said in haste, 'if you will lend us your help to get away and get home while we can.'

'You shall have all the help I can give,' she said, trembling. 'I will have a coach fetched at once,' and stepping to a door I had not noticed, she spoke to some one within it; then returning, she said, 'William was here waiting for his mother, he will soon help us to a coach; and if you do not disdain my company, I will go with you, 't will give me time to avoid that man's return.' I had not thought that sluggish-looking youth could have managed things so quickly, but it did not seem full five minutes before he put his head into the room, saying, 'Come this way, Bab—you will find all ready;' and following him down the ill-lighted stairs to the side door, we were soon all three hidden in a hackney-coach, and jolting over the stones on our homeward way. We told our friend then how those men had forced themselves on us, and how Fields had seemed afraid to resent it.

'It is no great wonder,' she said. 'I know the name you mention. I have heard it mixed with theirs in more than one story which it is not prudent to talk of. And yet—it is strange that any one trusted with you should not keep you from having speech with Lord Robert; 'tis almost an infamy to know him—even poor I feel it so. Just now he was luckily half-drunk,' she added, 'and then there's a sort of softness and good-nature about him; but at other times!' she stopped with a shudder. We were come by this time to uncle's door, where we stopped, and I prayed her to alight, and receive the thanks of our friends. She hesitated not a little, and Patty whispered me, 'Let her go back quietly, and then father need never know where we have been, or with whom;' but that was not my mind, and I had drawn her almost to the door, she still hanging back, when the door opened from within, and John came out upon us. He looked a little surprised, but he spoke courteously as a gentleman should (I own I thought just then how much better he would become a title than some folks who were born to one), and asked if the young lady would not come in?

'I am scarce fit for the society of this house, Sir,' she said with a proud humility; 'I am but a poor player-girl, and it was at the theatre I met these ladies; but it has been my good fortune to help them out of some very ill company they have been betrayed into there, and that is why you see me here.' John urged her to enter with still more courtesy, but she said hurriedly, 'I am attending my

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aunt, and have but just time to return;' and he had some trouble even to get from her her address, 'My mother will wish to thank you herself,' he said. She bowed silently, and stepping into the coach was driven off, while we went in to confess and be forgiven if we could. I would not willingly have been poor Mrs. Pat just then. When we got our tale stammered out in snatches, such a look of grief and care came into uncle's eyes, and he said, 'Ah, child, wilt thou never learn how slippery are the ways of deceit?' while she pouted and sobbed; 'I meant no harm,' she said.

But I think both uncle and aunt were so thankful for the little harm done, that they were very easy with us, and indeed seemed pleased when I said, 'I hated plays, and never wished to see another. I shall have no more dealings with Antony Fields while I am here, 'tis certain; that is a blessing; and yet I feel rather doleful. John got wondrous eloquent in praise of poor Mrs. Durham, so gentle and modest a creature, he said, was too good for that wretched way of life, she ought to be rescued from it; perhaps he may be trying to rescue her himself, he is enough of a Don Quixote for anything.

HOW TO MAKE A FRESH-WATER AQUARIUM.

BY THE REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK.

HAVE you ever tried to make an aquarium? If not, let me advise you to do so. But perhaps you have tried, and failed; then try again, your failure is one step towards success. You will learn more by actual experiment, than by all the book-teaching in the world. Only remember that in the kingdom of Nature King 'Try' can do but little without his Queen Consort, and, more frequently than not, before King 'Try' and Queen 'Try' are able to accomplish anything worth speaking about, they have to call in their eldest son, Prince '*Try-again.*' In that terrible winter, 1847-8, when the Chartists were marching with 'bread or blood' banners every night past the Minister's house in a certain Yorkshire town, it became unsafe for the Minister's boy to go to the grammar school where they used to thrash Church collects and Latin exercises into his hapless brain. So, to keep the child out of mischief, his mother sent him across the road to an elementary school, where he learnt one elementary lesson which has stuck to him through life like a good angel:

'If at first you don't succeed,
Try, *try*, TRY again.'

Now let us see whether, by the help of this royal *trio*, we cannot succeed in making an aquarium. Because if we *do* succeed, we shall have a little water-world all to ourselves, in which we can see water-

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plants grow, and various creatures live and feed, and fight and work, and play and multiply.

We will suppose you cannot afford to spend much money or much time. Then go to a glass and china shop, and ask for a big show-glass, and three or four small ones: for a few shillings you can buy all you need. Take them home, and wash them perfectly clean. For the rest, you require sand, in which to root the plants; a few stones, the more varied in colour and form the better; a strong net; three glass marmalade jars in a basket; and a spoon. The sand may be of any kind, provided it is not mixed with lime. To free it from all other impurity, put it in a large vessel under the tap, and let the water run upon it whilst you stir it round and round. Occasionally pour all the water off and begin again. It is a good plan, after you have washed the sand, to bake it in a hot oven; this will destroy germs of vegetable life, and prevent the growth of confervæ on the sides of your aquarium; the stones also will be none the worse for a good roasting. A heat of 140° F., continued for half-an-hour, will destroy most germs, though not all, as Mr. Dallinger will tell you. The net you can make yourself, for a few pence: a long brush-handle; a ring of very stout brass wire, about ten or twelve inches in diameter and the ends turned down three inches and flattened; a long length of whipcord with which to bind the ring by its flattened ends upon the wooden handle; and a bag of strong, coarse sacking, through which water will run and nothing else,—these materials will give you a net with which you can catch anything, provided you are not too proud to carry it to the nearest pond. If you want a more elegant apparatus, send to my friend Mr. Siddall, at the Cross, Chester—one of Nature's own naturalists—and for a few shillings he will make you a zoologist's net fit for a duke, and a pond-stick too, or almost anything you may require to enable you to poke into the holes and crannies in which Nature hides some of her oddest creatures.

And what do we want the spoon for? Well, I am taking it for granted that at present you are just a little weak, and have no fancy for the actual handling of such crawly creatures as we are likely to find in the net when we begin our work; moreover, there are a few spiteful people down in the water world, as in other worlds, who might think it worth their while to give you an uncomfortable bite or stab. After a while you will know who's who, and will find out exactly where the beasts' weapons are, and how to seize without being seized. Moreover, familiarity will breed—not contempt—but *affection*, and loving the creatures, you will not fear them, and they will not fear you, and for that reason they will not attempt to harm you. I have been told that in certain parts of the Far West it is not

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safe to travel *with* a revolver. A weapon implies fear, and amongst men who adopt the brute law that 'might is right,' fear exasperates and invites attack. Certain it is that among creatures great and small the entire absence of fear gives back to man a not inconsiderable part of his lost dominion. It is a well-known fact that bees will rarely sting a person who not only shows no fear, but actually has none. A very curious illustration of this comes to my remembrance: a country-woman kept bees, more for love than money. Her hives stood near the cottage door, among the roses for which her garden was famous. On summer afternoons, when the work of the house was done, this bee-mistress used to take her sewing and sit in the sunshine close to the hives, and the bees would buzz around and alight upon her—she fearing no evil, and they doing no harm.

Is it a long way from that little English garden, with its bees and roses, to Daniel's Babylon, with its vicious men and peaceful lions? Or from Daniel's Babylon to our Lord's temptation-wilderness, where, Mark tells us, He was '*with the wild beasts*'? I think not; the woman has long since passed to that city of peace from which 'the *fearful*' are for ever shut out, and therefore I may speak to you freely about her. It was *a fact*, as 'ascertained' and 'scientific' as any of the facts so industriously accumulated by Mr. Darwin, that her Christian faith made her, in relation to God, to her husband and neighbours, and also to her bees and roses, what she was. She loved all the creatures of God, human and otherwise, animate and inanimate, because she loved God. And Daniel feared not the lions, because he feared not man, and feared not to do that which he believed to be right: he feared not, because he loved God, and even the place where God's honour dwelt. And how could the Son of Man *fear*, when He went into the wilderness of His temptation, with the voice from heaven ringing in his ears, 'This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased.'

But we are wandering far away from the business in hand, which is, how to catch and keep a small part of the life of the nearest water-world. Now, taking it for granted that you are as yet quite inexperienced, and *the least bit timid*, I would advise you to put a spoon into one of the wide-necked bottles, by the help of which the water-beasts may be safely and pleasantly handled. And now do not think I am going to make up an imaginary pond in which all kinds of impossible Natural-history feats are going to be accomplished. Everything I may describe in subsequent papers has been seen with my own eyes or done with my own hands, in ponds the like of which can be found almost anywhere. Given similar surroundings, and you may be tolerably sure, at the proper season of the year, to find similar forms of life.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Short History of 'The People called Methodists.' By the REV. W. H. DANIELS. A.M. Hodder and Stoughton.—No one will complain that this is an uninteresting book. Mr. Daniels, though he lacks many of the qualities of a great historian, is a capital story-teller, and the interest of his narrative is sustained from beginning to end. It ought to have a wide circulation both within and without the borders of Methodism. The sketches of Methodism in America are specially good: full of life, pathos and amusement.

We are bound to add that the volume is most carelessly printed, and the dates are frequently inaccurate and occasionally absurd. It should be carefully revised before a second edition is published.

The Weakness and Strength of Hinduism. A Sermon preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, Bangalore Cantonment, on Sunday, January 8th, 1882, on behalf of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. By the Rev. H. GULLIFORD, of Mysore. Published by Request. Madras, 1882.—This is a discourse on Mission-work, preached in a missionary land to an English congregation. Selecting as his text Isaiah xliv. 20: 'He feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?' the preacher, from the point of view afforded by positive hopeful Christian belief, reviews the inherent weaknesses of Hinduism, and the forces by which, notwithstanding, it remains the professed faith of so many millions. The utter inability of Hinduism to satisfy the soul's craving is regarded successively on the lines of its ritualism, asceticism and philosophy. The real strength of the system is shown to be in the 'deceived heart,' and still more in the weakened will, which, even after the mind has been enlightened, still remains an entrenched citadel within captured outworks. It is an eloquen and catholic review of Christian work and warfare in India.

Woman's Work in India. By the REV. W. ARTHUR, M.A.——*Memoir of Mary Calvert.* By the REV. G. STRINGER ROWE. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road.—These little books have each a special interest to all who are interested either in Mission work or in Woman's work. In the former Mr. Arthur shows how wide a sphere there is for cultured Christian women in the Zenanas and how much has been already accomplished, especially through the ministry of American ladies. We trust that the publication of this most interesting pamphlet may lead many godly women to enter this field, 'white to harvest.'

Mr. Rowe's brief *Memoir of Mary Calvert* is characteristically tasteful and appropriate. Methodism has had many holy and heroic women to thank God for, and amongst them Mary Calvert must ever hold an honoured place. Such a book as this should be read by young and old in all our families.

We have received from the Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-School Union copies of their recent publications. Amongst these are the profusely-illustrated and pleasantly-written life of the Singing Pilgrim, *Philip Phillips: the Story of His Life*, which is very cheap at sixpence; several new and very beautiful *Bible-Cartoons* by Mr. Gunston, of which we can hardly speak too highly; a capital *School-room Placard*, calling upon the scholars to be regular, punctual, obedient, etc. Also the annual volumes of the *Sunday-School Magazine* and of *Our Boys and Girls*, neither of which are inferior to the issues of former years.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR MARCH, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*
March	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
2	6 44	5 42	5 53m	4 47m	6 14m	3 0m	0 6m
12	6 22	5 59	5 47	4 44	5 51	2 24	11 28a
22	5 59	6 16	5 39	4 37	5 26	1 49	10 54
April 1	5 36	6 33	5 27	4 26	5 1	1 15	10 20

PHASES OF THE MOON.

March 2nd, Last Quarter 5h. 26m. morn. | „ 15th, First Quarter 8h. 31m. after.
„ 9th, New Moon . 4h. 31m. morn. | „ 23rd, Full Moon . 6h. 5m. after.
31st, Last Quarter . . 8h. 21m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 9th . . . 11h. after., Perigee . . . 222,478 miles.
„ 24th . . . 5h. after., Apogee . . . 252,455 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 237,466 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 1st . . . . . 90,882,480 miles.
April 1st . . . . . 91,664,550 „
Increase of distance for the month . . 782,070 „

THE Sun crosses the Equator on the 20th at 11h. in the evening, and the Spring quarter commences.

Mercury is a morning star, but rises too near the Sun to be seen by the naked eye. It attains its greatest elongation from the Sun, 27 degs. westward, on the 3rd at 5h. in the afternoon. On the 7th it will be in conjunction with the Moon, the planet being 6 deg. to the south. On the 11th, at 3h. in the afternoon, it will be in aphelion, or at its greatest actual distance from the Sun. It will be apparently very near Mars on the 17th; at 5h. in the afternoon the angular distance of the two bodies will be less than a degree.

Venus is the morning star for this month. It will be near the Moon on the night of the 5th. On the night of the 28th it crosses the Ecliptic southward.

Mars rises half-an-hour before the Sun, and consequently cannot be seen this month. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 7th, and on the afternoon of the 20th will be at its greatest distance southward from the Ecliptic.

Jupiter shines without a rival in t e evenings. It will be in quadrature with the Sun on the morning of the 13th, and in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 15th. It is in Taurus, near Gemini.

Saturn will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 13th, one hour before noon, at a distance of only 53 min. from the edge, southward. Seen from some regions of the northern hemisphere the planet will be occulted.

Uranus will be in opposition to the Sun on the 12th. On the 14th it crosses the meridian at mean midnight, at an altitude of 43 deg.

Neptune is an evening star. It sets on the 13th at 11h., and on the 29th at 10h.

The Great Comet continues to recede from the Sun and from us at a diminishing, but now slowly diminishing velocity. The velocity in its orbit at perihelion, Sept. 17th, 1882, was 288 miles per second, or upwards of one million miles per hour; on the 1st of March the velocity is only 14 miles per second, or 51,000 miles per hour; on the 1st of April 13 miles per second, or 48,000 miles per hour.

The distance from the Sun on the 1st of March is 306 millions of miles, and on the 1st of April, 341 millions.

HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, PRINTERS, LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

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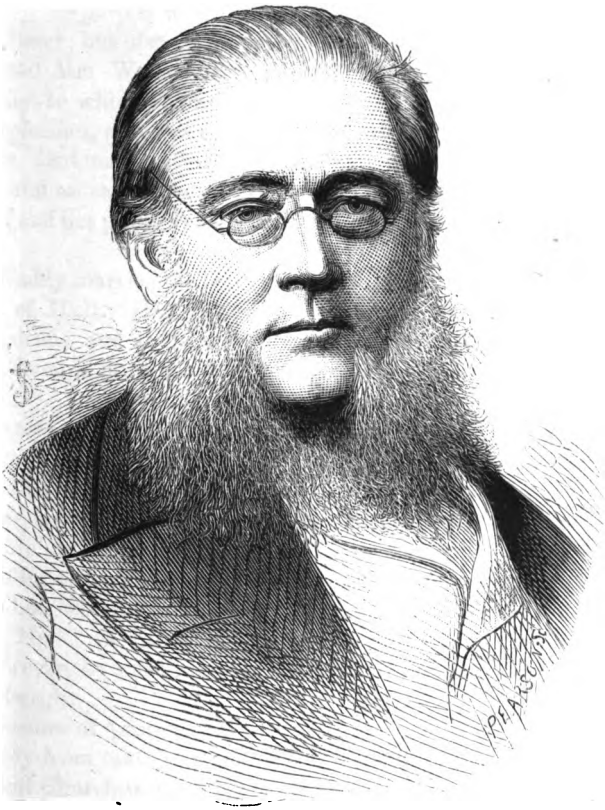

MR. S. D. WADDY, Q.C., M.P.

It is sometimes said that the sons and daughters of our ablest and most useful Methodist Ministers and laymen as soon as they begin to 'get on' in life, and to take a prominent place in society, forsake the Church of their fathers, and find their way to some other community where they may escape the prejudice which in not a few circles still attaches to the name of *Methodist*. No doubt there is only too much cause for this complaint; yet, on the other hand, there are not wanting many conspicuous instances of families who, to the third and fourth generation, have been faithful to their precious heritage of Methodist doctrine and practice. Amongst such families, a very high place belongs to that of Richard Waddy, who entered the ministry only two years after the death of John Wesley, and whose long and honourable ministry closed in 1853. Two of Richard

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Waddy's sons entered the ministry. One, the late Samuel Dousland Waddy, D.D., was President of the Conference in 1859, and died in 1876, after a long and active life of service which the Church will not soon forget; the other, the Rev. Benjamin B. Waddy, still lives, and is almost the oldest Minister now in 'full work.'

Dr. Waddy's ten children all remain faithful to the people of their forefathers. SAMUEL DANKS WADDY, the eldest of the family, was born at Gateshead, on the 27th of June, 1830. His father thus records the event in his diary: 'This day our first child was born. He was consecrated to God from his birth in earnest prayer; and, I trust, he will at last be found of Him in peace.' His mother, who lives on in a green old age near to her son, was the daughter of the late Thomas Danks, Esq., of Wednesbury.

Mr. Waddy was educated at Wesley College, Sheffield, of which Institution his father might almost be called the founder, and of which he was Governor for eighteen years. Mr. Waddy early gave

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evidence of the powers which have since won him distinction, not only in the Church, but also at the bar and in political life.

In 1850 Mr. Waddy took the degree of B.A. at the London University, to which Sheffield College is affiliated. He chose the law as his profession, and was called to the Bar in 1858. His facility of utterance, acuteness and wit, soon made him a popular lawyer, and won for him an extensive practice. In 1874 he was made a Queen's Counsel; and has probably by no means reached his highest professional honours.

Mr. Waddy married, in 1860, Emma, daughter of the late Mr. S. A. Garbutt, of Hull. His children are growing up in close attachment to Methodism; and at the late Œcumenical Conference he mentioned with pardonable pride the fact that two of his sons were already 'on the Plan.'

The same month (February, 1874) in which Mr. Waddy received his silk gown, saw him returned to Parliament as member for Barnstaple. In politics he is a Liberal.

A vacancy occurring at Sheffield in 1880, Mr. Waddy accepted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, in order to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of the town in which so much of his early life had been passed. He was returned; but at the last General Election Mr. C. B. Stuart Wortley defeated him. In November, 1882, however, he was returned to the House of Commons as member for Edinburgh.

The pressure of professional and political duties does not prevent Mr. Waddy from taking an active part not only in Connexional, but also in local Church-work. He is well-known and widely appreciated as a Preacher of very rare and manifold excellence; and has, we believe, held all the lay-offices in Methodism. It was Dr. Waddy's earnest hope and prayer that his son might one day fill an honourable and useful position in the Church, a wish which has been abundantly fulfilled; for Mr. Waddy ranks amongst the very foremost of our laity as one who not only gives generously of his substance, but gladly consecrates time, talent, and personal influence to the cause of Christ. It is to such men that we must look, under God, not only for substantial help in doing what may be called directly religious work, but also for permeating our legislation with earnest, honest Christian sentiment, which will not shrink from facing the social sins of our time, and will ever seek that 'righteousness' which 'exalteth a nation.'

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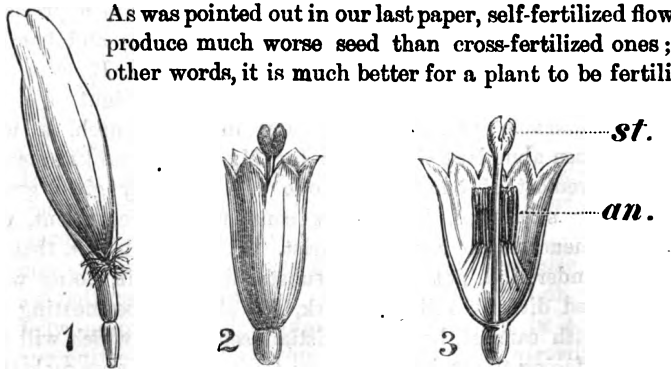
LESSONS FROM MOTHER EARTH.

BY THE REV. E. H. SUGDEN, B.A., B.Sc.

II.—Spring.

The brief notice last January sadly failed to do justice to our bonniest and brightest flower, whose 'wee, modest, crimson-tippèd' florets in no month of the year fail to witness to the Creator's love of beauty. Bearing in mind that the first concern of every flower is the fertilization of its ovules, and the consequent production of good seed and continuance of the species, let us resume our study of the daisy. Before we cook our hare, we must, however, catch him; so let us go out and find a good specimen in flower, root it up carefully, and bring it away home. First note what an advantage the daisy has in the number of florets that cluster on each head. In the specimen now lying before me, I count over a hundred yellow florets, or florets of the disk, as they are called; and about forty white ones, or florets of the ray; altogether something like a hundred and fifty separate flowers, each capable, if fertilized, of yielding a fruitful seed. Can we wonder that the flowers belonging to this *Composite* order are the commonest in the world? It will at once be remembered that the groundsel, the pest of the amateur gardener, the thistle, the dandelion, the innumerable sorts of hawkweeds, are constructed on the same plan, which affords in every head of flowers countless chances of good fertilization and reproduction. This order of plants alone contains nearly 100,000 different species.

In order to its proper fertilization, the daisy must be visited by flies. As was pointed out in our last paper, self-fertilized flowers produce much worse seed than cross-fertilized ones; in other words, it is much better for a plant to be fertilized



1. Outer floret of Daisy. 2. Inner floret of Daisy.
3. Inner floret split open to show the stigma (st) and anthers (an).

pollen from another plant than with its own. This is usually

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effected by insects, sometimes by the wind blowing the pollen in great golden clouds from tree to tree, occasionally, in the case of some aquatic plants, by water-currents, and still more rarely by birds. In the case of the daisy, the bees and moths cannot help much; they would have difficulty in thrusting their trunks into the minute florets; so that the smaller flies have to come to the rescue. They are attracted by the white outer florets which stand out very conspicuously against the green leaves, and the yellow centre of the flower. Flies have a strong partiality for white, just as bees have for blue; and so when they see the white flags of the daisy waving their signal of welcome, they fly to the spot, and in probing the yellow florets for the nectar that lies hidden about their base, they get themselves dusted over with pollen, which they transfer to the next daisy they visit, and so pay for their entertainment. In this arrangement we have a good instance of the sacrifice of the individual to the community, which is so often required by nature. The white florets, in order to grow large and conspicuous enough to attract the flies, have to use up in petal-making almost all the material that is allotted to them; consequently they have none left to make anthers and pollen with, and remain of one sex to the end of their days.

But we have by no means done with these white florets yet. Watch a daisy just about sunset, and you will see them slowly and tenderly closing over their yellow-coated brothers, until the whole flower is, as we say, gone to sleep. What is the reason of this? Well, perhaps there are two reasons. First of all, there are thieves and burglars amongst the insects, who, though unable by the structure of their heads to fertilize the daisy, would not hesitate to come and rob it of its golden store of pollen and its toothsome nectar. As long as daylight lasts, open house is kept, and the merry flies are made welcome; but when night falls, and the flies go to bed, and the moths with their burglarious propensities are flitting noiselessly from flower to flower, the doors are barred, and the house kept safe by the useful white florets. Then in the night the dew is deposited; and wet is as unpleasant and damaging to the pollen of the daisy, as it is to the feather in your best hat, my fair reader. So the white florets form a penthouse over the yellow ones, and keep them snug and dry; and even in the day, if it rains, you will find all the daisies closed to keep out the wet.

Still another service is rendered by the outer florets. It was mentioned in our last article, that the ants were the worst enemies of all flowers. They get inside, suck up the nectar, and bite the noses of the bees who come to fertilize them, and so the bees are discouraged

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and go elsewhere. Now see how the daisy is protected against the ant. First of all notice the dense mat of leaves springing out at the top of the root, which he must penetrate before he reaches the flower-stalk. Then if there has been any rain lately, there will very likely be a regular moat round the foot of the stalk, over which the ant must swim; and as ants are not good swimmers, he will probably not attempt it, but go away with the remark that *that* daisy has no nectar in it! But suppose he gets as far as the flower-stalk; he will find, in many daisies at least, that it is set with long, interwoven hairs, so that he has to walk through a perfect jungle, and that, too, perpendicularly. If he succeeds in getting through it, and reaching the base of the flower, he is by no means out of the wood. Three courses are open to him: he may climb right round the white petals, which are made slippery and smooth on purpose for him, so that it is a thousand to one he tumbles off into the grass; or he may bite through the white florets, in which case he will certainly be poisoned, for the white florets are impregnated with a bitter essence, which is fatal to small insects. Or thirdly, he may turn back and go home, which, on the whole, is his wisest plan; for it becomes pretty clear that daisies were not meant to be robbed by him and his species.

Finally, as regards the daisy, please to notice a wonderful instance of the economy of Nature. She does sometimes appear wasteful; as when we hear that a single dandelion produces 243,600 grains of pollen, not a hundred of which will be likely to be utilized; or that a single pæony contains 3,654,000 grains. But with all her profusion, she is a rigid economist. And so she takes care that no floret is fertilized twice over, for until the pollen has been placed on the stigma, the stigma protrudes a little from the mouth of the floret; but as soon as fertilization is accomplished, the stigma withdraws into seclusion, and leaves the field open to her hitherto less successful sisters.

Alas! that we were not born a few hundred years ago, say in the time of Socrates; for we could then have gone on, much in his fashion, to reflect that what has been made with such an obvious series of purposes as we have seen the daisy to be calculated for, must be the work of an intelligent and mighty God; and we could have added, in the words of a Greater than Socrates, 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?' But of course this is very unscientific and retrograde, and contrary to the spirit of the age. It so happened that the daisy developed these various contrivances; and it is very fortunate for her that she did, or there might have been no daisies at all. I have once heard a saying

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that, if a man desires to prove that ripe cherries are green, it is better not to argue the point with him. So we will drop the question.

But, it is to be hoped my readers, especially the young people, won't drop the Composite flowers. We have made a pretty complete study of the daisy: take that as your guide, and see if Nature herself will not teach you a good deal about the sister flowers of the same family. You will find three great classes: first, flowers with all the florets tube-shaped, like the yellow florets of the daisy; then flowers with the inner florets tubular, but the outer strap-like or flat, like the white florets of the daisy; and last, flowers with all the florets strap-like, or *ligulate*, as the scientific term is. To the first class belong the burdocks and thistles and groundsel; to the second the coltsfoot, (which is an early flower, not unlike a dandelion at first sight, but much more feathery; it is easily recognised by its flowers expanding before the leaves; on any dry, sandy or rocky place you will find it in March or April), the daisy, the goldie-locks, the chamomile, the ox-eye daisy; to the third, the dandelion (one of the most beautiful flowers that blows), the chicory, the goat's-beard, the lettuce, the sow-thistle, the hawkweeds, and many more. If you will but use your own eyes on these common flowers, you will learn far more than all books without them could teach you.

And that you may study nature like a man with a soul, and not like a mere pair of spectacles, study it in the spirit of the great poet, who wrote thus:

'TO THE DAISY.

Bright flower, whose home is everywhere!
A pilgrim bold in nature's care,
And all the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon depressed—
A thoughtless thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason;
And thou would'st teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season?

Thou wanderest the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased and willing;

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Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical
In peace fulfilling.'

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

APRIL 1st.—*I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.*—ISAIAH LXII. 6, 7.

While, by the title of the Better Covenant, we claim all the benefits and privileges of the Old, let us not fall into the way of thinking that all the claims and duties of the Old are among the things which are *done away*. We thankfully reckon as belonging to the Church those large promises which are here given to the restored Jerusalem; and we rejoice to see them disclose a richer meaning in the light of the *better promises* which are ours in Christ Jesus. And for the Church also there are the appointed *watchmen*, on whom is laid the same sacred charge of perpetual prayer. Who are they? I cannot find one New Testament word which, in this matter of responsible intercession for the Church, sets apart any particular class or order. This is no peculiar function of a separated ministry. Herein all the Lord's people are priests, and Zion gets but little benefit from the indwelling of those who do not willingly take up their own part of the general watch.

Let it be remembered that, just here, it is a watch that keeps its look-out, and speaks its challenge, towards heaven, and not towards the enemy. And here the feeblest may do as excellent service as the mighty. How, then, shall I thus serve to-day? What says the divine charge? *Ye that remind the Lord,*—so it means—*allow yourselves no rest; give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.* What a gracious condescension is this, that the Lord God speaks, and permits Himself to be spoken of, after the manner of men, as if He needed to be put in mind of His own work and word. Thus He makes His desire plain beyond all risk of mistake, that He would have our faith in Him always on the alert, always uttering itself in importunity, not hoarding His promises, but always presenting them for payment. How He lovingly challenges us to try whether we can weary Him with overmuch asking. When we take Him at His own word, He never chides us for forwardness, but often has to upbraid us for being backward in prayer.

This day, while my personal influence seems to be foolishly small

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when turned against the foes and the difficulties which encompass the Church, it will become great, even according to the greatness of God, when turned towards Him in watchful sympathy with His work, and mindful recollection of His word, and incessant pleading, which grows bolder to ask more the more it gains.

APRIL 8th.—*For even Christ pleased not Himself.*—ROMANS XV. 3.

Surely, on the Lord's day of all others, I do well to give myself to the considering of the Lord's example: and among all that it teaches, there is no more fitting Sabbath lesson than that which is here pointed out. If I think to enjoy this day selfishly, I must make up my mind to part company therein with Jesus; and so, whatever I may gain, the day will be no Lord's day at all to me. In accepting the rest which the day brings, by God's gracious ordinance, there is, perhaps, little need that I should guard myself against the lowest selfishness of all—that of heavy sloth. But as, according to His wont, the Father makes special provision to-day for my sacred delight and benefit, I would so look to Christ as to learn how to escape unloving greediness in the use of His gifts.

To this end let my worship have in it a lively sympathy with my fellow-worshippers, especially, as I am here instructed, with the weak amongst them, even though their infirmity show itself in a way most irritating to my stronger faith and judgment. First of all, when my own wants urge me to come closest to the throne of grace, let me use the nearness to plead on behalf of others. In sincere prayer like this, love, having fellowship with Infinite Love, widens and warms into largeness of glowing desire for others' good. Thus shall I, in the day's worship, seek gifts of light, and strength, and blessing, not for my own pleasure and benefit only, but that favour may be so shown to me, as that I may be a chosen means of transmitting and distributing blessing.

In all my Sabbath life, let me take care that it is never my first aim to please myself, for if my religion be selfish, my whole life can hardly be other than selfish also. This is a matter often easily overlooked; and I must be very watchful concerning it. In the very faithfulness with which I search my own heart, and seek the advance of God's good work therein, I see that I too readily grow into the habit of narrowing my spiritual desires and aims within the cramped limits of my personal experience. Let me, therefore, look further forth to-day, beyond my own little enclosure; and although it may not be clear to me just now how I may be able to minister to the good of my fellows, I will trust my Lord for this, that when He sees I have a willing mind, in agreement with His far-reaching love,

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He will entrust me with something of the work which is so dear to Him. And if the taking up of the service to which He graciously puts me should require the sacrifice of some enjoyment and ease, and even the endurance of inconvenience and of toil, nay, of *reproaches* (v. 3) for His sake, can I, on account of these things, shut myself up from its claims? Can I, in mere self-seeking, hope to be a disciple of Him at Whose cross of infinite sacrifice I bow—of Him Who, through life, and even unto death, *pleased not Himself?*

APRIL 15th.—*Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.*—PSALM CXLVII. 1.

With reverent gladness will I answer to the call, and begin my Sabbath with a Hallelujah. And if my spirit is dull this morning, jaded, perhaps, with overmuch wear of world-toil, or brought low through the cares of this life, the weariness of the week lasting when its work is done, I will still set this Hallelujah before me, and make lowly prayer the prelude of my song. If the music in me has been made mute through unfaithfulness or unbelief, I will come for pardon through Him Who is my *Advocate with the Father;* and so the dews of my morning praise shall be the tears of penitence. And if my voice fails by reason of weakness and suffering, am I not in the very arms of the Lord's fatherly pity? He *knoweth* my *frame*, and there are intimate secrets of His most tender love now in my soul, for which I must needs praise Him: and I know Him, that He regards the song, not according to its loudness, but its meaning; and He Who listens to the grandeur of heaven's chorus, will hear a hallelujah in my whispered trust.

Looking back to last Sunday's meditation, I remember that, in the worship of God, my first aim must not be to please myself. But neither am I to regard my religion as a galling bond, which can be worn faithfully only when it hurts me. All the service of God gives delight when our hearts are in it; and there are some parts of it which are full of enjoyment. Thus it is both *good* and *pleasant* to *sing praises unto our God.* This pleasure takes its own place among the most sacred things of God's house and worship, so long as it is excited by the true motive. The truth in this matter teaches a twofold lesson. It warns me that, while I seek the aid of song to give wings to my praise, I do not make my praise all wings, with nothing of adoring worship for them to carry: that I must not be so taken up with the beauty of the censer, as to forget to put in it the acceptable incense, or the live coals to make it smoke withal. So, again, am I taught that all the holy pleasure of the song may be mine, although I can take but little part in the sweet-voiced music of the sanctuary.

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God's temple music goes far beyond the score of man's loftiest art; for the testimony of His praise has beautiful modes of expression outside the reach of the well-tuned voice, running through the wide scale of the consecrated affections and powers of my whole being.

Praise is comely. Yes, the smoking censer is exceeding beautiful; and though my delight may not be in it, but in its sacred use, its loveliness shall be a revelation of the *joy of the Lord*, which shall magnify His love and faithfulness, and, by its excellent charm, shall win men to enquire after Him themselves.

APRIL 22nd.—*The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.*—ISAIAH XXIX. 19.

To whatever period and event this prophecy may point, it is quite plain that we have here a description of a time in which the mercy of God towards His people is free to work its own benignant purposes; and thus it is given us to see the principles on which His abundant gifts are apportioned. Those principles ever remain the same. The foremost condition on the part of those who would receive the rich blessings of the Divine mercy is want, and their best fitness is meekness.

At the first look, it seems an easy thing to comply with these conditions: but a little knowledge of ourselves discovers that what appeared so simple, is really beset with such difficulty that without the aid of God's grace it becomes unattainable. How hard a thing it is to be *meek!* This quality, as so frequently set forth in the Word of God, and taught and exhibited by our Lord Jesus Christ, is no mere passive condition, wherein self has parted with every attribute but an impressible softness, which yields to everything. The God Who forbade the offering to Him of that which was lame or blemished, can never be well pleased with a sacrifice of His own work with all the life and power taken out of it. An unabated strength of will, brought into such perfect accord with His that He can guide it with His eye, is the meekness which our God requires. They who are thus meek, *shall increase their joy in the Lord.* They shall have an ever-growing delight in Him, which could not be if they were but dead vessels to hold His favours. But this is the joy which grows continually, which feels that every quick nerve of love and will answers instantly to His touch, and the nature which He has made fulfils, in His hands, the purpose of its Maker; and thus, in perfected obedience, comes supreme delight.

And who are *the poor among men*, who *shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel?* That phrase—*among men*—helps us to an answer. Their hopes and their resources are not measurable by man's standards; and the things of man's desire do not hinder them from seek-

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ing and accepting the wealth which God chooses for them. Here is the secret of their blessedness. When the Lord would bestow upon them His gifts, He does not find the room so taken up with other things, that only a little, if any, of His good can be admitted. He loves the poverty which takes in His whole blessing with undiminished fulness.

Our Sabbath *joy in the Lord* will be according to the loving, trustful obedience of our meekness, and according to the unoccupied roominess of our waiting poverty.

APRIL 29th.—*But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness.*—ROM. VI. 17, 18.

No one enters into rest on God's Sabbath but he who knows, in loving obedience, the blessedness of God's service. To all such this morning's praise must foreshow the exultation of those who reach the eternal rest, who are glad, not only in the bliss of the present, but in a sense of deliverance from the past. The Lord's easy yoke always feels easiest when thankful memory contrasts it with the yoke from which we have been set free. But we must not forget that this fact is here used by way of admonition: and it is for each of us to commune thus with our own selves.

Does my heart's praise ring out to-day clear with this sure confidence? Is my serving of sin a thing altogether of the past—left for ever behind? If so, I can be neither thankful nor humble enough. Though God's great mercy take away the guilt of the shameful past, the thought of it must ever give fresh earnestness to my thanks, and watchful diligence to my obedience. The worse my former rebellion, the better be my present loyalty: and as I think of what I have been, I will praise God for what I am by waiting upon Him with all meekness and diligence.

In tracing the way of God's redeeming mercy with us, we shall find both motive and help to our fidelity, as well as fervour for our praise. To God must be given all thanks, and not to us, that we, through His grace, *became obedient from the heart to that form of teaching whereunto* we *were delivered*;—for so, as in the Revised Version, do the words really read. When we were delivered from the servitude of evil, the merciful power that freed us handed us over to the control of another service, the rule of which was expressed in the Gospel. The date of our deliverance was the time of our passing into that obedience; and our continued emancipation from sin, and service of righteousness, depend upon our continued obedience to the

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Gospel. The whole secret of this obedience is here disclosed. It is *from the heart*. Where we love, there we obey. As we *cannot serve two masters*, so neither can we love two.

This must be a day of service. There is no service where there is no obedience. Let it be mine, this day, to render a whole submission to *that form of teaching* whereunto I am committed. If the yoke of that truth be on my heart, it will not be heavy upon my will. O for grace, that I may have a loyal, obedient heart, which yields without question to receive and to do all that the Gospel teaches me to-day!

AN OLD VERSION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

[The following version of the twenty-third Psalm was written by Francis Davison—son of Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate Secretary—early in the seventeenth century. Of the poet's life little is known, and he is supposed to have died in obscurity at an early age.]

GOD, Who the universe doth hold
In His fold,
Is my Shepherd kind and heedful,
Is my Shepherd, and doth keep
Me His sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

He feeds me in fields which been*
Fresh and green,
Mottled with Spring's flowery painting,
Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirits fainting.

When my soul from heaven's way
Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For His name-sake, kindly He,
Wandering me,
To His holy fold reduced.†

Yea, though I stray through Death's vale,
Where his pale
Shades did on each side enfold me,
Dreadless, having Thee for Guide,
Should I bide,
For Thy rod and staff upheld me.

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

CHAPTER IV.

John Wilson, London, to Henry Marston, Bristol.

Oct. 30th, 1744.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN CHRIST,—

Having been strangely led to take you as my guide in the perplexing circumstances known to you, and having striven, however much against my natural inclinations, to walk by your faithful

* That is *be*. † *Led back*.

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counsel, I think I do not wrong in laying before you some particulars which may justify a change in the conduct on which we were both agreed as best for my soul's health. If the natural man in me shrinks from this confidence to be reposed in my best adviser, 'tis perchance a sign that I do well in making it.

M. H—— is still a guest in my father's house; and unless I grossly deceive myself, there are signs of a change in her way of thinking from which I may hope great things.

She hath been drawn in by my sister to make a stolen visit to the Playhouse, which, through some unpleasing accidents that befell them, has had the happy effect of disgusting her with worldly company, and showing her the vileness and emptiness of that sort of pleasure. (I trust this will not be the only good strangely brought out of the evil we deplore, but of this hereafter.)

Returning from morning service the day after this occurred, I found M. early risen and alone in the great parlour. I designed at once to withdraw, but she was expecting my entrance and rose to greet me. She was very pale, and her eyes red and swollen, but as I looked on her I found myself thinking, with a heathenish poet whom I used to love, 'You may perceive the shape of loveliness more perfect in her tears than in her smiles.'

'Are you not willing to bid me good-morning, cousin?' she said; 'have I fallen so low in your eyes that I am not worth a kind word? I cannot be lower in your thoughts than in my own: it makes me sick with shame to think how our adventure last night might have ended, and all by my fault—and if my good name is clean gone, I shall have no right to complain;' she stopped, but it was because of tears which she would not let fall.

'Dear cousin,' I said, 'I think you take more than your share of blame: for I understood the plan was none of yours, and was distasteful to you because of its deceit; and for your fair name no blot is on it, nor shall be, though I spend my life in making it clear.'

'Twas a rash word, for which I may well condemn myself; and I read my reproof in her startled look, for she hath reason to think my life very differently devoted, as it ought to be.

"Tis good of you to speak thus,' she said, sighing; 'yet if I did not make the plan I did not break it. I went on in idle curiosity, not heeding that my kind uncle was being tricked and disobeyed; and in honesty I must say you and he judge rightly of such amusements. I see not how they can be used in the fear of God, at least as they are now managed. But I am glad you think less ill of me than I deserve; all night I have been waking and weeping over my folly. Are you come from your morning preaching?' she added quickly, as if to

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check the compassionate words I was too ready to utter. 'I should like much to attend one such service, if you and uncle think fit. I do not understand this new religion; perhaps it would seem plainer when I had heard Mr. Wesley.'

''Tis no new religion,' I answered; 'but the plain old Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, which men wilfully forget. On Sunday morning it might be you would hear Mr. Wesley himself, and if you fail to understand *him*, you will be the first, I promise you. But can you rise early enough to reach the Foundry by five?'

'Sure you forget I am a country girl,' she said, laughing. Her laugh did not please me, and the family coming in to breakfast I took my place at table as far from M. as I could, fearing to have been off my guard in our talk.

She soon addressed me again, asking who was the sad-looking man in black that had come with me to the door? I confess to a thrill of pleasure at the thought she had watched for me; but I answered as shortly as I could, 'it was the master of the Orphan School at the Foundry.'

'Ah, Silas Told!' cried my sister; 'that's the man who has gone mad about prisons. You will scarce credit it,' she said to M., 'but that poor lean creature has so fasted and prayed his wits away that he thinks it will peril his soul if he do not spend his little leisure in preaching to the felons in Newgate, specially such as are to be hanged. 'Tis very suspicious how fond our Methodist friends are of vile and low company.'

'There was One Whom we all adore Who incurred the same reproach,' said father; 'have you forgotten of Whom it was said, "This Man, receiveth sinners, and eateth with them"?'

'I never heard of His going into gaols to preach to the murderers,' scoffed my sister.

'Perhaps you have heard this, then,' I said, provoked out of my silence: '"Depart..ye cursed, into everlasting fire...for I was..sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not."'

'Why do you quote that?' said M., very softly.

'Because 'twas when Mr. W. spoke from that passage, or words connected therewith,' said I, still in unwise heat, 'that our good friend Silas perceived himself called to the difficult duty he now toils to fulfil. Can you, when our Lord comes in glory, sister, plead to Him that you have done such works of mercy to the least of His little ones?'

'*I* cannot,' said M., very softly still; 'but I never knew any one take Scripture words so seriously, as if they were binding on us to-day. Is that this new teaching?'

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'T was hard to meet her eyes, which seemed to be melting my settled purpose into nothing; so I kept silence, which mother luckily covered by saying I should have brought Silas in to breakfast; 'for I doubt,' said she, 'he rarely gets a meal's meat on his ten shillings a-week, having no wife to make him spend somewhat daily on good food for himself; and the foul air of those prisons would be too much for a stronger man. We shall have him dead of gaol-fever or starvation if you do not see to it.'

I said that Silas had refused to come in, our breakfast hour not suiting him; and no more was said of him.

But during the morning my sister, who loves a jest better than she loves any friend, stole into the counting-house, pretending that she wanted a pen, and so took a chance of whispering to me, 'What think you M. is doing? She hath made me give her chapter and verse for that text of your Mr. Wesley's, and is sitting moping over the Bible by herself; I verily think she is crying. You will have to settle with Uncle H——, and so will she, if you make a Methodist of her—I warn you fairly;' and before I could answer she was gone. I have since learnt from my father that M. has sought his help in her studying of other Scriptures.

And now, dear brother, I have laid my weakness fairly before you, it may be with foolish, needless lingerings over words and looks too precious to me; but I have striven to paint each thought as it rose. What think you? Is there not evidence of some gracious work in the soul of this dear child? And need I strive longer against the strong attraction which from the first hath drawn me to her? May it not have been a leading designed for her good and mine?

Deal with me plainly and truly, for I fear to be self-deceived.

I should be glad if you burned this letter; I would not that any one saw it but yourself. So doing you will still more oblige,

Your very humble servant and affectionate brother,

——— J. Wilson.

Henry Marston, Bristol, to John Wilson, London.

I write in haste, good brother, your letter having but just reached me; and its date, so many days back, makes me fear what may have befallen you since you wrote it.

Beware of running hastily into the snare. There is much more of earthly affection than of Christian watchfulness shining through your words.

My own path has been happily free from perplexities such as yours, so it may be I lack experience wherewith to counsel you; yet I may

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[*See page* 164.

reasonably ask, Why, if you must seek the earthly bliss of wedlock, should you fix your thoughts on one whose outward circumstances as I gather, are so unfavourable to godliness? None was once more alive to this disadvantage than you. 'Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?' and amid the surroundings you described, is the peaceable fruit of righteousness like to grow?

As for the new appearances you dwell on, they are slight; and I have known unhappy instances—so have you—where, without deliberate

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fraud, it may be, women have assumed a show of interest in religious matters, when such seemed the easiest way to win the regard they coveted. I would have you suspend your judgment till you see some proof of a real heart-work: if this fair show should wither in the heat of persecution, you will know what to think; and if this lady will be a true soldier of Christ, she will have to endure much hardness—even to the forsaking of all things, as I can scarce doubt. Meanwhile, fix your eye on this command, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'

I have other matters to speak of, but none so pressing as this. It may be I will see you soon, if not I will write.

Your friend and brother, H. MARSTON.

Mrs. Martha Wilson, London, to Mrs. Anna Collings, Bath.
November 8th, 1744.

You use me very unkindly, dear Nancy, in your little note apprising me of your new whim of going to the Bath at this unseasonable time. 'Tis all very well to talk of Mr. Collings' gouty complaints, and I will grant you are a mighty dutiful wife in humouring his fancy for taking the waters; but when you go on to say that having my cousin's company I cannot want yours, I protest 'tis a falsity. Such little pleasure as I had in her society, untrained and ignorant as she is, is quite spoiled with her new fits of sullen piety, though I am apt to think them but a childish masquerade to win John's good opinion.

And now let me tell you of just one poor half-chapter of romance you have missed by leaving town when you did. Mr. Norton has some remains of goodwill for your forsaken friends, and took pains to make up a party for us to Ranelagh. Mother smiled kindly on the offer, and Molly's rustic ignorance served me well for once. I took good heed not to mention the dancing and such-like diversions, but told her much of the lake with its boats for visitors, and its elegant Venetian pavilion—of the green alleys, with boxes for refreshments embowered among the trees—of the fireworks, and the amazingly fine orchestra to whose music we should walk in the Rotunda.

'It sounds very tiresome,' she sighed, when I had done; 'but since it will please you, I do not mind going for once.'

She got her first disgust when we all met within the place, and Mrs. Bateman proved to be one of the party; her greeting of her was scarce civil, and Mrs. Bateman said, laughing, 'I see, madam, you do not forgive me for the fright we endured together—you should pity poor Antony and myself rather, for having our plans so crossed.'

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Molly muttered something meant for an apology, but looked all ruffled and suspicious; she would keep me by her, and refused every invitation to dance.

'Uncle will not like it,' she repeated; 'and I don't like making a show of myself before such a crowd of folks neither.'

And as we walked round and round in the Rotunda, to the finest music in the world, she broke in on our chat about the gay company, saying, 'This is the silliest kind of amusement I ever saw: so many people parading their finery like peacocks, and doing nothing in the world but walk the same weary round a hundred times, one after another.'

'What would you have, madam?' said Mr. Norton; ''tis a very good picture, I think, of our little life, and always diverts me accordingly. What other pride or pleasure have we human insects but displaying our gaudy trim—be it wealth, rank, or beauty—for each other's envy, while we walk our little round of day after day and year after year? only there is more gaiety in this mimic circle.'

''Tis a wretched, poor, empty life, then,' said Molly; 'but I choose to think more nobly of it; and I will not go round here like a squirrel in a cage any more—it makes me giddy;' and so saying, she pulled me out of the circle. 'Let us go to see the fireworks, Patty,' she said; and, looking over her shoulder, added to Mr. Norton, 'you will find us there when you want us.'

Her movement was so hasty it took away my breath, and I had but just recovered enough to scold her, when at a turn of the walk we ran against a lady coming quickly our way. As we stopped and excused ourselves, the lady, who was much cloaked and wrapped, seemed startled, and saying, 'How glad I am to meet you thus! I came expressly to find you'—and putting back her hood she showed us the face of Mrs. Durham; her clumsy squire, William, stood behind her.

You know what struck me in Mrs. D.'s appearance; and 'twas very marked now, while she and Molly, both pale and startled, looked at each other.

'Sure,' I said, 'you two are sisters without knowing it;' for I never saw such a perfect resemblance.

'Nay,' said William, 'they can't be sisters: no, I don't see how they can be sisters; but sure they are twins.'

You may think how we laughed; but Mrs. Durham said: ''Tis no laughing matter I have come about. Madam,' she said to Molly, 'do not go hence in your chair as you intended; your chairmen have been bribed to carry you by a wrong way, and at a certain point you will be stopped by the gentleman who brought you to the play—you know his name, I will not say it—and the others: I saw you first in company with one of them. Your acquaintance designs to force you

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into a marriage,—'tis but too easy here,—and the two gentlemen lend him their help as amends for the affront they put on him that night.'

Her look was so eager and truthful we could not doubt her; and Molly, wringing her hands, began to cry and ask what should we do?

I whispered her 'twere well to depart at once with Mrs. Durham and her escort, who makes up for his lack of wit by broad shoulders and sturdy limbs. So 'twas our luck to run away from our company a second time: I so little sensible of real danger that I went all the way musing on Mrs. Durham's likeness to Molly, and wondering had it aught to do with her shunning our mother's acquaintance? (for as you know, Anna, she hath been denied to mother, each time she hath called at their rooms.)

We were within a street's length of home, and a long, doleful tramp it had been through mud and mire, when we had proof how true was Mrs. Durham's warning. Two gentlemen, sauntering at the entrance of a by-street, turned to follow us as we passed; we heard them whispering a while behind us, and then, I know not how, began a furious struggle.

'Twas clear they sought to seize Molly, but the light being dim confused them, and Mrs. Durham and I clinging about her and shrieking withstood them as best we could; while William, with a very thick staff he carried, made good play in beating off the men, who, surprised by his interference, had scarce time to draw their swords ere one of them was stretched on the ground by a heavy blow on the head from our champion's trusty cudgel; and the other, being now one against four, turned and fled.

'We are at our very door,' panted Mrs. Durham; 'if you will so far condescend, ladies, I think 'twere well to come in, and I will send William to apprise your friends.'

Poor Molly, as white as a sheet, was in no case to refuse, and a grain or two of curiosity made me very willing to accept the civility.

Mr. Ellis, with whom these ladies lodge, seems little careful of his house: the grand staircase we mounted was dark and dirty; all the more was I surprised at the aspect of the drawing-room we were led into: 'twas clean and handsome, the walls hung with tapestry, with plenty of wax candles in silver sconces; the chairs covered with crimson mohair; great looking-glasses in gilt-frames between the windows, with gilded tables below them; everything seemed gold and crimson. Play-acting must be a better business than I fancied.

Mrs. Durham took great pains to bring Molly back from her half-fainting state, plying her with essences and cordials; and thus she

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was engaged when mother with John to escort her came hastily at William's summons to carry us home.

You may think they were much dismayed at the plot formed against Molly. Mrs. Durham being asked how she learnt it, said blushing, 'At the theatre, madam. I have heard many sad things there; but I never could make any good use of the wretched knowledge before.'

She put off their thanks, saying, 'twas too great a boon to be of use, once in a way; and with much ado they wrung a promise from her to take a dish of tea with us the next day—'that the family you have obliged may learn all to know you,' mother said in her cordial way; and the poor girl seemed pleased, and yet all fluttered and distressed—I cannot tell why.

I could see both John and mother were struck with the likeness I have spoken of; 'twas very noticeable when they came in, as Molly lay in a great armed chair and Mrs. Durham leaned over her, fanning her; with a look as of an anxious angel. One face was pale as the other, with that clear paleness I would gladly change my own red and white for, spite of your kind flatteries, Anna; and you yourself have noticed how rare are eyes and hair of Molly's hazel brown, exactly matching each other; well, they were just doubled in Mrs. Durham's. We are all puzzled with this young gentlewoman, and her aunt who has so grand a name, and is never to be seen save at the theatre.

And now for confession, my Anna. I am very little pleased with the part I have played in these matters. I told you how odious that creature Fields was to me at Oakhurst; yet I put down my dislike, feeling confident I could cleverly use him for my own ends; and now I have a horrid suspicion he has been using *me* as his cat's-paw instead; 'tis an ignoble part to have betrayed myself into.

Then I am sure he loves not Molly with any honest affection, but only for sordid greed: 'tis some knowledge he has of her father's affairs that makes him so set on achieving the match; and I like not to think what revenges he may take for the foiling of his plans. She is a provoking little fool, but 't would hurt me frightfully if any harm came to her through me.

And forced marriages, or secret ones, and carryings-off may be very pretty in novels—'tis the only stuff folks can make them of now-a-days, I think; but to be really mixed up with such things, though more in fear than fact, is detestable.

You will find nothing left of your romance-loving Patty if you tarry much longer in Bath. But whether flighty or sober, I shall always be my Anna's most loving friend, M. W.

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POET-TOILERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CRABTREE-FOLD,' ETC.

'Olympian bards who sing
Divine ideas below.'

PROLOGUE.

'IT is dislocation and detachment from the life of God that makes things ugly.' He who lives not willingly in God, lives not in the true, beautiful heart of life. The Spirit of the world, the great calm presence of the Father-God, does not exist for him; he spends his days amongst clang of wheels and dust of carding and spinning, and knows nothing of the broad, beautiful valley outside the factory.

But he who attaches all this noise and grind of the factory to the water-power outside, and so to the grand mountain solitudes that nurse the stream—he is reconciled to existence, he knows what he is doing: life is no more a vain turmoil; he is henceforth one of the true Olympians, 'those who are free throughout the world,' and whose business it is to make all other men free.

Who, then, are the poets of the world? They only who can interpret the heart of man and the voice of nature in melodious verse; or they also who, penetrated by a sublime idea, labour to express it in action that shall witness for God to men? They surely deserve the name of Poet-toilers who in loveliness of Christ-like deeds,

'More strong than all poetic thought,'

are ministers of that 'kingdom of God' which is the greatest word, and therefore the greatest poem of the universe.

Amongst these Poet-toilers, men and women richly 'gifted for giving,' we may select representatives of various types, in various realms of spiritual imagination, each life being an illustration of some cherished prophecy of good specially dear to that 'dreamer.'

It is written, 'the saints shall possess the kingdom;' and are not they just the 'dreamers' and 'visionaries' whom the world would fain sell into bondage or bury alive that it may be rid of them?

I.—*THE FACTORY-WORKER, LUCY LARCOM.*

In the year 1823 some cotton-mills were opened in the valley of the Merrimac, Massachusetts—'the dear old bay State,'—and three years afterwards the town of Lowell was incorporated, being named after Mr. Francis Cabot Lowell, the originator of the present cotton-cloth manufacture in America. The aim of this gentleman, and of others associated with him, was to found a manufacturing community to which the God-fearing settlers of Massachusetts should not be afraid to send their daughters—a community where labour should be asso-

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ciated with intelligence and Christian refinement, and young women should be provided with remunerative work 'in a moral atmosphere as pure and bracing as that of the mountains from whose breezy slopes many of them were to come.' Corporation boarding-houses therefore were established, the keepers of which were held responsible to a superintendent, and other arrangements were made, but none that unduly interfered with personal liberty. 'The whole thing seems to have been comprehensive in its originator's mind: a profitable investment for both labour and capital; the method of cloth-making better systematized; a new industry for American women, offering them an opportunity for self-support with self-respect, the guarded freedom of a home, and a social atmosphere they might healthfully breathe.'

There were in New England at that time many young women, educated and virtuous, earnestly desiring some remunerative employment—young women who 'expected to make something of themselves and of life, but not easily, not without constant exertion. The energy and the earnestness through which their fathers had subdued the savage forces of nature still lingered in the air, a moral exhilaration. Children grew up penetrated through every fibre of thought with the idea that idleness is disgrace. It was taught with the alphabet and spelling-book; it was enforced by precept and example at home and abroad—somewhat mercilessly at times, as one of these children used to feel.' She tells us—it is LUCY LARCOM who speaks—how Dr. Watts' rhyme about the little busy bee filled her childish mind with a dislike of bees that amounted almost to hatred. 'They flew and buzzed about like accusing spirits, and left me no peace in my beautiful day-dreams:' which were dreamed in one of the oldest and most picturesque of the Massachusetts sea-board towns.

When she was quite a child, however, Lucy's father died, and the mother, left without means of support for her large family, 'bethought herself of the new manufacturing town, which for some years had been wondered about all over the country;' and she decided to go there and take charge of one of the boarding-houses. Then after a while it became necessary that one of her girls 'should take up a share of the domestic burden, and I was taken from school and began to work in the mill in my twelfth year.'

And this was the routine of work to which the child of twelve had to conform:

'Work began at five o'clock on summer mornings, and at daylight in the winter. Breakfast was eaten by lamp-light in the cold weather; in summer an interval of half-an-hour was allowed for it, between seven and eight. The time given for the noon meal was from half to three-quarters of an hour. The only leisure time was

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from half-past seven or eight to ten in the evening, the mills closing a little earlier on Saturdays. It was an imperative regulation that lights should be out at ten. During those two evening hours, when it was too cold for the girls to sit in their own rooms, the dining-room was used as a sitting-room, and gathered round the tables they read, wrote, sewed and studied. It seems a wonder to look back upon it, how they accomplished so much as they did in this limited allowance of time. They made and mended their own clothing, often doing a good deal of unnecessary fancy work besides. They subscribed for periodicals; took books from the libraries; went to singing schools, conferences, and lectures; watched at night by a sick girl's bed-side, and did double work for her in the mill; and on Sundays they were at church, not differing in appearance from other well-dressed young women, so that strangers were often heard to ask on coming out, "But where were the factory girls?"

'Lowell was eminently a church-going place, and the hush of the old-fashioned Sabbath had there a peculiar charm by contrast with the week-day noise. The mill-girls not only cheerfully paid their pew-rents, but gave their earnings to be built into the walls of new churches, and contributed liberally to social and foreign charities. What they did besides for their own families was done so frequently and so quietly as to pass without comment.'

We may be sure, indeed, that many of these girls had come from their native valleys just that they might lighten the burden of the family homestead, and a high-pitched love of home and country, a sturdy piety and spirit of self-reliance, combined with a desire for knowledge to make the social atmosphere of the new industrial community remarkably sincere, cordial and agreeable. 'People moved about their every-day duties with purpose and zest, and were genuinely interested in one another.'

There were some men, of course, employed in the mills and otherwise, as well as some children; but of the latter not many in those early days. All children under thirteen were sent to school for three months in every year, and 'their employment at all under that age was not encouraged.' We are told that the cruel sufferings of English children, as uttered in Mrs. Browning's poem, 'seemed as remote from us as anything we read of heathen nations; and we may have wondered that missionaries were not sent to England as well as India.' For the Lowell children, if, unhappily, some of them had to bear too early the heavy yoke of toil, were placed under it regretfully by their elders; the lightest possible tasks were given to them; and none of them knew what sordid, debasing poverty meant:' all had homes 'and careful guardianship.'

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Lowell then was chiefly a community of young women, daughters of farmers, clergymen, physicians, men of business, gathered there for a temporary purpose, and bringing with them simple, hardy habits, and a keen intellectual energy: 'for the New England girl, wherever you find her, is a reader.' Of course they were not all on one level in this respect. Every young woman amongst those thousands did not study Milton, Carlyle and Richter, or contribute to *The Lowell Offering*—which certain critics could not believe to be the work of factory girls. There were numbers who were not students, but simply intelligent, thrifty workers: some of them preparing a marriage outfit; some paying off a family debt; some laying up a store for a rainy day. But the leaven of culture was so wide-spread, that a leading clergyman of the place being asked how many teachers for good common schools could be found in Lowell, at once replied, 'Probably about five hundred.' Of these some became teachers, missionaries, artists, authors; others returned to the quiet life of the rural town or village, and many of them became wives and mothers.

'Some, doubtless, did not enjoy, but only endured, their life at the looms or spindles; . . and certainly none of us regarded our lot as an easy one. But we accepted its fatigues and discomforts as unavoidable, and could forget them in struggling forward. We trod a path full of commonplace obstructions, but our life had both outlook and outlet, and our toil was lightened by many uplifting influences. . Those years were full of stimulus. Vistas opened in every direction. Untrodden peaks, unpenetrated forests, untraversed prairies were all around—there was boundless breathing-room for everybody. The simple phrase, "the far West," was like a talisman, rich with suggestions and beckonings. . . But the toil of the New England women in the cotton mills is becoming every year more difficult and disagreeable: her prospect is not encouraging.'

The writer* of these reminiscences well points out that those who now, in the crowded, jostling, sordid life of manufacturing cities, find a way through factory labour to a worthy human development, deserve far greater credit than those who did similar work amid pleasant and profitable companionships and every influence that could elevate. Yet, she adds, 'We owe it to one another that every kind of useful labour shall be held respectable; and also that the moral surroundings of the labourer shall be so looked after that he or she may be able to keep both work and personality worthy of respect.'

A noble effort in this direction was made at Lowell, but the changes of thirty years have had an unsatisfactory result, and the early glory has departed. In 1842, Charles Dickens described the contrast

* See *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1881.

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between life there and in the manufacturing districts of England as 'a contrast between living light and deepest shadow.' Since then our dark places have been to some extent lightened. We have in a measure 'purged the haunts of desperate misery,' which made the earlier part of this century a very menacing period of English history; although, alas! they exist yet to shame and alarm us. But at Lowell things appear to have altered for the worse. The population is no longer of one kind: 'select' in the best sense of the word; and with a greater mixture of elements, a change in the social tone must inevitably have occurred. Indeed, the Lowell of Lucy Larcom's reminiscences was so close a realization of the ideal factory-workers' community, that it was sure to suffer change: this being a world of fluctuation, of experiment, not of perfect fulfilment or satisfying performance. And yet that every one of our industrial hives might be as bright, as pure, as full of hope and energy and poetry as the town in the Merrimac valley, must be our fixed hope and purpose.

Lucy Larcom is a poet in expression as well as in thought. In childhood the beauty of nature filled her with rapture. The distant mountains—Wachusett, Moadnock, and the rest—were purple stepping-stones into illimitable splendours; the rushing Merrimac was a messenger from those opaline summits; and the young spinner, at her daily toil beside a mill-window, could refresh herself with glances at the lovely landscape outside, and with the breath of roses from a neighbouring garden. Factory work under these circumstances seems to favour poetry; and in spite of other less inspiriting incidents, the young worker had a sense of living in a fresh, beautiful world, a joyous belief in something good and lovely at the heart of the universe, which was afterwards to utter itself in verse. Penetrated with the conviction that a Divine harmony runs through all nature and Providence, the poet's verses are full of a cultured, vigorous faith in God and in the possibilities of human life. To her

> 'Earth is our little island home,
> And heaven the neighbouring continent,
> Whence winds to every inlet come
> With balmiest scent.'

Even as the scent of roses floated through the factory window to the child amongst the spindles.

So, in the poem headed 'Thirty-five,' she can sing that even when 'the half-way house of life' has been passed, the path will not be 'down-hill all the afternoon;' but shall wind up again erelong to the grand region of sunset,

> 'To mountain summits far and pale'

where it can be said of the soul:

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'Though lone those mountains seem and cold,
To such as know not of her Guide,
He gently leads to Love's warm fold;
She sees them from their heaven-lit side.

* * * *

The soul, to God's heart moving on,
Owns but the Infinite for Home;
Whatever with the past has gone,
The best is always yet to come.

'Twill not be growing old—to feel
The spirit, like a child, led on
By unseen presences, that steal
For earth the light of heavenly dawn.

'Twill not be terrible to bear
Of inward pain the heaviest blow,
Since thus the rock is smitten, where
Fountains of strength perennial flow.

To wait—to suffer—or to do:
Each key unlocks its own deep bliss;
For every grief a comfort new,—
A mine for gems the heart may miss.

Thus on she looks, with thoughts that sing
Of happy months that follow June:
Life were not a completed thing
Without its summer afternoon;

Without its summery autumn hours,—
That softened, spiritual time
When o'er bright woods and frost-born flowers
The seasons ring their perfect chime.

The time to bless, and to be blest,
For gathering and bestowing fruit;
When grapes are waiting to be pressed,
And storms have fixed the tree's firm root.

Heaven's inmost sunshine earth has warmed,
Heaven's peace floods each dark mystery,
And all the present glows transformed
In the fair light of what shall be.

The traveller girds her to depart;
She turns her toward the setting sun;
With morning's freshness in her heart
Her evening journey is begun.'

MORE LEAVES FROM MY LOG.

BY T. C. GARLAND.

BETRAYED BY A FRIEND.

'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken.'—HABAKKUK ii. 15.

ONE Sunday evening a year or two since as we were holding an out-door service in front of our chapel, I observed a respectable-looking man on the opposite side who appeared to be under the influence of drink. The singing of our Mission-band arrested his attention, and in a few minutes he came staggering over the road. The hymn seemed to affect him greatly, but at intervals he joined in most vigorously.

As the Minister was speaking of the Saviour's love to fallen man, I addressed this poor drunkard, and invited him inside the chapel-

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yard to take a seat, when he would hear more to his comfort. 'No, no; not a step further in *that* direction,' was his answer. There were many others standing round to whom I might have spoken or given a tract, but my heart was set on this poor fellow. Again I requested him to come inside from the crowd which surrounded him, but he was determined to keep his stand, and answered, 'I will not go: I am drunk, and past hope; leave me alone, and do not vex me.'

'That you are drunk,' I said, 'is quite certain; no one can deny that; and by the appearance of your clothes and face, your master pays bad wages—he pays more in *marks* than *cash*. Why, my good fellow, you would be much better-looking without his wages! Listen to me; although you are drunk you are not past hope; your sins may have been great and many, but the grace of God can reach and raise you up again.'

'For God's sake!' he said, 'leave me alone. I don't know you, and I don't care for what you say; and if you won't allow me to stand here and hear that man preach, I'm off,' and he began to walk away. A person standing by said to me, 'It's no use your talking to him while he is drunk: it's like water on a duck's back.' Still I felt that the Spirit of God was striving with the man, and I was determined to make one more effort. He had not gone far before I caught him, and putting my hand on his shoulder, I said, 'My dear friend, it may be you are a stranger in London, and in need of sympathy and a little conversation, if so, return with me to the chapel.' The poor man appeared quite overcome, and, looking me steadily in the face, enquired, 'Have you a private room, Sir? If so, I will return and unburden my mind to you.'

When we entered the vestry, I found Mr. Morris, the Society Steward, there, and asked the weeping drunkard if he objected to my friend remaining in the room, saying, 'He comes from your town' (he had previously told me the place), 'and very likely knows some of your friends.' He did not object, and as it was getting near the time for public service, I asked him plainly what it was that caused him to weep when standing at the chapel gate.

The man seemed almost sober by this time, and answered, 'Why, Sir, you were singing my mother's hymn, and although I was drunk, I could not help listening to that hymn—"Rock of Ages, cleft for me:" my mother used to sing it nearly every Sunday evening. I am nearly fifty years of age, but shall never forget my mother;' and smiting his breast, he exclaimed, 'My burden is more than I can bear!' Then rising up, he said to my friend Morris, 'Let me go; I *will* go outside; I shall die without a little fresh air.' But closing the vestry door, I requested him to be calm and tell us his troubles. His agony

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of spirit was great, and for a time we sat in silence. He then told us this sad story:

'Last Saturday week I was at Manchester on business, when meeting with an old acquaintance whom I had not seen for several years, he invited me to drink, as it was his birthday. At first I declined, saying that I had been an abstainer for several years, but his persuasions and arguments unfortunately prevailed, and I yielded to take only one glass. My friend was a professor of religion, and said there was no harm in one glass; it was when people drank to excess that sin began; and placing the glass in my hand, he said, "Come, you must drink my health." This was too much for my strength; I took the glass, drank his health, and we parted; but the drink demon had, like a serpent, entered my soul: my former appetite returned, and entering another beer-house, I drank till I could scarcely walk to the station.

'Before this I had been much respected in the town. My business was a good one, employing a number of hands. I was also a member of Society, and had held several offices in the Church. When I returned home, my poor wife was almost broken-hearted; and, kneeling down, prayed God to give her patience to bear this trial, and with tears implored me again to sign the pledge. "No," I said, "drink I want, and drink I *will have*." O! Sir, when I think of the misery of my wife and family caused by that one glass of grog, I am tempted to cut my throat.

'The following Monday I left home without saying where I was going. My portmanteau was well filled with clothes, I had a gold watch and a considerable sum of money: with these I came to London. Where my clothes and watch are to be found I know not, and my money is nearly all gone. And yet you say there is mercy and pardon for such a vile wretch as I am. I tell you *it's a lie;* and I am as sure of damnation as if I were there this moment.'

I could scarcely tell what step to take with this unhappy man; despair seemed depicted in his countenance. At length I said to him, 'I and my friend Morris are going to heaven and to glory, and as you are going to hell, let us all kneel down once more before we part,—perhaps it will be the last time, and the last prayer.' The man's countenance turned pale; he trembled, and throwing his hat on the floor, knelt before that God Who is ever ready to forgive the penitent sinner who trusts in the blood of Jesus. While my friend was engaged in prayer, the man cried out, 'O, my God, my God! is there mercy for such a sinner as I am?'

The service had already begun in the chapel, and we all went in. The man kept his seat during prayer and reading the Scriptures, but

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while the congregation were singing the next hymn he went out. He had not given me his address, so I followed him, and tried to bring him back again, but to no purpose; so having taken his address, and promising to call in the morning, we separated. Early the next morning I went to his lodging: it was not, as he told me, 'quite respectable,' so I decided at once to procure him another place, and enquired after his portmanteau and clothes. They said they knew nothing about them; but, from some 'winks' of the eyes and significant nods, I felt persuaded they had had some knowledge of them; but I could do nothing in the matter. Having procured him another 'home,' I sent a telegram to his family, to ascertain the truth. A reply came, 'It's all true; look after him till one of the family comes up to town.' He was without cash, so I lent him a little, making him promise not to spend it in drink.'

The next morning I was awoke very early by a loud knocking at the door, and from my bedroom window I saw it was the same man. I enquired what he wanted at that time. 'Come down, Sir, immediately,' he cried out; 'you must come at once.' As soon as possible I dressed, went down, and let him in. I saw at once what was the matter with him. He began: 'O, Mr. Garland, I am so very ill; I feel that I am really dying; give me a little brandy, or lend me some money; you shall have it all returned to you. I know you won't refuse me; you are a good man and a real Christian;' and he began to weep. I said: 'Mr. B——, I have no brandy, we never use it; and I am not so good a man or so real a Christian as to lend *you* any money.' He was very violent, and walked round the room like a madman. 'O, if you only knew how ill I am, you would not speak so!' he said.

'I know all about you, Mr. B——; you are drunk, and I feel more grieved at your conduct than words can express. Why do you act thus and sin against God?'

'It's the devil, Mr. Garland; and I can't get over him,' he answered.

'No, no, it is not the devil's fault, it is your own. Now, man, get on your knees and pray, or leave my house at once. This is my *last* effort for you. Which will you do? my time is too precious to be thus trifled with. Get on your knees, and ask God to thoroughly convince you of sin, and lead you by His Spirit to Calvary.'

We then knelt down. After waiting a few moments, he enquired, 'When are you going to pray for pardon?'

'O,' I said, 'the Lord pardoned my sins many years ago; it's *you* that must pray.'

'What, me!' he said. 'I thought you were going to pray. He won't hear me.'

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'Will you try Him? if not, I shall go back to bed, and you can go to your lodgings. Jesus is a loving Saviour, God is waiting to be merciful; *pray*.'

The good Spirit was working on his heart, and he groaned out, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!' It was a severe conflict with the enemy, but after a while he appeared to have received some 'deliverance.' I gave him some breakfast, and he went to his lodgings. During the afternoon, one of his sons called at my house to thank me for my attention to his father, and to ask where he was staying. I accompanied him to the house. The man was reading his Bible, and for a moment did not notice my coming in; but when I spoke to him, he looked up and saw his youngest son. He was completely overcome. 'Why, John, is it you?' he cried. 'Yes, father, it is; and I am so glad to see you; mother is longing for you to get home again, she says she is lonely without you.'

'O, John, what shall I say to her? My clothes gone, watch gone, money all gone,—what will she say? how can I go home?' John replied, 'Well, father, what she will say, I can't tell; all I know is this she is longing to see you, and if you will sign the pledge and keep it, nothing more will be said. Do this, and give God your heart, father, and we shall all be happy again.' The man fell on his knees, made a vow to sign and keep the pledge, and to seek the grace and favour of his Heavenly Father. After settling up his accounts, I accompanied them to the railway station, feeling no little pleasure that this poor man had by God's grace been restored to his family.

Since then I have received several letters from his wife and children, saying that he keeps the pledge, and has sought and found that Saviour Who alone can make a sinner happy. He is now a consistent member of the Church of Christ.

A GLIMPSE OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

Four months have slipped away since we first landed in Australia, and began to realize how truly this gigantic island deserves the name of Greater Britain. Truth to say, we sometimes almost forget how many thousand miles we have travelled since we bade adieu to England (at least fourteen thousand); for here, in Sydney, we are surrounded by so many familiar sights and sounds, that we have rather to go out of our way to notice points of difference. The very English-looking streets are crowded with carriages,—four-horse omnibuses and hansom cabs which might have been built in London; and among the thronging multitudes who pass to and fro, we hear

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many talking with such a genuine cockney accent, that we find it hard to believe that they were not born within sound of Bow Bells, though the majority of the speakers have been born in the colony.

Then at every turn we are reminded of England by such old familiar names as Hyde Park, Waterloo, Paddington, Brighton, Clifton, Sydenham, Liverpool, St. Leonards, Anglesea, etc.: for the first settlers thought only of reproducing a dream of England and home, and they saw no interest in preserving the aboriginal names of the country. Indeed, I confess that they are rather severe mouthfuls, though it is quite a relief to the ear to hear so purely Australian a name as Wooloomoolloo!

I find it is important not to use the word *native* in the ordinary sense as we apply it in reference to the brown races. Here it is used exclusively to describe men born in the country, whereas the hideous Australian blacks are invariably described as *aborigines*. Hideous they are indeed, far more so than any other people I have seen; and of so low a type that it is scarcely possible to regret the fact that they are fast dying out before the advance of civilization. The few specimens I have seen, have been unspeakably wretched, living in dirty gipsy camps more miserable than those of any British tinkers.

In this city there are churches representing every shade of religious belief. There are public buildings of all sorts; and beyond the true city there stretch wide suburbs through which we drive for many miles, and as we pass a never-ending succession of poor men's wooden houses, and beautiful villas and gardens of those who have already acquired a large share of wealth, we remember with wonder how comparatively few years have passed since this great, busy city came into existence.

This thought forces itself on me especially when looking down on the magnificent harbour, crowded with shipping, and literally alive with steam-boats of every conceivable size, from the gigantic steamers which ply direct from Britain to Australia, down to the tiny steam-launches which, with much noise and fuss, are ceaselessly plying to and from every corner of the great harbour; while steamers of every intermediate tonnage are constantly coming and going, either to different points along the coast, or else working as ferry-boats between the principal districts of the city. Yet there are men still in the prime of life—certainly not far beyond it—who vividly recollect when the coming or going of one steam-ship was quite a little excitement for the comparatively few inhabitants of the scattered houses.

Now, as you make your way along the crowded quays where vessels of the heaviest tonnage are discharging the produce of the old world or shipping that of the new, you might easily imagine yourself in

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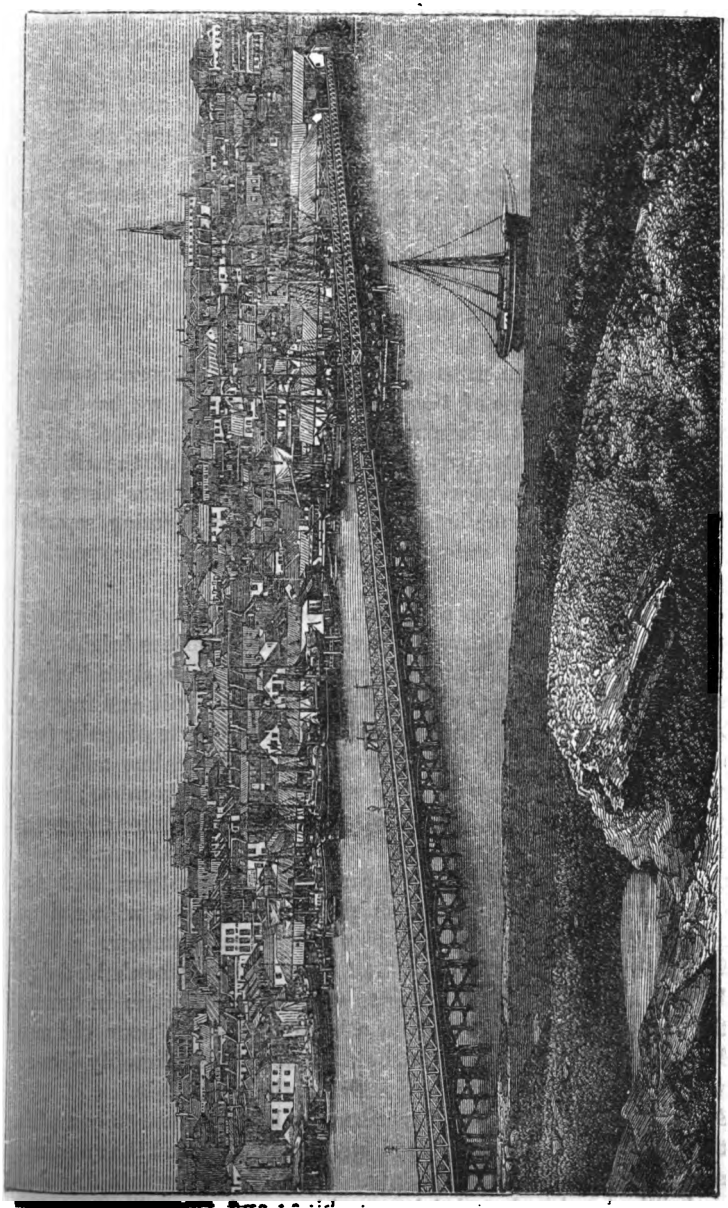

(SYDNEY HARBOUR.)

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some crowded seaport town on the coast of England. But nowhere in the mother country would you find so magnificent a harbour; indeed, I doubt whether it has many rivals in the whole world.

You enter from the outer ocean by a comparatively narrow channel, between huge headlands of rock projecting from the coast range on the right hand and on the left, and which afford a blessed shelter to the storm-tossed vessel. You then find yourself in a large, calm sea lake, across which you sail for about seven miles ere you reach your anchorage in the heart of the city which covers every headland around you. But this sail from 'The Heads' to the City gives you but a faint idea of the extent of this wonderful harbour, whose creeks, each many miles in length, ramify in every direction, like the rays of a great star-fish.

We have made numerous expeditions in the Governor's steam-launch to explore some of these creeks, but though we have made several runs of about fifteen miles, we have not yet visited half of them. Many are dotted with the pleasant homes of the citizens, embowered in semi-tropical gardens; while on others there are distinct villages, or manufactories, or docks, now forming separate centres, but which will erelong be all merged in the ever-spreading city.

Gardening here must be a delight; for in this climate imported plants of all sorts flourish, and I have seen holly-bushes bright with scarlet berries growing beside large-leaved plantains, dark Norfolk Island pines, and orange-trees loaded with golden fruit and fragrant with blossom. These overshadowed by different sorts of palm (not the cocoa-palm, which is purely tropical, but date-palms and other hardy species). Weeping willows grow near clumps of bamboo; sweet, frost-dreading heliotrope, beside wintry chrysanthemums; close by these grow apple and pear trees, which in these wintry months of June and July stand leafless; for of course in these southern latitudes the seasons are reversed, and such plants as require a winter sleep, take it quite naturally in the months which we call summer.

We arrived here in the month of May, on the Queen's birthday, and found our friends just going to superintend a dinner in honour of the day, given at the Asylum to a large number of poor old men and women. We saw two hundred old women all comfortably dressed in warm tartan dresses, very suggestive of the Highlands.

As May answers to our November, we had no cause to complain of the weather, though some days were very cold, and it sometimes rained for several consecutive days. But the intermediate fine days were brilliant, with clear, bright sunshine; and then the beautiful harbour seemed like an azure lake, and it was delightful to sit in

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some pleasant garden, looking out on those blue waters from a thicket of camellias.

The beauty of the camellias is beyond all words. They are not, as in England, a green-house shrub; nor as in Japan, a wild tree bearing single blossoms. Here they are all carefully cultivated, and repay the care bestowed on them by such a profusion of beauty as I have never seen approached in any other country. Pink, crimson, deep red, streaked, or pure white, each is beautiful; and some of the camellia lovers have some exquisite varieties. There are some shell-like pink blossoms which, in their setting of glossy leaves, can scarcely be excelled for loveliness.

There are large camellia gardens where they are cultivated for sale, but abundance is not allowed to lower the market price of sixpence a blossom, though thousands fall unheeded to the ground, which is literally strewn with flowers, still beautiful in death. Seeing how very readily the camellia grows here, I do wonder that so few people, comparatively, take the trouble to cultivate it. Luckily for us, several of our friends own good gardens, and have most generously kept us supplied.

But we should scarcely lack flowers even were their kind gifts to cease, for nature has strewn the woods and headlands with a multitude of fragrant and beautiful blossoms. In many a quiet nook we find large patches of the sweet-leaved wild geranium, which the colonists despise because it is so common, and because it has a kindly habit of growing in church-yards (I suppose it thus gains sad associations). But I have also found shady gullies thickly clothed with the delicate maiden-hair, while on the more exposed situations there are innumerable varieties of white and red epacris, which resemble hot-house heaths, and perfume the clear bright air with their honeyed fragrance. I sometimes collect a nosegay of fifteen different sorts of epacris, crimson, white, pink and yellow.

One of our favourite expeditions is to the far-famed Botany Bay, which lies about five miles from the town, on the sea-coast. It was discovered by Captain Cook in 1770, and received its name because of the wealth of botanical treasures which were collected on its shores. In 1787 it was decided that it should be made a penal settlement for British convicts; but in point of fact, no convicts were ever sent there, as the beautiful harbour of Port Jackson was soon discovered, and its many advantages led to the selection of a site upon its shores. There the convicts, condemned to travel for their country's good, commenced a new life; and, while working out their term of punishment, were cheered by the knowledge that reformation was now possible, and that their old errors might be lived down, and a new

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start made. And so the energies hitherto misused were turned to good account, and the penal settlement became the nucleus of the young colony which has now developed into one of Britain's most satisfactory children. The transportation of felons was given up in 1840, at the petition of the rapidly-increasing community of the respectable classes; but the descendants of the old stock of course remain, and are now merged in the general mass of society, many of them occupying prominent positions, socially and officially. Of course under these circumstances the question of transportation, and its advantages as a reformatory measure, is one to be eschewed in mixed company.

Perhaps, after all, those whose crimes were detected and punished, were no worse than many of their neighbours who have escaped condemnation by their fellows, especially as the offences which fifty years ago were deemed worthy of condign chastisement, were in many cases very slight indeed: sometimes a man was transported on a mere quibble of law. Indeed, there was one instance often quoted, in which a man having conceived a deadly hatred to one with whom he had previously lived on terms of friendship, brought an action against him for theft, on the ground of his having entered his house, and, while waiting for his host's return, having made use of writing-paper belonging to the master of the house, and thereupon written several letters. This heinous offence having been proven, the culprit was actually sentenced to undergo the same penalty as was awarded to the worst burglar, namely, transportation for life! This is the story told in the colony, and generally believed to be true.

But as regards Botany Bay, it is, as I said, most unjustly identified with the convict settlement, and owes its interest solely to the abundance of its natural flora; and now that the month of August has set in, all the spring flowers are coming into blossom, and very beautiful they are. Sometimes we drive through the bush, without the slightest regard to roads (for somehow in this country no one seems to believe that carriage springs can ever be injured by rough work). If we happen to come to a fence, we stop, and as a matter of course take it down, pass through, and put it up again. And we return laden with lovely flowers, especially one like a feathery yellow acacia, which grows in dense thickets; and another, a rich purple creeper, which climbs over its neighbours, and droops in beautiful festoons of blossom, somewhat resembling a Wistaria in miniature.

While the flowers of New South Wales are thus attractive, its fish supply is also excellent and very varied. My host has a boat of his own, and a couple of weather-beaten old boatmen, who generally contrive to bring in some strange treasures of the deep. Those most in

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favour are the John Dory, which though exceedingly grotesque-looking creatures with queer heads, are very delicate in flavour, and command a high price in the market. The flying gurnard and 'Leather-Jackets,' are also highly esteemed; so are sea-mullets and flounders, soles, carp, black bream, rock-cod, and herring. One fine fish rejoices in the name of 'Sergeant Baker,' while another is known as blue-groper, and a third as the nannegai. The latter has bright red eyes, and its scales glisten like red gold.

But *the* fish *par excellence* of Port Jackson is the schnapper, and many a jovial picnic is got up expressly for the fun of cooking freshly-captured schnapper at a bush-fire. To do so properly is not so simple as you might suppose. It requires a true bush-training in culinary art, and I have sometimes sat on the shore admiringly watching one of the boatmen (Joe, a most jocular old black man from Cape de Verd) preparing the great dish for our picnic feast. First he cut up squares of fat bacon, with shreds of onion, lumps of potato, and pieces of schnapper, and then left his broth to boil while he set to work to fry mutton chops, and to prepare the 'billy' (tin pannikin) of tea boiled with milk, which invariably holds the place of honour at every colonial meal. In due time the schnapper broth sent forth a savoury odour, which, mingling with the crisp sea-air, proved truly appetising, and I need scarcely say we one and all did full justice to old Joe's bush-cooking.

Sometimes the entertainment is varied by a dish of fine cray-fish or crabs or prawns, and sometimes by most delicate oysters. But the correct way to eat the latter is to go to the rocks, armed with a small hammer, and knock them off one by one, just as you want them. There are regular oyster picnics, to which those invited are expected to bring their own hammer, bread and butter, and a tiny bottle of vinegar; and great is the execution done on these occasions. But the oyster-beds in the more accessible parts of the harbour have suffered severely from the ruthless habit, which long prevailed, of kindling a huge bonfire, and then raising a large piece of rock, thickly covered with oysters of all sizes, and roasting it. Of course for every oyster of edible size thus cooked, an immense number of baby oysters perished, and so these gluttonous festivals have proved seriously injurious to the present supply.

(To be concluded.)

THE LAST OF THE HUGUENOT MARTYRS.

BY THE REV. J. ROBINSON GREGORY.

(Concluded from page 102.)

The story of the trial and execution of Calas was carried slowly throughout France, evoking everywhere expressions of helpless

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indignation. It reached the ears of Voltaire, then resident near Geneva, whither Madame Calas had fled for refuge. He sent for the widow, listened to her tale, and determined to exert himself to the utmost to undo the injustice, so far as it could be remedied. Nothing in Voltaire's life is so creditable to him as his conduct in reference to Jean Calas, especially if we reckon his subsequent exertions on behalf of oppressed Protestants as part of the same good work. One wonders to see the sceptic, the avowed foe of Christianity, straining every nerve and incurring considerable expense, in order to benefit the servants of the God in Whom he professed to disbelieve. The surprise grows greater when we remember that Voltaire regarded the Huguenots with a curious mixture of contempt and alarm. He thought them ignorant revolutionists. He despised their intellectual position and capacity; he feared their principles, which he erroneously fancied were democratic and republican. But with Voltaire hatred of injustice amounted to a passion, and we are bound to give him full credit for the services he rendered to the persecuted Huguenots.

Voltaire began his campaign by endeavouring to bring the public opinion of all Europe to bear upon the French Government. He wrote numerous letters to newspapers in different languages. He poured forth a continuous stream of epistles to his many friends of exalted and even royal rank. He was visited perpetually by distinguished strangers anxious to be honoured with the acquaintance of so celebrated a man; to every one he spoke of Jean Calas, and tried to communicate a portion of his own enthusiasm. He appealed personally to the Duc de Choiseul, the Secretary of State, and the most important of French ministers. He managed to enlist some of the ladies of the court in his favour. And he even attempted to shame bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries into assisting him. At length his efforts issued in the appointment of a special commission to re-investigate the entire matter.

Voltaire's labours were not yet ended. He prepared the case to present to the tribunal, and himself instructed some of the ablest and most brilliant lawyers at the French bar to support it. The Romish Church, which had spared no pains to prevent a new trial being held, struggled hard to obtain a verdict in its own favour. The result, however, was that Jean Calas was declared innocent, and the judges were censured for their management of his original trial. The sentence was formally reversed, but then it had already been carried into effect. The Government granted the family very large pecuniary compensation; and, so far as they were concerned, the matter ended. It is noteworthy that the decree of innocence was passed on March 9th, 1765, three years to a day after the victim had been cruelly slaughtered.

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David de Beaudrigue had been troubled in conscience from the first. He pressed close to Calas at the execution, not to delight himself with the torture, as was supposed, but in the hope of hearing a confession of guilt. After the finding of the special commission, his brain gave way; he was confined in a mad-house, where he committed suicide. The outcry at the infamous murder of Calas made it thenceforth impossible to put a Huguenot to death on account of his religion. Evidence was not wanting that the persecuting spirit remained, but it was forced to content itself with harmless if not ridiculous manifestations. In 1767 Pastor Berenger was condemned to death by the Parliament of Grenoble, but no serious attempt was made to arrest him, and the authorities hanged an effigy in his stead. Six years later two ministers were arbitrarily thrown into prison, where one died after little more than a week's confinement. The other was released, and banished the country by *lettre-de-cachet*. But as a rule, the Huguenots not actually in prison were unmolested, so far as the employment of force is concerned. Still, large numbers of Huguenots languished in confinement, or toiled painfully in the galleys. Their release was owing to an instrument almost as unlikely as Voltaire himself. A sceptic turned the edge of the sword; a play-wright opened the prison-gates.

On New Year's Day, 1756, the Huguenots of Nîmes gathered together for public worship in a valley called the Lecque. They were surprised by a body of soldiers, and every one endeavoured to escape. But the Lecque, though well concealed and thus a favourite resort for religious meetings, was surrounded on three sides by rocks not easily scaled. Thus the old and feeble were captured with scarcely a chance of flight. Jean Fabre, a young man of some position among the tradesmen of the city, had made good his escape. News was brought to him that his father, an old man of seventy-eight years, had been captured. He hastened to his father's captors and begged them to let his father go and accept him as a prisoner in his stead. At length he dragged his father from the hands of the soldiers, and placed himself in their custody. With great reluctance the officer in command allowed the substitution.

From Nîmes Jean Fabre was sent to Montpellier, without being permitted to take leave of his relatives or of the lady whom he expected shortly to marry. In due course he was condemned to the galleys for life. Vigorous efforts were put forth to obtain his pardon, but vainly. The governor of the province offered to release him on condition that Paul Rabaut would exile himself voluntarily from France. So great was the Huguenot admiration of his filial piety and commiseration for his hard fate, that it is quite possible that this bargain would

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have been accomplished, but for the doubts every one had of the good faith of the offer, doubts which both Rabaut and Fabre fully shared.

In the galleys the young convict's sufferings were unusually severe, a weak digestion rendering the coarse food provided little better than poison to him. Illness succeeded illness, even when his friends contrived to convey to him proper nourishment and a few other meagre comforts. There is reason to believe that he would have been liberated but for the enmity to the Huguenots of Saint Florentin, the Secretary of State, and his malicious pleasure in detaining in custody one whose misfortunes they so keenly felt.

Several years passed, and all hope of obtaining Jean Fabre's freedom seems to have been abandoned. Then a fresh trial fell on him. The lady betrothed to him received a highly advantageous offer of marriage, which her palsy-stricken, impoverished father urged her to accept. Fabre, he argued, would die in the galleys; her constancy would not be of the slightest service to him. The case was referred to the prisoner. His love for her who had promised to be his wife was strong, yet what could he do but cancel an engagement never likely to be fulfilled? The lady consented, under constant pressure, for her parent's sake, to marry her second lover. The wedding-day was fixed, but on the very day, or its eve, she repented, declaring her continued attachment to the galley-slave, and her firm resolution to marry no other. The story of her faithfulness got wind, and stimulated renewed efforts for Fabre's release. Some French officers in Frankfort took up the matter warmly, and brought it under the immediate notice of the Duc de Choiseul, the Minister of Marine. He had always shown himself friendly to the Huguenots, and was well known for his hearty hatred of oppression. Even his influence failed to procure the assent of Saint Florentin to a free pardon, and this M. de Choiseul was not able himself to grant. Fabre, however, was employed as a rower in the naval service, and the Minister of Marine could and did of his own authority grant him perpetual leave of absence. But Fabre, being still legally a galley-slave, could not marry, and the avowed enmity of the Secretary of State compelled him to live in the closest retirement. The Duc de Choiseul prevailed upon the Duchesse de Grammont, the Duchesse de Villeroy, and other ladies of the Court to plead for Fabre with the King. Their exertions procured a Commission of Enquiry, and finally a reversal of the iniquitous sentence. Jean Fabre and the lady who had so long and so nobly remained constant to him were united, and to all appearance the matter had come to an end.

A second-rate poet, Fenouillot de Falbaire, whose name might have

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perished but for his connection with Jean Fabre, conceived the happy idea of dramatising his story. The play became fashionable for both public and private theatricals. The indignation and pity of France were aroused; men and women of rank and culture vied with each other in eagerness to help the captive Huguenots, and in a very short time gaol and galley had given up their last victim condemned for the faith. Touching stories are told of this grand gaol delivery. The Prince de Beauveau visited the infamous Tower of Constance, to find fourteen females shut up in a small, dark, unventilated apartment, the misery of which defies description. The youngest of them had reached her fiftieth year, and one had been confined since she was but eight years old, because her mother had taken her to a Protestant service. Many men were liberated who had been chained to the oar for a quarter of a century and upwards.

After the release of the last convict for religion, the position of the French Protestants was by no means enviable. Their marriages were illegal, their children illegitimate; they could not lawfully hold any public office, and were exposed to incessant social persecution. The Edict of Toleration, published in 1787, removed all civil liabilities; but it declared that 'the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion alone shall continue to enjoy the right of public worship in our realm.' In less than two years the Declaration of Rights destroyed for ever all civil and political differences between Frenchmen on account of religion. It is interesting to hear the son of Paul Rabaut, known to history as Rabaut Saint-Etienne, pleading in the Constituent Assembly for absolute freedom of conscience; not, as he said, for *toleration*, but for *liberty*. A more eloquent and statesmanlike oration few legislatures have heard. One sentence I must do myself the pleasure of quoting: 'I demand for all who are not Catholics, exactly what you demand for yourselves: equality of rights, liberty, the liberty of their religion, the liberty of their worship; liberty to celebrate that worship in churches consecrated for that purpose; the certainty that they shall never be troubled on account of their religion, any more than you are on account of yours; and the perfect assurance of being protected as you are, as thoroughly as you are, in the same manner as you are, by our common law.' The plea was successful.

The Assembly honoured itself by electing Rabaut Saint-Etienne its President in succession to the Abbé Montesquieu. Saint-Etienne resolutely declined to vote for the death of Louis XVI., and for a while arrested the tide of revolution. At last he was deposed and put to death. Shortly afterwards the Revolution was consummated.

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REDEMPTION NIGH.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

'But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.'—1 THESSALONIANS v. 4.

HE cometh—HE, your Saviour and your Lord;
He cometh hitherward:
Plague, earthquake, whirlwind, dearth, devouring flame,
His advent loud proclaim.
His foes, who love the dark more than the day,
Grow pale with fear, and well they may;
For as a robber cometh in the night,
So swift their doom shall be when dawns that morning's light.

But ye, to your loved Lord and Saviour dear,
May meet Him and not fear:
No longer of the night and of the dark,
He comes to save you. Hark!
Behold the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out
To meet Him with exultant shout.
What! shrink ye from the morning's strengthening glow?
The Master is at hand, to meet Him gladly go.

Shall the scarred soldier wage eternal war,
And know sweet peace no more?
The sower still pursue his dull employ,
To win no harvest joy?
The battered mariner for ever roam,
No more to taste the sweets of home?
No! but for Hope, which guides and comforteth,
The glow of life must wane to one long gloom of death.

Ho, warrior! hither comes thy Prince with peace,
And cruel discords cease.
He shall the weeping sower's patient toil
Reward with richest spoil;
The pilgrim worn to home and friends restore,
To clasp, to kiss, to part no more.
Speed to His wedding, for the happy Bride
Hath made her ready for her station at His side.

FACT AND FANCY.

BY HELEN BRISTON.

'We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.'

'AT last a little peace! What a real treat it is to see grandma's chair empty, and to know that however I may please to spend this half-hour, I shall not hear her break forth with "Geraldine, why do you not get some needle-work?" or, "It's very sad, my dear, to see a young girl like you wasting so much time over idle story-books;" or some such wise speech. For my part, I think it's very sad that a young girl like me should be cooped up with a crabbed old woman. Whatever could have made grandpa marry her, I wonder! But I dare say he was as peculiar as she is! Dear me! There *are* some funny people in the world.'

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The speaker was kneeling before a small, bright fire, warming her hands. She was not more than sixteen, and her face was of a pleasing type, glowing with health, and by no means devoid of beauty. As she held out the tips of her fingers towards the pleasant blaze, she looked down upon them wistfully.

'If I had great coarse hands it would not seem unsuitable for me to make puddings and dust rooms; but I have not, I know my hands were given me for something better than that. What a tussle I had with grandma'—glancing to the other side of the room—'before I could persuade her to buy me that piano! What a lot of people she consulted as to whether it were really necessary for us to have it, and whether I couldn't go out somewhere to practice instead. All she thinks about is that I should be domesticated. *Domesticated!* O! what a hateful word that is! A great many girls would not stand all I have to; but I cannot bear to quarrel, and so I do whatever I am ordered—at least, *generally*—just for the sake of peace.' The girl rose, and going across to the piano, opened it. She played well, and she knew it. Her grandmother was inclined to find fault that so much time was spent in practising: she believed it a far greater accomplishment to be able to sew well than to play well. *She* grew very tired of Geraldine's grand performances, and often insisted upon the piano's being closed in the middle of a piece, because she could not endure the 'jingling' any longer. But there was no one to interfere now, and up and down the key-board those tapering fingers wandered, delighting in the unusual freedom which their mistress allowed them. The fire began to burn hollow and dead; but it was unnoticed. Even when the music ceased, and the player suddenly wheeled round upon the stool, she did not glance towards the fire-place: she turned her head to the window, and fixed her gaze upon the large, white stone house opposite, with a carriage-sweep in front.

Just at that moment a carriage came up the street at a sharp trot. It turned in, and drew up at the door of the house Geraldine was regarding so fixedly.

'There!' she exclaimed, 'those must be the Mimingtons come back. Grandma said she heard they were coming; and I should think it is time! For four years that house has been shut up. Such a handsome house, too; it *ought* to be lived in. What a nice little family,—father, mother, son and daughter. A small family for that big house; but then of course they are rich and can always have plenty of company staying to make it lively. How I wish we had some one to stay sometimes!' In a minute or two the occupants of the carriage were all housed, and the vehicle itself was driven off.

Geraldine saw the door of the house shut, but she sat still gazing

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at the stone front and wide bay windows; and while she sat so silent, with her eyes turned in this direction, her fancy was busy. Suppose that instead of being left as she was, a legacy by her father to her grandmother, she had been left to the care of that tall, majestic-looking woman who had stepped with the air of a duchess from the carriage. How easy it must be to be commanded by such a woman as that! If she had been her aunt, for instance, or some other relative! Geraldine had not seen the face of the father, but she had caught a glimpse of the son and daughter, and both faces had attracted her, for both were handsome, and she had a great admiration for handsome people. Yes! What a different life hers might have been if only fortune had so favoured her as to bring her, an orphan child, to that grand house rather than to this small, insignificant one, where she had for her sole companion an 'old, fidgety, narrow-minded grandmother.' Suppose, now—just suppose—that she had come home this afternoon with that family from France (she fancied they had been in France lately), she would not only be a far more accomplished musician than she was now, but a good linguist as well; she would go with them into the best society in the town; she would be presented at Court; she would have that nice, clever-looking girl for her confidante and companion—just such an one as she had always longed for; and, perhaps—why not? such things often happened—the girl's brother for her lover; and by-and-by that fine house would be hers, she would be mistress of it, and she would give dinner parties and evening parties—how nice those wide rooms must look brilliantly lighted and filled with guests; and she should be hostess, and she would wear....

'Geraldine, how is it that the fire is out?'

Geraldine sprang from her seat with a start. Ah! it was only fancy after all, and the hum-drum life had to be continued.

By the bay window of that white stone house, thirty years later, sat a middle-aged lady. Her hair was already turning gray, and her face wore a troubled look, as if she had known much sorrow. Could it be that the bright, wistful girl whose fancy had led her to picture herself the mistress of this house, had developed into such a sad-looking woman? And had her dream been realized?

Only in part, and that part she would not have expected to happen as it did.

Her grandmother died suddenly one night. Geraldine knew of no other relations; she had no intimate friends. She was bewildered, stupefied by the blow that had fallen upon her; and when a kind, fatherly man stooped down and said to her, 'Come over to my house,

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my dear, and leave others to see to things,' she gladly followed him, hardly knowing who it was that addressed her, until she found herself a guest in the house of which she had once longed to be mistress.

But this was not the ideal family Geraldine had, in her girlish simplicity, imagined it to be. The mother and daughter were much alike in disposition, proud and overbearing, and their similarity led to jealousy between them; the father was kind, but little thought of or regarded in his own house; the son, as Geraldine found out too late, utterly selfish.

The daughter married; the son also married, and Geraldine's wish was granted, she became mistress of the white stone house. Only nominally, though, for a time; for the mother and father still shared their son's home, and the proud, clever woman of the world could not be content to stand on one side to make room for a mere girl who had been into 'no society,' and knew 'literally nothing of etiquette.' Poor Geraldine! it had been 'vanity and vexation of spirit' continually.

But for many years now she had been *really* mistress of that house. Her children were growing up around her; but somehow, she did not know how it was, she never thought of according blame to herself for it—they did not love and reverence her as she had hoped they would do. There was only one among them who showed her mother any special tenderness, and her love seemed to spring as much from pity as from any other source. She crept in gently as the sad eyes looked wistfully out into the street, this youngest child—she was named Geraldine, after her mother,—and came and stood by the window too. The elder Geraldine turned and saw her, and putting forth her arm, the child nestled within it.

'You are looking at that little house, mother! That was where great-grandmamma died, was it not? and where you lived when you were young? Only father does not like us to talk about your living there: he says great-grandmamma had a lot of money although she lived in such a small house. You never thought then that you would ever live here, did you, mother?'

'I remember once wishing to,' replied the mother; and then went on, more to herself than to the child, 'A foolish girl of sixteen sitting there in that neat little room, and imagining the pleasure of being mistress of this large house. O! poor old grandmother, and poor little home, humble as ye were, how often would I have been glad to have returned to you! O, how I have wished for those despised days back again; to be a girl once more, to forget the grandeur, or still only to fancy what "high life" is like, and to be recalled to existing

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circumstances by my grandmother's voice ordering me to perform some common-place duty.'

'You don't wish to go back to all that now, mother, do you?'

The voice was pleading, the gentle eyes looked straight into those of which they were the fac-simile.

'No, Geraldine, not to part from you,' was the almost tearful reply. 'But take care how you dream about the future, my child. If you look forward to a great deal of joy in life, remember it is only fancy after all, and life itself is a stern, stubborn fact; you will awake to find it so, and to find how little real pleasure there is in the things that appear most attractive.'

There was a silence in the large, lofty room for some minutes. Mother and child had each her separate thoughts. The child broke it:

'Mother, I don't want to fancy things that are not true. I was very unhappy the other night, you were unhappy, and I can't be happy if I feel you are not. I knelt down to say my prayers. I like to say my prayers just as I did when I was a very little child. I could not help crying a good deal, I felt so very sad. I felt as if I wanted some one to love me; I knew you did; but then, you had been very troubled and busy with different things all day, and I had hardly seen anything of you. And all at once it came into my mind, "*God* loves you." It seemed just as if an angel had whispered it to me, and I have been so happy ever since. But if you think it was only a fancy, mother, perhaps I had better not think of it any more, for fear of waking up to find it not true!'

'No, no, darling, you will not find *that* untrue. I would that such a whisper might reach *me*, but I cannot expect it. My hopes have all been centred on earth; I have asked for nothing higher, why should it be given me?'

'But God does love you, mother; I am sure He does.'

That *was* the whisper; the mother needed no angel to speak it in *her* ear. From the lips of her favourite child, whom she was wont to call in secret her one comfort, she received the sweet truth which was no picture of the imagination that she would by and by discover to be false or imperfect.

No! it was truth, perfect truth; and she received it humbly,—for life had taught her many lessons,—and treasured it in her heart.

No wonder that from that time the fruitless repinings grew less and less, and at length ceased altogether; no wonder that the awakened soul gathered up all the energies that had been lying dormant so long, and that there began to be more love between mother and children, and fewer grievous words between husband and wife; no wonder, either, that the mother still clung with especial

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fondness to that child who had brought to her the message that God loved her, and that the knowledge of that love was a fresh bond of sympathy between them, stronger than had yet existed.

They had been happy dreams, those fancies of future riches and grandeur which had filled the mind of the girl Geraldine as she sat with her back to the piano, gazing at the handsome stone house; but though as a woman she had often longed for girlhood's days back again, when once she *realized* the great fact that God loved her, she was content to live in the present, looking neither before nor behind, but doing all for His glory.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Reminiscences of Isaac Marsden of Doncaster. By JOHN TAYLOR. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road. — This is a most interesting book, and should have a very wide circulation. Isaac Marsden's methods both of preaching and working were original and frequently eccentric, but his whole life was unreservedly consecrated to God, and his labours were marvellously blessed. All who believe in 'Christianity in earnest,' will be charmed with this biography.

Twilight Tales for Tiny Folk; or, Tales told in the Firelight. Manchester: John Heywood. London: S. W. Partridge.—A beautiful little book for children; well got-up in binding, printing, paper, and illustrations. The stories are written in bright, lively fashion, and will not fail to please the tiny people for whom they were prepared, as well as their older friends.

The Young Bankrupt, and other Stories. By JOHN COLWELL. T. Woolmer.—This attractive little book contains three temperance stories, written in Mr. Colwell's well-known and popular style. The evils of intemperance are so great that we cannot too early give our boys and girls a wholesome fear of 'the drink.'

Matthew Henry's Commentary. Part I. Hodder and Stoughton.—Our time is very fruitful in good commenting. Indeed the Bible-student is almost bewildered by the vast number of really valuable helps which are continually offered to him. The modern commentators, however, have not made Matthew Henry old-fashioned; and we are glad to find that his invaluable work is now being re-issued in monthly parts. The work is to be completed in nine numbers, price three and sixpence each. Mr. Spurgeon says: 'Every minister ought to read Matthew Henry entirely and carefully through once at least.' Such a study will well repay any man; but to lay-preachers, and to ministers in country districts, he is specially valuable, for his notes are full of 'marrow and fatness'—good sermon-making material.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR APRIL, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*
April	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	5 36	6 33	5 27m	4 26m	5 1m	1 15m	10 20a
11	5 14	6 49	5 14	4 12	4 35	0 42	9 47
			Sets.				
21	4 53	7 6	7 41a	3 56	4 8	0 10	9 15
May							
1	4 33	7 22	9 4	3 38	3 41	11 36a	8 42

PHASES OF THE MOON.

April 7th, New Moon . 1h. 36m. after. | „ 22nd, Full Moon 11h. 27m. morn
„ 14th, First Quarter 8h. 50m. morn. | „ 30th, Last Quarter 7h. 3m. morn

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 7th . . 10h. morn., Perigee . . . 221,872 miles.
„ 20th. . . . 6h. after., Apogee . . . 252,430 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 237,151 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 1st . . . . . 91,664,550 miles.
May 1st . . . . . 92,420,640 „
Increase of distance for the month . . 756,090 „

A partial eclipse of the Moon occurs on April 22, visible in the Pacific Ocean and the countries adjoining. At the greatest phase, 21 min. before noon, Greenwich time, only one-twelfth of the Moon's diameter will be obscured.

Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 16th, at 11h. in the morning. It is a morning star before that time, and an evening star after. Toward the end of the month it may be seen with the naked eye after sunset. On the 6th, at midnight, it will be in conjunction with the Moon, the planet being five degs. southward. It will be at its greatest distance southward from the ecliptic on the 1st, at 1h. in the morning, and in the ecliptic on the 20th, at the same hour. On the afternoon of the 24th it will be in perihelion, and on the morning of the 27th in conjunction with Neptune, which will then be three deg. northward of Mercury.

Venus is a morning star, rising about an hour before the Sun, and thus barely visible in the morning twilight. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 4th, at six in the evening.

Mars is a morning star, but too near the Sun to be visible. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 5th, and in perihelion on the 13th, at 3h. in the afternoon.

Jupiter sets at midnight on the 23rd. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 12th. A remarkable configuration of the satellites may be witnessed on the 3rd, at half-past nine in the evening: the first and third will be at an equal distance from the primary on the east, and the second and fourth about the same distance on the west. They will present the appearance of two double stars, the components of each pair being at equal distances from one another.

Saturn will be occulted by the Moon on the morning of the 10th. The conjunction in right ascension occurs 1h. 3m. 51s. after midnight, and therefore far below our horizon. The longest diameter of Saturn's ring is over thirty-seven sec., the shortest over fifteen sec.

Uranus crosses the meridian on the 12th, at 10h., and on the 27th at 9h. in the evening: altitude 43 deg.

Neptune is near the Sun.

HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, PRINTERS, LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

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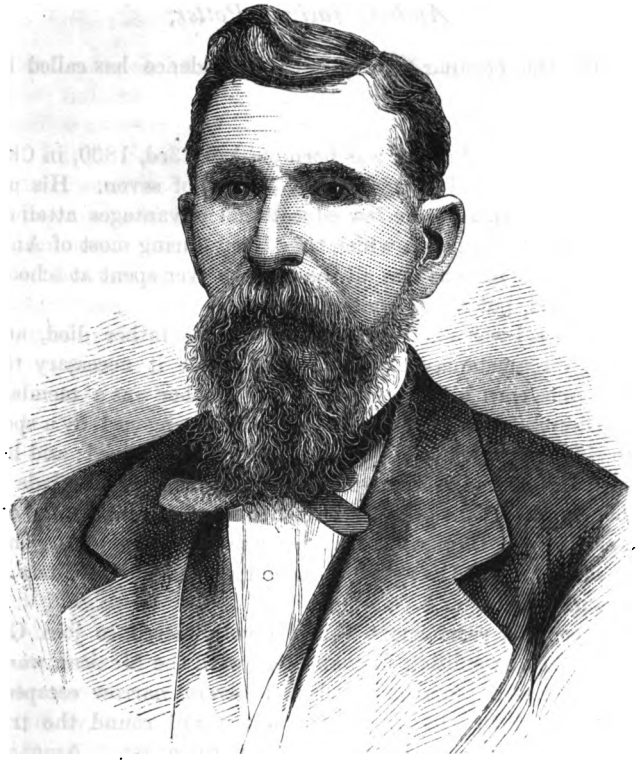

ANDREW JACKSON POTTER,

THE 'FIGHTING PARSON' OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

AMONGST the delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church South to the Œcumenical Methodist Conference was the Rev. I. G. John, D.D., a man of small stature, but of considerable intellectual power. He had been, through God's blessing, the means of bringing many souls from darkness to light. Amongst these converts probably the most remarkable was the Rev. A. J. Potter, now Presiding Elder of the Border District of the West Texas Conference, a man whose career is so remarkable as to justify the publication of his biography whilst he still lives.* His life strikingly illustrates the wildness of the border land between Texas and Mexico, and shows as strikingly the power of the Gospel to control and utilize even the roughest and least religiously disposed. Mr. Potter's early career was apparently as far removed from good and gracious influences as possible, yet its very roughness and romance have no doubt helped to

* *Andrew Jackson Potter, the 'Fighting Parson' of the Texan Frontier.* By the Rev. H. A. Graves. Nashville, Tenn. Southern Methodist Publishing House.

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fit him for the peculiar work which Providence has called him to undertake.

ANDREW JACKSON POTTER was born on April 3rd, 1830, in Cheriton County, Missouri, and was one of a family of seven. His parents were poor, and there were few educational advantages attainable in the wild border country in which they lived during most of Andrew's boyhood. Three months was all the time he ever spent at school. He learned to read, but not to write.

When the lad was about ten years of age his father died, and the straitened circumstances of the family made it necessary that he should at once earn his own living. His mother was a member of a Baptist Church, yet she allowed the boy to be engaged by a sporting-man to ride in horse-races. The natural result followed; and he soon became one of the wildest, most careless and most godless lads in the neighbourhood. Naturally bold and fond of adventure, he took to his employment with great zest, and it was a common saying that 'it did not matter about the speed of the horses, the one that little Potter rides is sure to win.'

After about six years spent thus he volunteered to join General Sterling Price's expedition in connection with the Mexican war. He was employed as a teamster; and had several narrow escapes from being murdered by the Indians who hovered round the train of baggage-wagons ever ready to attack at unawares. Amongst the wild fellows who were his comrades, Andrew became more reckless than ever, and on several occasions attempted to take the life of those who offended him. Once when a powerful fellow had ill-treated him, he waited for his revenge till night-time, and then arming himself with a butcher's knife and an oak wagon-standard, he came behind his foe as he stood by the camp-fire, struck him a violent blow on the back of the head which knocked him into the fire, and then drew his knife, intending to complete his work, but was pulled away by the bystanders. For this offence he was imprisoned in a covered wagon; but overhearing the men discussing his conduct in unfavourable terms, he fired at them with an old musket which happened to be in the wagon. Fortunately no harm was done, and a second time he was preserved from the terrible crime of murder. When remonstrated with, and told that he was 'a boy, and should keep in a boy's place,' he answered, 'If it is my misfortune to be a boy, that is no reason why I should be imposed on. A man should keep in a man's place.'

The baggage train reached Santa Fé early in 1847, and Andrew Potter immediately enlisted, and at the close of the campaign still remained in the service. For five years he crossed and recrossed the

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vast plains between Missouri and Mexico in continual peril from the merciless Indians. Again and again when his companions were murdered he escaped as by a miracle—preserved by God's Providence for the better work he was one day to do. Once when he had incautiously separated from his companions, he saw a troop of Indians descending upon him at break-neck speed, but his mule bore him faster still, and though the long tethering-rope dragged after it, he succeeded in reaching his friends, who, seeing his peril, hastened to his help before the savages could overtake him. 'I tell you, I got the speed out of my hybrid that time,' is his characteristic comment on the occurrence.

At another time he and two other lads went to assist in capturing a buffalo. They had hardly started, when a sudden presentiment warned him not to go on. He returned, but his comrades went on. They were overtaken by the Indians, one murdered on the spot, and the other so mutilated that he died after three months of indescribable suffering.

With all young Potter's reckless courage there was mingled much that was good and noble. Any one might have seen that he had in him the *making* of a true hero, and this was especially shown in his tender care for his sick comrades. When the cholera broke out in 1851, the two sides of his character were strikingly illustrated by his method of dealing with a sham patient and a real one.

A man wishing to create a scare came into the camp, lay down wrapped in his blanket, and professed to be dangerously ill. Feeling sure that there was nothing the matter, Potter agreed to try and cure him. When asked if he was really ill, the man replied with an oath. This was too much for our hero. 'Some old seasoned oaken clapboards,' he says, 'lay near by, and I gathered one and lit in on him. He arose and ran, and my clapboard followed him about fifty yards, hitting him at each jump, pop! pop! Then the cholera excitement cooled down in our camp.'

In a short time, however, the foe appeared in terrible earnest, and the cook was stricken with the fell disease. All his comrades fled in terror, except young Potter, who remained alone with the sufferer, ministering to him with all the tenderness of a woman. In order to keep off the cramp he rubbed the poor fellow constantly, until he himself fell down from sheer exhaustion; but when the pain recommenced, the patient's screams roused him, and he continued his task. His devotion was rewarded, and his comrade's life was spared. One might be sure that a young man with such stuff in him was too good for the devil's service, but it was some time ere he entered the service of his rightful Lord.

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After six years of wild adventure as a soldier he determined to return to West Texas—the nearest point of civilization—so he equipped seven men at his own expense to escort him. At this time he speaks of himself as in perfect physical health, but 'a moral wreck.'

In 1852 he went to visit a brother at York's Creek, in Hay's county. Whilst here he had a severe attack of typhoid fever. His illness seems to have sobered him somewhat, for he went to hear 'a little Methodist Preacher,' the Rev. I. G. John. He did not yield to the truth at once. But he learnt to respect the Minister, of whom he used to speak as 'my Preacher,' and never lost an opportunity of hearing him. Yet he plunged more deeply into sin than ever. Drink, gambling and bad company filled up his days, and he became a recognised leader in all kinds of outrageous wickedness. Some of his adventures were, however, so amusing that even the magistrates could not find it in their hearts to deal hardly with him.

Here is his own account of his difficulties: 'Almost every time I went to town I was invited over to the mayor's office, charged with violating some Corporation law. The Mayor, Judge O'Connor, was a good-hearted man, and generally let me off with a moderate fine. On a certain occasion the city-marshal got a writ for me in which I was charged with riding on the side-walks and creating a noise in the streets. I told him he had better deputize some gentlemen to arrest me, that if he undertook it I should hurt him; but he persisted, and I struck him down, knocking out two of his teeth. I then told them all to "hands off," that if they would let me alone I would go to the mayor's office and pay my fines, which I did, being followed by quite a large crowd. I walked in and told the mayor I supposed I was in his debt some, and was ready to settle. He said I was charged with two offences, and that he would fix the fines at five dollars and costs in each case. It was Saturday evening, and I managed to dodge out of town before they could arrest me for striking the marshal. I went back to town the next morning, knowing that they would not disturb me on Sunday. I saw the mayor, and told him I would come in, plead guilty, and submit the case to him. So I went according to promise....I addressed the mayor, saying I had come for another settlement, and telling him I had been a good customer and thought he should let me off as lightly as possible....He replied, "Andy, you know that it is a very serious matter to strike an officer when in the discharge of his duty." "If your honour please, I don't know anything about that; I only want to know what I am going to have to pay." "Well, Andy, I have considered this case in the light of all the facts, and I have come to the conclusion to impose a fine on you to the amount"—and here he paused—"To the amount of

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what? if your honour please," said I; "I am anxious to get through with this settlement." "Well, Andy," he then replied, "there are a combination of circumstances connected with this anomalous affair; and as mayor of this city, it is my duty to see that the laws are duly executed in the name of God and liberty and municipal authority." Here he assumed an unusual amount of gravity, and said, "I fine you five dollars and no costs." I instantly drew out the money, and said, "Sir, we can trade; here it is."'

These repeated fines reduced him to bankruptcy, and he determined to raise the money by means of a Concert, in which he announced himself as 'Signor Blitz'—a man who at that time was making some stir with his popular entertainments. Potter took the printer and door-keeper into his confidence, and having posted bills all over the town during the night, he disguised himself as well as he could, and appeared before a large audience to conduct the entertainment. He says, 'I did not know but that I might have to fight out of the scrape, so I had armed myself with a revolver and a bowie-knife. No one recognised me, but a certain doctor advanced with his pistol, and said, "I want to know who you are." I put my hand on my revolver and told him to take his seat, and I would tell him who I was at a proper time. He obeyed me.' In conclusion, he informed the audience of what he had done and why he had done it, adding, 'I think I am now about even with this corporation.' The crowd enjoyed the joke immensely, and carried him off to a public-house, where they insisted on his continuing his performance till one o'clock the next morning.

Wild as he was he was never cowardly or cruel, and was ever ready to do rough-and-ready justice to the oppressed. A neighbour of his, an old Dutchman, was in the habit of ill-treating his wife, and the fact being reported to Potter he determined to cure him. He found the old woman, on a bitterly cold night, sobbing piteously outside the house. Knocking at the door he bade the old man open it at once, and on his refusal burst it in. The old man was sitting by the fire. Potter had a large stone in his hand, which he threw at him, knocking the wife-beater into the fire, from whence he pulled him out quickly, and was about to administer further punishment when the old lady interfered and entreated him to have mercy. He left them together, the wife dressing her husband's wounds. As soon as he could walk the old man applied to a justice of the peace for a warrant against his assailant. The magistrate replied in true American fashion by taking him to a pile of boards near the door, and saying, 'Now, Sir, if you don't go home and behave yourself, I will take one of those boards and wear it out on you, and if ever I hear of your whipping

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your wife again, I will get Potter and come over and hang you.' Which answer would fairly justify a reversal of the old story, for in this case the *law* was not at home, but the *justice* was.

The turning-point in his life was now near at hand. In the year 1856 a great camp-meeting was held in Bastrop, and amongst the converts was Potter's chief friend, a young man named Smithwick. The conversion of his comrade made a deep impression upon him, and he said to him, 'If you will say to me upon the honour of your soul that there is a reality in this religion, I will seek for it.' Smithwick assured him that there was a blessed 'reality' in the religion of Jesus, so Potter went home for his wife, and to her astonishment invited her to accompany him to the camp-meeting.

'His Preacher,' the Rev. I. G. John, was in the stand preaching with great power, and erelong penitential tears were streaming from Andrew Potter's eyes for the first time in his life. Many of his bad companions were kneeling at the penitent form, or were rejoicing in the newly-found Saviour, but pride kept their old leader from yielding at the first. For three days he 'lingered about the meeting,' unable to resist, yet unwilling to yield to the call of the Gospel. At length as Mr. John was preaching, he could 'hold out no more,' and in an agony of penitence reached the altar, 'by the aid of two good men.' He was urged to join the Church; but, on account of the abandoned life he had led, refused; fearing that old habits would prove too strong for the new grace. At last he consented to take this decisive step, and says, 'I arose and gave the Preacher my trembling hand, and just then heaven seemed to open and pour its treasures of bliss into my willing heart.'

From that hour the new life began, and Potter threw himself into the Lord's work with characteristic energy. He could not write, and hardly knew anything of the Bible; 'but,' he says, 'I felt that God loved all men as He loved me; as I was the chief of sinners, I could testify that much for Jesus.'

Methodist organization was not very complex in those days in that wild region, so the new convert was soon in office, and was appointed a Leader when he had only attended one Class-meeting. Presently Mr. John pressed him into further service, and he began a weekly Prayer-meeting in a neighbour's house. At the first meeting the young Leader was astonished and distressed to find how many people came to witness his first attempt in his new vocation. The house and yard were filled with people, amongst whom only one besides Potter could lead in prayer. 'I began the service,' he says, 'by reading a chapter and singing a hymn, and then tried to pray. After prayer I talked till I ran out of something to say; then I called on

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the other brother to pray, and then we sang again, and by the time we had prayed two or three times by turns things got into such a fix that I was at a loss to know what to do, and I began to think that the whole thing was a failure, and dismissed with a downcast heart.'

But that Prayer-meeting was the beginning of a glorious revival, which resulted in the establishment of a flourishing Church in a neighbourhood where Gospel preaching had been hitherto unknown.

(To be concluded.)

GOD WITH US, AS WITH OUR FATHERS.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE.

'The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers: let Him not leave us, nor forsake us.'—1 KINGS VIII. 57.

MY text, as you know, is from the prayer that Solomon offered at the consecration of the Temple—the most sublime prayer, I suppose, that was ever offered from human lips. It was marked by deep reverence, and great humility, and it everywhere recognises man's absolute dependence upon God. My text may be regarded as almost a summary of this prayer; and it has struck me as being specially applicable to the peculiar circumstances under which we are met to-night. 'The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers: let Him not leave us, nor forsake us.' You will see that there is, first, a grateful recognition of God's presence with the fathers. When Solomon uttered these words he, of course, referred to the fathers of the Jewish nation. And who can doubt that God was with them? An almost unbroken series of miracles proclaimed His presence. I wish to apply the words to our Methodist fathers, and an almost—may I not say a quite?—unbroken series of moral miracles demonstrated His presence with them. Let us look at them for a while, that we may be humbled and stimulated, and so led to copy their example, that we may be prepared to carry out and complete the work which they began. One of the great defects of the present generation of Methodists is their want of acquaintance with their Methodist forefathers. There are, I fear, a large number of our young Methodists growing up to whom the names of, say, John Nelson and Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, have no charm. This ought not so to be; and if to-night, in the few words that I shall speak, I can only persuade the young people who are listening to me to go home and study the glorious biographies which we possess, I am quite sure that our meeting will not have been in vain.

* A Sermon preached at the last service in Oldham-street Chapel, Manchester.

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Let us look then, I repeat, for a moment or two at our Methodist forefathers, and we shall see that 'there were giants in those days.' Mine is a very rough sketch of them, and must therefore be very imperfect; but look first at their faith. They were men 'strong in faith, giving glory to God.' The late George Dawson said that what the world wanted was a church for doubters. I thank God the Methodist Church has never been able to supply that want. Ours is a church for 'believers.' For 'believers suffering,' it may be; for 'believers fighting,' it may be; for 'believers working,' it may be; but not for believers doubting. Their faith was simple, and strong. What God said, they believed, because God said it; and they did not want any man, or any set of men, to endorse the words of Jehovah. To them God was God, and the devil was the devil, and sin was sin, and pardon was pardon, and hell was hell, and heaven was heaven. Hence when they went out they had a creed, and they could say, 'We believe, and therefore speak.' And that is one secret of their success. When a preacher is in the pulpit, there is a sympathy between you and him, which enables you at once to discover whether he believes what he is saying or not. I have heard of an eminent man saying at the close of his sermon: 'Those are my opinions to-day, but I do not say they will be my opinions next Sunday. I am a seeker after truth, and who knows what discoveries I may make before we meet again?' It was not so with our fathers. They went out in the assurance that what they believed to-day, they would believe to-morrow, and right on to the end. Their faith was seen everywhere—seen not only in their sermons, but in their prayers. O! but they were mighty in prayer! When they knelt down they spoke to a living God, and they moved the Arm that moves the world. When they prayed heaven was opened, and showers of blessing came down on the children of men. And in their ordinary lives their faith was also seen. Did God give them work to do? whoever attempted to oppose and hinder them, they went forward; they 'laughed at impossibilities, and cried, "It shall be done."' There they stand then, and nobody can look at them without seeing that one prominent feature was their strong and simple faith.

Then look at their *love*.—It was not sentimentalism. It was Divine love, kindled on the altar of their hearts by the Holy Ghost. Their love to God, how ardent, how burning, how quenchless! Their love to one another, heard in their tones, seen in their language, and discovered in their Church arrangements. They may almost be said to have introduced the habit of shaking hands amongst the lower classes of this country. When they met they shook hands. And they did not do it daintily. Their heart was with their hand;

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and oftentimes the Methodist grip had more meaning than the Freemason's. If any of them was in trouble the rest sympathized with him, and if one were in prosperity the rest rejoiced. How they loved one another! I say you saw it in their Church arrangements. Look at their Class-meetings. When they met they met to talk about their love to God, and their love to one another. They did not keep all their doubts and fears, as if they were sacred things, and carry them to the Class-meeting, till it became an ice-house in which men's teeth chattered, and their blood froze. No; they went as flames of fire, cheering and inspiring each other. And in the Class-meeting they provided what we are told the world wants—liberty, equality, and fraternity. If the 'Squire' came in, the Class-leader called him 'brother;' and if the pauper came in he was still a 'brother.' Worldly distinctions were left outside: they were the children of God by faith in Christ, and they met as such. They had so much love that their meeting once a week was not enough. They instituted a new meeting—the love-feast—an institution which no other Church has yet ventured to adopt. And, O! what miles they walked to those love-feasts. Ten, fifteen, twenty miles were as nothing. They sang all the way there, and they sang louder still as they went back; and when they afterwards met they said, '"Did not our heart burn within us?" What a glorious time we had!'

Then there was their *love to the Bible.*—It was so marked that they were called 'Bible bigots,' and 'Bible moths.' They hid God's Word in their hearts. They were mighty in the Scriptures. It was spirit and life to them. Hence, with hearts full of love to God and man, and to God's Word, they went to the work to which they were called. When I hear any class of men spoken of as 'being like to the first Methodists,' I always ask, Are they diligent Bible students? If not, they cannot be like them, for they were men of one Book.

Then look at their *holiness.*—Their holiness was not a creed simply, but a life. A blessed experience. They avoided that which was evil, and they cleaved to that which was good. They were called the 'holy club;' and when you asked them what their work was, the answer was always ready: 'Our work is not to build churches or chapels, do this or that wonderful thing, but to spread Scriptural holiness through the land.' There was no sanction for sin in the Methodist Class-room, and there was never any peace with the devil proclaimed from a Methodist pulpit. Wherever you met with a Methodist, you met with one who hated sin almost as much as he loved the Saviour.

And then, look at their *zeal.*—Their love, I said just now, was not sentimentalism. Some people's love is wonderfully lackadaisical: it

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all goes off in song. Our Methodist fathers were not like that. Their love turned into flame. It took hold of them, it permeated them, it lifted them up, it constrained them. Was there work to do, they cheerfully did it. Was there a journey to take, they joyously took it. Was there anything which would benefit men, they were there to bestow it. Was there anything in which they could glorify God, they rejoiced in the opportunity. As they went about, you could hear them sing, and when they dared not sing, you might hear them humming to themselves, 'A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify,' and they acted accordingly. They worked so hard, that those who looked on, and did not understand them, called them 'work-mongers,' and said they expected to win heaven by their works.

The sketch would not be complete if I were to omit their *happiness.*—Whenever you met with one of our fathers you met with a man who was a living proof that religion does not make people melancholy. It did not make our fathers melancholy. If I might divide the army of the living God into legions, I should say the Methodist legion was the singing legion. Charles Wesley wrote, it is said, some six thousand hymns, and John Wesley, moving from one end of the land to the other, with his quick, delicate ear, caught a beautiful tune wherever he heard it, and either composed a hymn for it himself, or asked his brother Charles to do it; and when some one said, 'This is a song tune,' he said, 'I don't care about that; why should the devil have all the best tunes?' And so when he had finished his sermon in a village, he met the Society, taught them the tune, and they set their neighbours singing, and thus they seemed to roll the rapturous hosanna round. Their happiness! They had gone to the right source, they had gone to the Bible; and I believe some of us would be a great deal happier if we read the Bible more. The Bible is the very fountain of joy for our poor, perishing world. If you ask, Why read the Bible? I commend to you St. John's answer—and I have sometimes wished it could be printed in letters of gold on every Bible in the world: 'These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.' When our fathers came to God's house they spent a good deal of time in singing; and they, like David, were not afraid of 'repeats.' Classical music does not suit a warm heart. There is not room in it. You are through it, and out of it, before you are well in it: and I say here, not without deliberation, that I think one of the greatest benefits that some of you good folks who understand music can confer on the Methodist Church just now is to save the old Methodist tunes, for as the revival which God is giving us spreads through the Connexion we shall want them again. I know that some of our friends sneer at the old style, but the music was

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heard in heaven, and brought priceless blessings to earth. How they sang! What a volume of sound went up from a Methodist chapel! And the places they built were suited for it. When they erected places of worship they did not erect splendid tombs. They erected bright and happy homes, and having erected them they filled them; and when they were there you hardly ever knew when they would get out. And when they did leave, you could hear them in many a country lane, and across many a wild moor, singing, sometimes in twos and threes, and sometimes alone:

> 'My God, I am Thine, What a comfort divine,
> What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine:
> In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
> And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name.'

These are our Methodist 'fathers'—men wonderfully like the first Christians. My sketch is rough and unfinished, but I believe it is true to life; and looking at their faith, at their love, at their zeal, at their holiness, and at their happiness, do you wonder that God used them for His glory? They were few, they were poor, many of them were unlearned, and they had against them all the power of men and devils; but God's strength was made perfect in their weakness, and they have called into existence, as the result of their glorious labours, the largest Protestant Church in the world.

And do you doubt, can you doubt, that God 'was with our fathers?' Listen to their testimony, read their books, and always and everywhere you meet with the declaration, 'The best of all is, God is with us.' Yes, He was with them in life, strengthening, guiding, comforting, and delivering them. And He was with them in death, bearing them up, and making them more than conquerors. 'Ah!' said an old doctor to Adam Clarke on meeting him down this very road, when the cholera was raging in the neighbourhood, and he had seen many of the Methodists passing into eternity, 'Adam, thy people die well.' Glory be to God, they did die well! and the secret was that God was with them. With them in their labours when they toiled, and with them in their sufferings and weakness when they died, and after death He took them to be with Him in heaven for ever. Is not our gathering here to-night a proof that God was with them? Go back, as many of us have been doing to-day, one hundred and fifty years. Then there was no Methodism in existence. To-day there are thirty thousand Ministers, eighty thousand Local Preachers, five million Church-members, and twenty-five million adherents! Go back one hundred and forty years, and you will find no Methodism in Lancashire; but John Nelson, the Yorkshire stonemason, is announced to preach at the Market-Cross: I don't know where that is; some of you do, I

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dare say. He went there single-handed, and preached, and that was the unfurling of the Methodist banner in Lancashire, and Manchester especially. A surging crowd of two thousand gather around him, jeering, laughing, mocking, and some pelting him with stones. 'By-and-by,' he says, 'one of them struck me in the forehead and cut my head open, and the people listened the more readily as they saw the blood streaming down my face.' That is the stuff your fathers were made of. He rejoiced, as he stood there with the blood running down his face, to tell them of the blood of Christ that cleansed from all sin. Three years passed away, and he would be tempted to say he had spent his strength for nought, and laboured in vain. But God had said, 'My word shall not return unto Me void.' The people have talked and thought about the sermon, and there comes a letter from John Bennett to Mr. John Wesley telling him that 'some young men who had heard Nelson preach had been meeting together, anxious about their souls, and had formed a Society, taken a little room, and written to Charles to ask him to ask his brother to own them as brethren.' One would like to have the names of those young men. That is the beginning of Methodism. Think of it. Those few poor young men crowded in a little room in which a widow lives, and which contains a loom, a bed, a table, and a chair. And what do you see in Lancashire to-day? Eighty Circuits, two hundred and fifty Ministers, eight hundred chapels, sixty thousand members, and one hundred and fifty thousand Sunday-scholars! Well might we sing as we have done to-night:

'When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
'More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.'

We may therefore well say 'Thou wast with our fathers.'

(To be concluded.)

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

MAY 6th.—*And they worshipped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy: and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.*—LUKE XXIV. 52, 53.

It had seemed to the disciples a hard saying when their Lord declared, *If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father.* But now, like many disciples since, they found that, when put to the proof, the Master's words were all true; and that which, in the prospect, foreshowed nothing but miserable loss, now, in the presence of it, moves them to joy and praise. May we, like them,

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keep ever in mind to-day that Christ has gone, on our behalf, into the *heavenly places*, that, like them, we may devoutly worship Him with gladness and thanksgiving.

In one thing of supreme importance it is hard for us to put ourselves in their place. The descent of the Holy Spirit was to them a bright but indefinite hope. To us it is an accomplished fact. They knew that His coming would bring them great blessedness, and somehow endue them with *power* to make effectual their witness for Christ. In this certain hope of an unknown gift they rejoiced; and towards its fulfilment their prayers were directed. We live in the midst of the dispensation of the Spirit. Yet, though the infinite gift has been sent forth, have we not also to wait for the unknown, because unclaimed, fulness of His blessing? Has our worship of praise and prayer been wont to show forth, by its fervour and large request, that we have a Saviour Who is made *Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him Who filleth all in-all?* If we are ready to declare our joy in the glory and power of the ascended Lord, it is well to ask ourselves, Wherefore do we thus rejoice? What present interest do we allow ourselves to claim in His royal fulness? Wherein do we reckon that we are to be enriched thereby this day? How will our hope in Him directly affect our worship? Will it inspire lowliness and loyalty of obedient service? Will it quicken and steady our purpose to be His witnesses? Does that purpose give intensity to the desire that we may receive better equipment of power, in order that our testimony may magnify the gracious might of Him Who is exalted to be *a Prince and a Saviour?*

Let me take these questions, and read them over again, carefully pondering each, so that I may know how my faith in the ascended Lord influences my worship of Him, my waiting prayer, my joyful praise.

MAY 18th.—*He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are Mine: therefore said I, that He shall take of Mine, and shall show it unto you.*—JOHN XVI. 14, 15.

The end of Pentecost, therefore, is the glorifying of Christ. *The wonderful works of God* (Acts ii. 11) which the amazed people heard, uttered in their many tongues, by the disciples, on whom the Holy Spirit had just been poured, were the wonders of God's fulness revealed in Christ Jesus. If we, then, would fitly keep the feast which yearly celebrates the giving of the Holy Ghost, we see clearly in which direction our worship must steadily tend. We must wait before the Lord this day that we may, through the Spirit, glorify Christ, by knowing more of Him. Hereby we may test everything that professes to be the teaching of the Spirit. Does it lead us direct to Jesus—

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not, by a strained process, somehow bringing Him into the lesson, but evermore making Him first and last? We may well doubt, too, whether we are being led by the Spirit, when we find ourselves following strange tracks of thought concerning Christ, leading far away from His own personal teachings. Concerning the instruction given by the Comforter, Jesus said, *He shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.* We look to be brought into an ever-deepening, widening knowledge of the Saviour; but it can never be in such a way as to leave behind, much less to contradict, that which He Himself has spoken.

What a wonderful comment does the Lord make on His own words: *He shall receive* (shall take) *of Mine;— all things that the Father hath are Mine.* What a treasury to draw from! and all for our benefit. Surely the best sacrifice of praise which we can bring to-day, will be the waiting of obedient faith, ready to accept all that the Holy Spirit would show us of that which is Christ's, so that we may, with humble, trusting adoration, say, *All things that the Father hath are* Thine, O Lord! and by the Holy Ghost given unto us, all things that Thou hast are made ours. Help us to *glorify* Thee, this day, by yielding ourselves to be filled with Thy great fulness.

But I see yet another thing in which, after the pattern of Pentecost, I am to *glorify* Jesus. That which is shown to me of the things which are Christ's, it is for me to show again to others. At the Pentecost there was an awful *sound from heaven*, which *filled all the house;* but the personal sign, marking the entrance of the Holy Spirit into each disciple, was a tongue from heaven. The first fruit of the Spirit's indwelling, was uttered praise. Mine will be no true Whitsuntide if it be dumb. This is the festival of heaven-lit tongues—of the joyful testimony of those who have known in themselves, and can therefore tell, *the wonderful works* of the *God* of our salvation.

MAY 20th.—*Every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord.*—LEVITICUS XXVII. 28.

While we greatly rejoice that we serve God, *not under the law*, we do well to examine carefully these precepts of the ancient worship; for they point out the direction in which our righteousness is to go: not so as that we should stop short at them as boundaries, much less that we should think it needless to come up to them. If we claim that they are no more to be observed by us, it must be because we leave them behind, in our following out of a better, fuller holiness. Thus, under the New Covenant, the words *devoted* and *holy* have in them at least as much meaning as they had in Leviticus; and if the Christian meaning differ from the old, it is because it goes further, and includes more.

We find our Sabbath text to-day in the midst of directions con-

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cerning *devoted* things; that is, things *consecrated* to God in the sense of being wholly given up to Him. Whosoever thus devoted anything, parted with all power over it. He could not even buy it back again to his own use. There was a sense in which things might be *sanctified*, and then taken back by payment of a certain equivalent price by way of redemption; but the ownership of *devoted* things could never be recovered: they were *most holy unto the Lord.*

The New Testament precept, *Yield yourselves unto God*, certainly has quite as full a meaning as this. And, like this, such yielding is a voluntary act. *Whiles it remained, was it not thine own?* said Peter to Ananias, *and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power?* A real devotion of ourselves to God means that we can say with a free heart, 'No longer mine, but Thine I am.' Such a devotion must be altogether willing, or it cannot be real. Only in one way is such willingness possible; and that is by having all motives gathered together, and carried along, in the eager desire of love. Love has no sense of loss in its idea of sacrifice. *Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy*, sings David. In the same ready gladness must we come, if we are to bring a true and acceptable offering. And only on this ground of love can the entire devotion be maintained. The obligations of mere duty soon fret and weary us, and the service which is given under their compulsion is sure to become a grudging service. Our wishes go where our love is; and where our love is, there we want our all to be. Thus, when all of self is *devoted*, as *a living sacrifice*, love deems it as irreclaimable as if it had been *put to death* (ver. 29); and all conflicting claims are jealously warned off from sacrilegiously meddling with that which is *most holy unto the Lord.*

May the crown of this day's joy be that it is given to us, in the worship of thankful, trustful love, to devote all to Him Who has *redeemed us to God* by His *blood.*

May 27th.—*And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ.*—2 THESS. III. 5.

Let me begin here with a fervent Amen: and let all this day's devout life be one waiting upon God for the fulfilling of this word. So be it, O Lord, in me. Direct my heart into the love of Thee, and into all this blessed patience.

That I may thus in truth wait upon God, my heart must be altogether given up to His directings. Is it so? Is the Lord alone at my heart's helm to-day, so that every affection, and desire, and purpose goes just as He steers it? Without Him for its pilot, my heart will surely drift into all unfaithful error, into disloyal and worldly loves; and I shall get out of the course towards the end

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whither the Lord would have me come. Let my whole inner life, then, move in the trustful obedience of this continual Amen. If I would reach the Lord's haven, I must go by His chart. If my heart would attain to His love, it will never be by my own guidance. Therefore my Amen shall mean that I put my heart wholly under His control, that it may answer exactly and instantly to each touch of His directing Spirit. Then I know how and whither He will bring my heart, even *into the love of God.*

Many hearts are brought—as mine, alas! has often been—into the darkness of His displeasure, but never by His directing. In that gloom love cannot live. Only in the warm shining of His love revealed to us, can our love to Him have its being. Into this light He would *direct* my heart. O, how often have I sinfully grieved Him, by thwarting or delaying this His good purpose, while He waited to conduct me into larger possessions and richer enjoyments of His goodness. Lord, direct my heart wholly; for I know whither Thou wouldst bring it, even into such discovery of Thy love to me, that I must needs love Thee back again.

So directed, my heart will be brought also *into the patience of Christ*—for thus, as in the Revised Version, the Apostle really wrote. In the opening verses of Heb. xii., the ripe fruit of this word's meaning is found growing in a whole cluster, teaching us what *the patience of Christ* is. It is the same expression which makes the *endured* of the second and third verses, which is the *patience* of the first. Thus we see that the *patience* into which our hearts will be brought, if the Lord direct them, is the persisting endurance of obedient trust, notwithstanding all difficulties, and any suffering; of all which steadfast fidelity Jesus is set before us as our pattern, for us to *look unto* and to *consider.*

This *patience of Christ* is not something separate, into which we are to be brought beside *the love of God.* It is love, and love only, that can thus endure. It is in vain that I seek to compel my faithfulness by the obligations of duty. Bind Thou me, O my Lord, with the bonds of love, and, with the happy freedom of my own heart's constraint, I will do all, and bear all, and wait for all, according to Thy will.

'A CONSECRATED LIFE.' *

BY THE REV. BAMFORD BURROWS.

THIS biography adds another name to the illustrious lists of Irish saints. A lady who was familiar with nearly a score of languages, who found pleasure in abstruse questions of science, who had

* *Memorials of a Consecrated Life: Compiled from the Autobiography, Letters, and Diaries of Anne Lutton.* London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-st., City-road, E.C.

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considerable poetic talent, and who was as eminent for piety as for learning, must be regarded as one of the most honourable women of modern times.

Miss Lutton's letters, as free from cant as from frivolity, are a treasury of deep religious experience draped in elegant language. Madame Guyon herself never wrote anything sweeter than the following: 'I shall not long struggle with infirmity; soon, soon the dawn of endless day shall break on the gloom of probationary time, and the youthful vigour of the resurrection-body be unrepressed by illness, and uncorroded by decay. Hail, blissful period! The love of thee grows with my growth, and strengthens with my strength. I view thy advance with delight, and say to disease, "Welcome,

(*Moira Chapel and Manse.*)

harbinger of joys approaching!" Forgive my apostrophe. I find no themes so sweet and fascinating as Divine love and eternal prospects. Yet I sojourn here with peaceful acquiescence, and have "all things richly to enjoy." O! what I owe my God.'

Anne Lutton was descended from an old English family that had been long settled in Ulster. They were Protestants of the old stamp, and boasted that they had never had a Roman Catholic in the family. She was born in 1791, in the little town of Moira, which stands not far to the east of Lough Neagh.

At that time Moira must have been remarkably pretty. Mr. Wesley preached there in 1756, but the permanent introduction of Methodism belongs to a later date. The Luttons were the first to open their house to the Itinerant Preachers, and as long as there was

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any representative of the family in the neighbourhood, the kindly traditions of hospitality were never forgotten.

As a child Miss Lutton tells us that 'all her happiness was in the keeping of those she loved.' Overflowing with good temper, possessed of a ready wit, and keenly responsive to the charms of affection, she was a general favourite. Her mother died in comparative youth; but for many years her father, worn down by infirmities, tasted all the sweetness of filial love. Nothing was ever permitted to interfere with the first sacred duty she owed to her father. When advanced to middle-life, she writes to a friend:

'I have a self-imposed obligation to my own house, which I find more binding than ever. I owe all attention to my poor father, and taste the sweetest pleasure in being to his declining age an aid or comfort; in supplying his want of sight by reading to him, in gratifying his literary taste by my application to the languages, in meeting his hospitable views by making his guests comfortable; and in my own private efforts to live to God, with occasional holding of meetings around my own neighbourhood, I find myself happy, hopeful, and safe.'

Her education, speaking technically, was neglected; but she had two great advantages: she lived amid the refined and educated; and she was endowed with an amazing quickness of apprehension. She could read almost as soon as she could talk; and as Pope learnt languages in order to read the stories contained in them, so Miss Lutton actually taught herself to write in order to find a medium for the expression of her thoughts. She copied printed letters from a book, and immediately filled a slate with poetry. She was constitutionally a scribbler, and the long list of her early compositions almost rivals the amazing precocity of Macaulay. During her earlier years, she fell a victim to the 'enticing sweetmeats of fiction;' but in her twentieth year she began to steep her mind in the masculine literature of ancient Rome. With this beginning, her imperial acquisitiveness laid all languages under contribution, and, even when eighty-eight, she could converse in Hebrew with a Jew, and might have translated Sanscrit with Max Müller.

Miss Lutton's conversion dates from her twenty-fifth year. A Methodist from a distance was invited to form a Class in her father's house; and no reader will deem the following quotation too long:

'In the first meeting of the Class, I well remember my expression of experience. It was strange, but it was true; "I earnestly desired to do the will of God on earth as angels do it in heaven." The Leader gave me judicious counsel; told me that my first step in the way must be a sense of forgiveness, that I must obtain pardon, or I could have

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neither peace nor power. From that morning, I thought of nothing else. I ate my bread with weeping, I mingled my drink with tears. I saw sin in such a light, as rebellion and basest ingratitude against a Being of infinite goodness, that "I abhorred myself as in dust and ashes." My dear mother questioned me closely what was the matter. "O! mother," I exclaimed, "if I do not get my sins pardoned, I shall perish everlastingly." She was greatly distressed, and went to consult with my father what could be done with me. He came to me, opened to my thirsty soul the way to the Water of Life, pointed me to the Lamb of God as my only Saviour, bid me believe on Him, and assured me I should be saved through faith in His blood. Then he withdrew from the chamber. There was determination in all my spirit: no time was to be lost. I fully relied on the truth, "He will in no wise cast out!" I went to my own room, knelt down at the bedside, clasped my hands imploringly, and with streaming eyes said, "O Lord God, I here most solemnly and heartily, with all the faith I know how to use, cast my whole soul at Thy feet, and take the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour from this moment, and my Master and Portion for time and for eternity, and will henceforth believe I am forgiven for His sake!" I ceased; it was the covenant of peace. I asked nothing; I made no stipulations; there was not an "if" in it all.

'But as I abandoned myself to Him, so He gave Himself to me. There was an immediate sense of acceptance. I crept on my knees to my desk, and signed an attestation of what I felt,—pardoning mercy, joy unspeakable, and such a love! O! such a love as I had never, never before conceived. I rose, went to the window, looked out; all was changed, God was everywhere. It was Paradise; all within was new; all around was full of blessedness. I praised the Lord with a loud voice. My dear mother heard, ran upstairs, and embraced me. I told her I was too happy to keep silence, and we rejoiced together. Glory be to God in the highest! The memory of that wondrous day shall never from my mind withdraw. Then commenced my happy existence; so happy that through the ages of eternity it will furnish matter for ceaseless songs of praise. It was as truly a new birth and spiritual, as there was an old and natural one. It was a new life, a new world, a new Bible. I had new duties and new pleasures; it was indeed the kingdom of heaven opened within me.'

From this point, we are warranted in saying that she never receded. By one supreme act of self-surrender, she settled the eternal future of her existence. Henceforth she walked in the light, and had fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Her future course was one of steady religious growth. Doubt and fear were not allowed to intrude; but amid all the complications

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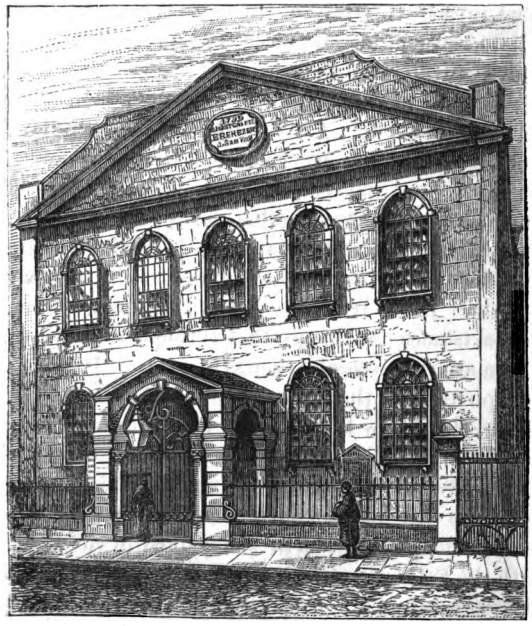
of the world, and amid that full share of sorrow which falls to fourscore and nine years, she lived ever in the serene atmosphere of her Master's presence.

Henceforward Miss Lutton's life was one of all-pervasive usefulness. She soon commenced a Class at Lurgan, five miles from Moira, and shortly after started a second Class in Moira itself. At one of these meetings, a lady unaccustomed to Methodism enrolled herself as a member. Miss Lutton considered her contribution excessive, and remonstrated with her. 'O!' said her fervent admirer, 'I am sure you deserve it all.' 'I do not get a penny of the Class-money,' was the reply. The lady was astonished; and, unfortunately for the Circuit funds, diminished her gifts. Gradually also Miss Lutton was led to give Bible-readings for women. She disclaimed any idea of preaching, and refused to admit men or even boys to her assemblies; but far and wide over the north-east of Ireland spoke to her sisters on the ways of godliness. The stately solemnity of her appearance and manner, and the heart-felt earnestness of her powerful appeals to the conscience, produced powerful effects on the crowds of women who flocked to hear her. Yet she was no recluse, and never separated herself from the duties or charms of domestic life. Thus she writes in one of her letters:



(*Ebenezer Chapel, King-Street, Bristol.*)

'"Our vile body," in Philippians iii. 21, is our humble body, or the body of our humiliation; or as the same Greek word is translated in Luke i. 48, of our "low estate." Nor can I call to mind any part of Scripture which, rightly understood, can justify degrading and contemptuous appellatives applied to the body. As to its being a clog, the expression is not Scriptural, and I greatly doubt the

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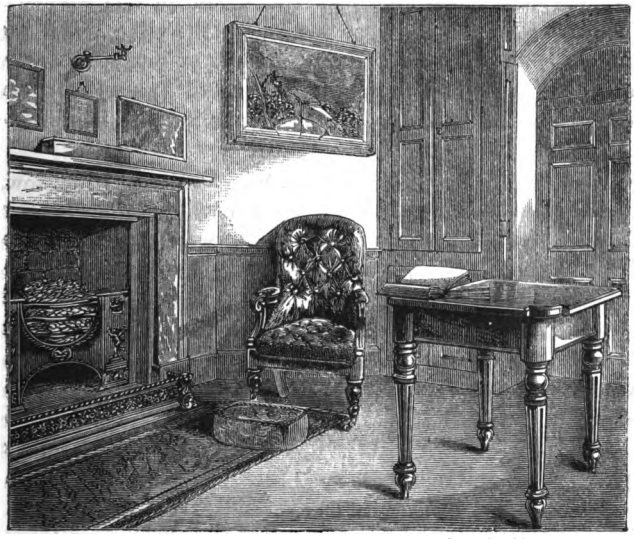
correctness of the idea. We are enjoined to "lay aside every weight;" either, then, the body is no weight to us in running the heavenly race, or we are to lay aside our bodies! I must be singular, and hold the former proposition to be the true one.'

For many years Miss Lutton's life was only marked by such events as the death of a relative, or the publication of a poem; but no external event could turn aside the main current of her heart. Amid the peasant farmers and the refined society of Ulster, she embraced every opportunity of declaring Christ. Between her conversion and the year 1828, she addressed several hundred meetings of women, besides attending to her own Classes at home. It is said that Calvin has not left a single word which indicates any admiration of the fair



(Miss Lutton's Class-Room, Portland Chapel, Bristol.)

lake on the banks of which he lived so long; but Miss Lutton had an eye for the works as well as for the word of God. One of her letters says:

'It is a most romantic spot, with ranges of lofty mountains, the Mourne Mountains, with Slieve Donard two thousand seven hundred and ninety-six feet high, whose bases almost touch the sea, and whose summits seem lost in the clouds. In parts to which you would be astonished a human being could convey materials for a habitation, little cottages meet the eye in one direction; whilst in another, the expanse of water—now soft, silent, unruffled by a breeze; now swelling, surging, sweeping forward in awful agitation—presents the grandest sight. I like the place, or rather admire it, for its picturesque views. I could

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gaze on Slieve Donard's venerable form till, filled with ideas corresponding to the greatness of surrounding objects, I feel myself possessed of sensations struggling for expression, and ready to break forth in the flow of poetic transport.'

After the death of her father in 1828, Miss Lutton was compelled to forsake her ancestral home, and was comparatively reduced in circumstances. During one of her many visits to Dublin, she had gradually made for herself a home in the house of a Mr. Booth, from the little town of Kilbeggan, in Westmeath. We well remember the graceful home. The elegant, cultured hostess, the well-read and genial host, with his vivid traditions of the dark days of '98; the well-stocked garden, which seemed a very wilderness of fruit-trees; and the quiet little chapel built by Mr. Booth on one corner of his ground. There Mr. Booth, when resident in the village, and another Local-preacher, an Englishman brought there by business, conducted the services on alternate Sundays; and one of the writer's earliest reminiscences is the nine o'clock Class on the Sabbath morning, with the tall figure of Mr. Booth as the Leader.

The search for health took Mr. and Mrs. Booth to Chepstow, and while there, Miss Lutton paid her first visit to England. She writes immediately after her arrival: 'I am most sweetly circumstanced at Elm Villa. When I sit in my own room, I am alternately charmed by the music of the birds in the shrubbery, and the soft notes of some band accompanying a water-party, or the reverberation along the rocks of random shots fired off to cause an echo, and my feelings become in unison with the scene and the sounds, till I seem to myself a creature of another world, possessing indefinable sensibilities, and panting for an eternal good.' During this visit she was introduced to the family of her biographer. The children were spell-bound by her conversation and manner. She talked to them of Christ, laid ingenious traps to win their hearts, and impressed upon them that religion was happiness. 'Her bright, beaming look, her winning smile, confirmed her reiterated assurance that religion was not a thing of gloom and clouds, but of sunshine and enjoyment.' At Tintern also, and the neighbouring townships, she conducted Bible-readings as was her custom in Ireland. She herself records, that on one occasion 'every face was bathed in tears, and the suppressed sobs of the whole assembly were forming one sound of the strangest utterance.' Her assemblies, too, were frequently so crowded that late comers were unable to gain admittance.

Gradually, as the claims of kindred fell to narrower limits, Miss Lutton settled at Bristol, in the family of her friend and biographer. Mr. and Mrs. Booth begged her to stay with them; Moira put in an ancestral claim; the well-known authoress, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck,

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offered to put a suite of rooms at her disposal for life; a similar offer was made by two wealthy ladies of Clifton, with the additional promise to make her their heiress; but happily for Bristol Methodism, she elected to make her home with Mrs. Westcott. Shortly after she was fairly settled in her new home, she and her hostess took a journey to Cornwall, and one extract from the diary is well worth reprinting: 'The proprietor of the baths at Penzance was quite an original character. His mother was another Mrs. Fletcher, and had for many years entertained the Preachers near Weymouth, but owing to the poverty of the people and other discouragements, the preaching was about to be taken from the neighbourhood. His mother walked all the way to Salisbury, with her little son by her side, forced herself into the assembled District-meeting, and dropped down on her knees among them, saying, "Do send us preachers a few times more; try us a little longer, for the sake of perishing souls!" "I cannot bear that cry," exclaimed one of the Preachers, "let us listen to its petition." They did so, preaching was continued. The little boy used to go up the side of a steep mount, and pray in an agony that God would make him a slave in the West Indies, rather than a chapel should be wanting. There was a glorious revival; numbers were converted, a chapel was built, and honest Jim Burt saw the salvation of God.'

Miss Lutton's life of usefulness at Bristol was only interrupted by an occasional sickness, or by one of those trips into the country which modern habits have made almost necessary. Sir Isaac Newton lived for thirty years at Cambridge without ever taking any journey in search of the picturesque; but more modern days have invented a new epidemic, that of sight-seeing; and unhappily, as Carlyle remarks, for this disease the Jenner is still to seek. Of this agreeable complaint Miss Lutton appears to have had her full share, and visited many of the chief places of interest in her new country. But no considerations of pleasure, and few of health, were allowed to interfere with the work to which she had devoted her life. Gradually the Bible-readings were discontinued, but her Classes grew in importance and numbers. During a period of forty-two years, the number of members under her care averaged eighty-seven per annum; and one year this large number was actually raised to one hundred and twenty-five. In some instances her Class-books contained three generations of one family. One example of her tact and zeal in this great work may be useful in Methodism to-day. Miss Lutton had been much perplexed and troubled on the question of ministerial influence and respect. At last, after many struggles, she wrote out forty copies of three resolutions, which she laid before one of her Classes. They had a blessed visitation of the Divine Presence, and

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all the members heartily concurred in the suggestion. We venture to commend the resolutions to all Methodists:

'I resolve—1. That I will once every day pray for the Preachers of this Circuit, that they may enjoy much personal religion, that their ministry may be made useful to me and to all that hear them, and that their spiritual influence may increase, and be made increasingly a blessing.

'2. That I will attend their ministry, as being appointed of God, with reverence, steadiness, and as early appearance at the chapel as I can; not often or unnecessarily going from place to place after those who please me best, and leaving those whom I less esteem to feel grieved and discouraged by my desertion.

'3. That I will honour them as the representatives of Him Whose ambassadors they are, by carefully abstaining from saying anything of their persons, preaching, or practice, which could express dislike, or convey censure, or cause others to think lightly of them; and I will try to promote the same spirit and conduct towards our Preachers among my friends and acquaintance.'

Having thus served her generation according to the will of God, she fell asleep in Jesus, August, 1881.

'THE SON OF MAN HATH NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD.'

BY ANNE LUTTON.

How often my Saviour on Olivet lay,
With silence and darkness around!
Sure none of His creatures so truly could say,
'My lodging is on the cold ground.'
The foxes had holes, and the wild-fowl a nest,
The ass had a stable and stall;
But where might the head of the Holy One rest,
Who cared for and comforted all?

O sisters of Bethany, rich in a home
Which offered your Lord a retreat;
When Martha would whisper, 'The Master is come,'
And Mary would sit at His feet!
You only I envy, you only, when given
To welcome a Guest so Divine;
And guard, for the destitute Monarch of Heaven,
A place where His head might recline.

'Tis finished!' The work of redemption is o'er,
The world-wide atonement is made;
And now, to the nature that suffered, no more
Can grateful attentions be paid.
But O, from this moment I hope to throw wide
Doors whence He may never depart;
And pray Him—I know I shall not be denied—
To make His abode in my heart!

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THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

CHAPTER V.

MARY HEYWOOD, *London*, TO THOMAS HEYWOOD, *Green Royd, Yorkshire.*

November 17th, 1744.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am acting a coward's part in writing this letter. I have things to tell which I wish father to know, as is but right; and yet he is sure to take them so unkindly from me I am fain to beg you to impart them to him instead, very gently and by degrees. You will do this kindness for your foolish, timorous Molly, I am sure.

You know I have never much liked your leaning to Methodist ways, dear Tom, and while I did not care to learn what they meant, have joined other proud, ignorant folks in calling them 'miserable delusions;' sure 'twas wickedly perverse of me. But now they have been so put before me that I must look at the truth and submit to it.

'T was the example of a good but very simple man, who takes it as his bounden duty to visit afflicted souls in prison, that first made me see how many of our Lord's plain commands I had been carelessly slighting, as though they had never been spoken. So I began to examine myself, how far my conduct answered the revealed will of God. I went step by step through that divine Sermon, and was struck with horror to find how far I was from the kingdom of heaven; indeed, there seemed long arrears of sin against me I could never hope to pay.

I could forget my distress from time to time, for there are many delightful things here to take off my thoughts; also there were some troubles in outward matters; very small and poor they seem now. But always I came back to this holy law that I never could keep, and I was strongly set on taking the next chance of hearing Mr. Wesley preach, hoping to find some help in his words.

But what with the little bustle of waking myself early, and what with the other things I spoke of, I have often felt more serious than when we set off last Sunday morning, while it was yet dark, to the early service at the Foundry. We carried lanterns, and had much need of them, the ways thereabouts being amazingly rough and ill-paved. They tell me the Foundry is itself a plain, homely building; sure the room we went into was plain indeed, and ill-lighted by a few candles in sconces; but an awe came on my spirit as we entered, such as I never have felt in the finest church. Perhaps 'twas the

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sight of the Preacher, already standing in his place, or perhaps 'twas the solemn quietness of the people who filled the room, that breathed this awe upon me.

I have heard you speak of Mr. Wesley; you described him truly; he is, as you said, of very commanding presence in spite of his low stature. But I seem to know this chiefly by an exertion of mind. I saw only a piercing look which seemed reading my very soul; and I took no note of the manner of his speech, for every word I thought was spoken to me alone. 'T was yet worse with me when he began to speak from the words, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.'

I heard some afterwards wondering that he chose that subject. But my mind was taken up with the awful, unattainable holiness put before me which I must reach, or perish. And then over against it he set a picture of a lost, helpless sinner; and I knew it was myself. 'Time would fail,' he said—and every word seems written with a pen of iron on my recollection—'shouldst *thou* reckon up all; all the idle words thou hast spoken, all the evil works thou hast done. For thy actual sins are more than thou art able to express, more than the hairs of thy head.' And O! when he spoke of the just wages of sin, I felt I had earned them indeed. Then he began to show the way of escape. I saw my own misery reflected as he described true penitence, and I found heavenly sweetness in the words which still seemed spoken to me alone: 'I say unto thee, in the name of the Lord, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." One step more and thou shalt enter in. Thou dost repent. Now, "believe the Gospel."'

Indeed, 'twas very strange, dear brother, how every following word melted my soul into submission and into joy at the same moment. I can never while I live forget with what peace and rapture I bowed my head to hear the closing words:

'Now cast thyself on the Lamb of God, with all thy sins, how many soever they be; and an entrance shall now be ministered unto thee into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!'

I knew not where I was, nor what I did afterwards; either I was in heaven, or heaven had come down into my heart. I seemed like one asleep, they tell me, but never was I so blissfully alive. They roused me at the end of a short minute as it seemed, and told me service was over, and the people gone.

You see how poor an image I can paint for you of this happy change, with all the many words I have used; but sure, dear brother, you can fill up the blanks in my halting story, out of your own heart.

You will agree, I am sure, that my next duty is plain. I must

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let father know of my changed opinions, and of my desire to join the Society—if not here, then when I get home. I will do nothing underhand, as if I were ashamed of the heavenly mercy shown to me; only I am so faint-hearted that I must beg you to prepare my way by breaking my news very gently to father.

Uncle and Aunt Wilson desire their best wishes to you and my dear sister Alice; I know she will not love me worse for my news. Let me soon hear what you have done for me, and be assured I am always your very humble servant and loving sister MARY.

MOLLY'S JOURNAL.

Friday, November, 1744.

'What ails you, Molly, child, that you look so pale and breathless?' said uncle to me this morning. He was standing by the fire opening some private letters.

'I was wondering if you had anything there from father, uncle,' I said.

'And why should that drive away your colour?' he said very kindly; 'here is nothing in brother Heywood's hand, child—I thought you prized his letters dearly?'

'But I wrote t' other day,' I said, 'begging Tom to give father an inkling of how it stands with my soul. I called myself a coward then, but I was valiant as a lion compared with what I am to-day. I can do nothing,' I said, half-crying, 'but reckon how soon Tom would get my letter, and when he would be opening the matter to father, and when father may bestir himself to write to me—and O! 'twill kill me if he writes unkindly.'

'Poor, tender child,' said Aunt Wilson, 'thou'rt not the stuff they make martyrs of. 'Tis pity my good man and my wise son ever troubled thee in thy simple Churchwoman's piety. I fear brother Heywood will be hard and harsh with thee about this new-fangled religion.'

'He was never harsh,' I said eagerly; 'he may be rough in his speech, but O! he is tender at heart, and I like not to grieve him. And I am very silly to be so frightened at my fond old father. I have worse cause for fear.'

''Tis no wonder,' she said, smiling, 'that mad attempt on you should scare you'—and Patty added, 'you were mighty near making acquaintance with those reverend fathers called "Fleet parsons," Molly—'tis unknown how many heiresses they have married without asking their leave.'

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'But I am no heiress,' I said, opening my eyes widely, I fancy.

'I imagine Antony Fields knows more about that than you do,' answered she; 'hadn't he the drawing of your father's will? You will find 'tis not a few cold words and frowning looks that will repel a man who dotes on your *golden* charms, Molly—and you know Uncle Heywood favoured his suit.'

John had been listening to all this in silence, but his brow grew blacker and blacker, and now he broke out: ''Tis a strange thing if such violence is to be offered to young women of fair repute, and no one punished for it. I expected you would lay an information before some magistrate, father.'

'Against whom?' said Patty, briskly; 'none of us girls could swear to the men who stopped us; and if we could, were it well to make enemies of men like Herries and Lord Robert, and to bring yon poor little player-girl into trouble?'

'Patty is right, my son,' said uncle; 'your mother and I have settled that long since,' and John sank into silence—I think more moved by the hint about Mrs. Durham than aught besides. I doubt I am more troubled by this poor girl, who so nobly ventured herself to save me, than by all my other cares; I am heartily ashamed of it.

She did not come according to promise the day after our luckless trip to Ranelagh; so Aunt Wilson went herself to fetch her, and carried me with her.

We found Mrs. Durham in her drawing-room, sitting working at a great frame set up by the window; a table beside her was all strewn with silks and chenilles and embroidery patterns. She rose and came blushing to meet us, excusing herself for her broken promise by saying as she looked towards her frame:

'I must have this dress finished to-day, madam; my aunt needs it for her part to-morrow night; so I cannot profit by your goodness.'

She let us see her work, which was very rich embroidery on black velvet, in gold and colours, for a petticoat to be worn with a white satin gown, also much worked. I never saw anything so fine, or so prettily fancied.

'You see,' she said, 'I am so poor an actress, and have so little heart for it, I should never be worth my salt but for my small skill in embroidery, which helps me to save Aunt Grandison many expenses. And imagining patterns, and drawing them after natural shells and flowers and weeds, is a wonderful pleasure to me, and beguiles me of many a sorrowful thought.'

'Mrs. Grandison does not work herself, then?' asked Aunt, sharply.

'She taught me all I know,' said Mrs. Durham; 'but she hath neither time nor strength to spend in such works now. She is

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resting, as is her wont in the day time, and so I fear cannot be so happy as to see you.'

Aunt Wilson drew her lips in oddly at hearing this; but it seemed to make her more set on her own plan, and at last a day was fixed when our friend could freely come to see us. And in due time she came.

Much had been said of a great resemblance between her and me, and certainly something in her looks puzzled Uncle Wilson; he asked her as many questions as he civilly could about her childhood, and how long she had lived with Mrs. Grandison; but her answers seemed only to perplex him more.

It may have been this amazing likeness that attracted John too; from the moment he came in he could scarce take his eyes from Mrs. Durham's face, and was not slow in speaking to her. Her voice, he says, is surprisingly sweet and well-tuned, and 'twas clear he had pleasure in hearing it.

They made her perform on the harpsichord: her skill, it seems, is even better than Patty's, who hath had the best masters; and she sang one of Mr. Handel's airs most sweetly, as even poor unpractised I could judge.

William came at an early hour to carry her home, he is like a clumsy, faithful watch-dog to her, but seems to feel himself scarce fit for other company. Patty, however, pretends that some small converse he had with *her* was about the Day of Judgment, and that he is quite concerned for her, not thinking she is ready for it. Alas! is not the poor, lean-witted thing more right than many wise men?

Mrs. Durham hath been brought here twice or thrice since that day, for Uncle and Aunt, and John too, are keen to follow up the chance acquaintance, hoping to be of service to the poor young creature, and help her to some happier situation. It seems, too, from artless words she has let slip, that she has had many searchings of heart about her calling, and is hungry for spiritual counsel; she has even stolen secretly twice or thrice to the morning preachings at the Foundry, and this gives both John and Uncle a deeper interest in her.

I have had very recent proof how much Mrs. Durham is in my cousin John's thoughts.

I was set one day alone at my sewing, and feeling that some one had come in and was looking steadily at me, I lifted my eyes and saw John; he went a little red, and made haste to excuse himself, saying, 'I was seeking to trace out what it is makes you so like Barbara—it is hardly the expression, there is such a deep pathetic seriousness in her countenance.'

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'Do I look so gay then?' I answered, feeling somewhat hurt.

'No, no,' he said—'not always; but sadness is not your native mood.' And then he began to praise the seriousness of *Barbara's* character, showing itself in her growing dislike for her profession, and her thirst for better things.

I did not know he knew her Christian name. And 'twas a vexation to think that even in looking at me another person was in his thoughts. I was mistaken when I treasured up his former kind looks and words; I am apt to think he repents them now. Nothing can be more carefully cold than his manners to me. And not having plenty vexations, I must needs run into another myself.

Going into my chamber late one night I spied a letter lying just within the door, which I picked up, thinking I know not what—some vain fancy that I am quite ashamed of now; but I made no doubt the letter was meant for me; so I sate down idly at my toilet to read it as I pulled down my hair.

'Twas in a man's hand which I did not know, but a few words showed me *I* was not the person addressed; yet, alas! those words stirred my curiosity so, I had read the whole letter before I thought twice; and then, though it broke on me like a lightning flash that I was doing a shameful thing, I read the letter again and yet again. I could say every word by heart now.

'Twas from John's choicest friend, whom he reveres as one having almost heavenly wisdom, and plainly it was in answer to a confidence of John's about some person he loves and fain would marry.

There was no date to the letter, and the lady's name not once mentioned; but every circumstance pointed plainly to Barbara Durham. The more I think on it, the more certain it seems.

And O! I see now the full vanity of many hopes and thoughts I have cherished, and something worse than both; for why should I feel all at once as if I hated poor gentle Barbara? 'Tis myself I hate heartily for such a feeling; I see I shall need new pardon for sin every day.

Poor innocent, lily among thorns as she is! how I ought to rejoice that in seeking the Saviour she may chance to escape from all the snares of her present life. And 'tis odd that I feel a sort of resentment at these two men for talking her over so.

I have never seen this Henry Marston, and I must wish that I never may; yet I doubt not he is a good, holy man.

I took the letter as soon as I could, and slipt it into John's private desk; he would be vexed if he missed it, doubtless; it must have dropt from his pocket. I cannot tell why it now pleases me heartily that I never said a word in my letters home about that attempt to

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carry me off; I did so, half fearing that father would laugh at it, and say he liked Mr. F—— better for showing so much spirit; but now I think my chief satisfaction is that I need never mention Barbara when once I have left town. O what a petted baby I must be!

Monday morning.

Since I wrote down these last peevish complaints I have got real cause for trouble. Father hath written at last, and I fear in great anger. 'Tis the shortest and bluntest letter I ever had from him, though he never loved much writing. This is how it runs:

'CHILD,—Having learnt from thy brother Tom that thou art setting up to be wiser than thy elders, and art being led away by Papistical cant to the clean forgetting of duty and obedience, I bid thee come home at the first occasion that offers. Leave all thy new, fond fancies behind thee in London; I wish I had never given thee leave to go there. Come home speedily, as thou wouldst have the blessing of thy much displeased FATHER.

'I have written to brother Wilson to provide for thy journey.'

Uncle Wilson says I must tarry till next week, when he will take me down into Yorkshire himself. I have got him to give me a copy of the newly-framed Rules of the Methodist Societies, and whether I am permitted openly to join myself to the Societies or not, I mean to fashion my life very strictly by these Rules. I see nothing in them but what is good and reasonable. But my mind is cruelly tossed this way and that, and cannot rest.

I had written thus far when Patty came calling me, and I huddled away my writings, which I would not for the world she saw. 'Come down, come down, child,' she cried; 'here is Bab Durham hath heard of your leaving us, and is come to say farewell. 'Tis such a jest,' she ran on; 'her heart failed her just at our doors, and she was for turning back, when John found her and brought her into the parlour. You will laugh when you see the stately Spanish courtesy he shows her—he is the perfectest Don Quixote; and she is a very proper Dulcinea for him.' She little guessed how her gay talk stabbed me.

We found Mrs. Durham sitting timidly by the table, and John standing yards away at the hearth, so tall, dark, and serious, Patty's comparison was not quite absurd. Mrs. Durham, greeting me in a pretty wistful way, put a parcel into my hands, asking me to take it as a remembrance of her. 'Twas the most ravishing piece of work I ever saw—white satin wrought with perfectly natural violets and mosses, in artful festoons. She had designed and worked it herself,

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and she explained that the pattern was so contrived it could be used either as a petticoat, or as the trimming of a gown.

I was so delighted I could hardly find words to thank her at first, but then my Rules came into my head, and I said hesitating, 'I fear I cannot wear this with a good conscience, madam—I am just pledging myself, following the teaching of Scripture, to forbear using costly apparel, and this is most costly.'

'It need cost *you* nothing but thanks,' said Patty; 'and you are slow to pay them.'

'But I do thank Mrs. Durham most truly for her kind pains,' I said, feeling sadly vexed to see how downcast she looked at my words.

'You thank her,' said John harshly, 'and you will none of her gift! 'tis a strange point of conscience. Could you not have received it kindly, and settled about wearing it afterwards with yourself?'

It hurt me so to hear the words, guessing what prompted them, that I said hastily to Mrs. Durham: 'I owe *you* much gratitude and love, madam, and I will keep your beautiful gift, for love of you, till my cousin John is married; and then, with your leave, I will resign it to the bride—perhaps he will forgive me then for my lack of courtly breeding,' and I broke out crying as I kissed her, and so did she, saying, 'twas a grief to her to cause unkindness between friends.

But we soon settled down into quiet and goodwill, when John had left us hastily. I explained to her the new bonds I was entering into, and as much of my happy reasons for doing so as I could; and she excused John to me prettily, saying 'twas his generous pity for her, a homeless, unhappily-placed creature, that had made him seem a little rough with me, 'whom he prizes so highly,' she said.

But if I did not already know whom he prizes much more highly, would not this little passage have made me see it? Well, it will make the sharp trial of leaving here almost easy and pleasant to me.

CHESHIRE WATER-WORLDS.

BY THE REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK.

We will suppose ourselves to be living in the capital city of a cheese-county. Now, a cheese-county is sure to be a green county; that is to say, there are more grass fields than corn or potato fields. There are not too many hedges or trees, for they mean unprofitable farming, and at the same time death to many of the creatures we are in search of. Moreover, *many dairy cows* mean many *ponds*, or 'pits,' as Cheshire folks call them. For let the

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adulteration laws say what they will, you *cannot* have *milk* without *water*. Now, where a little pond lies like a diamond in the midst of an emerald meadow, birds will come—water hens and wild birds of all kinds—in their flight across the country; and the feet of wild water-fowl, and their under-plumage, are likely enough to have clinging to them seeds of plants, spores, germs of life, even ova of fish. And all these beginnings of life are liable to be washed off when these nature-carriers wade into the water. And so it comes to pass that the meadow-ponds get stocked with life, plant-life and infusorial life especially. The presence of fish in ponds, where the pond has not been stocked by the hand of man, is more frequently to be accounted for by floods or by remote connection with lakes, rivers, or even the sea: for salt-water life may in some instances be gradually habituated to fresh-water surroundings, and *vice versâ*. But birds are the great pond-gardeners.

Now, the plant-life of ponds is important to us, because only by the help of plants can we hope to make an aquarium sufficiently attractive to win favour with those feminine powers who rule our homes; and secondly, without plants we must change the water every day, and so throw away the chance of rearing in the aquarium successive colonies of infusorial and larger life. The first business, therefore, in searching this green, well-watered cheese-country, is to find a few plants—small, pretty, and rich in power to give out oxygen. We shall have no difficulty. Here in the pond, over the first gate we come to as we pass beyond the suburban houses, is the beautiful ivy-leaved duck-weed, and not far away we can find three other kinds of duck-weed.

In the pond by the side of the cottages higher up the road, there are barrow-loads of *Anacharis Alsinastrum*, perfectly clean and free from all trace of confervæ—a most important consideration if you desire to *see* anything in your aquarium a month hence. This anacharis was introduced, it is supposed by accident, from North America, and has spread with extraordinary rapidity. Yet it is singularly capricious. You may find it in one pond, and in another within a stone's throw there may not be a trace. It is a selfish plant. It loves to have a home all to itself, and keeps out or kills all competitors. To account for its absence is often more difficult than to account for its presence. But it is a useful plant for our purpose, none more so, except the beautiful *Vallisneria*, which you cannot find in England, except at a dealer's shop, where you will have to pay one shilling a root for it.

Other plants you can find elsewhere—frogbit, which will spread its circular leaves upon the surface, and droop its long hairy roots into

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the water below; pond-weed of various species, and many other plants more or less useful.

And now having secured a sufficient number of plants for our little water-world, let us see what creatures we can find. Suppose we make for high ground. Leaving the main road and striking into the country lanes, we come to high brick walls—old, ivy-crowned, shaded by trees, covered with lichens, and fringed in the summer-time with tufts of wall-rue. On the left a stile leads into two grass-fields, in each of which there is a pond. Now here are two water-worlds, very near to one another, yet very different in character. The first is almost useless for our purpose, partly because it lies low, is shaded by trees and haunted by ducks, who persistently gobble up everything they can find. The second is the very pond we need. It is a small shallow sheet of comparatively pure water, covering a sandy bed, with underlying clay. It lies on high ground. It has no trees anywhere near. Upon its surface every wind of heaven can blow; whilst no ray of sunshine, happily escaping from our clouded skies, is hindered by bank or bush from playing upon it. Its field appears to be an old pasture. The Ordnance Map calls the country beyond 'heath;' and though at present no trace of heather or gorse or club-moss is to be seen, the past here, as in higher circles and cycles of life, is no doubt influencing the present. Many descendants of the old, wild, beautiful life, not yet quite destroyed out of England, still survive under new conditions of cultivation and civilization. 'Wild' has become 'field;' but 'field' is still fruitful, not only for sheep and cows and dairy farmers, but also for botanists and zoologists. Even supposing there are persons still living who remember the enclosure of the field and the digging of its pit, it does not materially affect the suggestion I have ventured to make, that the old heath-life is to be credited to some extent with the rich variety of animal and vegetable life to be found in this pond. For even the most delicately organized forms of life are endowed with a wonderful pertinacity, which enables them, or their germs, to hold on through strange reversals of fortune, resisting desiccation, frost, and heat, and adapting themselves to new conditions.

If we pass out of this field and across the little blind cinder-lane which bounds it on one side, we shall find another field which has evidently been, at one time, pastured. But in an evil moment its owner has ploughed up the *profitable* grass and sown it with oats, which will bring grist to the windmill near by, but probably little cash to the farmer's purse. In the first corner of this third field there is also a pond, of little or no use to the farmer, but precious to the naturalist beyond all price. A richer water-world it would be

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difficult to find anywhere in England. It is a world of wonders, containing at all times plants and living creatures of extreme beauty, and occasionally forms of life rarely met with elsewhere. I could turn a microscopist's mouth into a water-world by the mere recital of the Rotifers found in that pond! There is nothing in its outward aspect to indicate the wealth of life within. It is open, tolerably clear, shallow at each end, deep in the centre, studded around the margin with tufts of reeds, and surrounded in the summer-time with a perfect jungle of grasses and wild flowers. But it has this peculiarity: standing on its bank, you look straight across the valley of the Dee, and across all the rich meadow-land beyond, to the Welsh mountains. And birds flying up the estuary of the Dee, or from the Welsh moorlands, would be likely enough to alight *first* on that high pond, and, washing their feet in its waters, may not improbably have left behind sundry reminiscences of travel, in the form of seeds and other germs of life.

Now I propose that we search these two ponds. Let us begin with the one last described. With a swift stroke we drive the net down among the roots of the reeds, and sweep it up through the masses of fine-leaved water-weed which, in spring beauty, is rapidly covering the shallow margin. The net comes to land ladened with water, mud, and plants. As the water drains away, we see that our very first stroke has furnished us with life abundant and varied enough for a much larger aquarium than we have prepared. There are sticklebacks black as ink, beautiful bronzed tadpoles, one or two kinds of beetles, boatmen, scorpions, larvæ, and what else the microscope alone can reveal. The fish and tadpoles we place in a bottle by themselves, the beetles in a second, the rest must take their chance in a third, each bottle of course being supplied with water and weed. The latter will help to shelter the creatures from one another. They are all fierce fighters, and, if left unprotected, would soon afford a melancholy illustration of Mr. Darwin's doctrine of the survival of the fittest—or, from our aquarium point of view, the *unfittest*.

A trial of pond number one would result in a catch differing in many respects, but similar in others. The beetles, boatmen, and scorpions—all of which can fly from pond to pond—are the same. So are some of the larvæ, but not all. The tadpoles are quite different. And there are no fish, at least none that your net is likely to catch. The plants are totally distinct; hence, I imagine, the *larval* differences. But probably that which will arrest your attention most, and will perhaps make you oblivious to everything else in pond number one, will be the presence of a fat spider, and two or three little ones, with bodies covered with a dark delicate fur,

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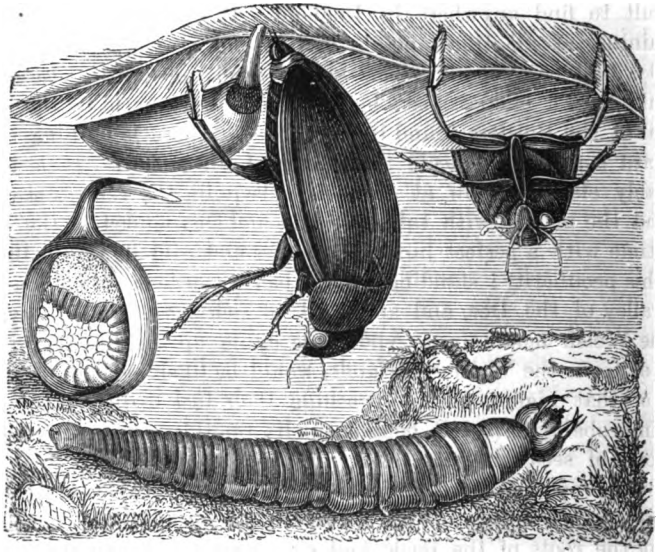

WATER BEETLES (*Hydrophilus piceus*).

which, directly you transfer the creatures to the water-bottle, will suddenly be transformed into a globule of glistening silver. Keep them apart from everything else, and take great care of them, for they are a prize.

Now if you are foolish you will go straight home and put all into the Aquarium, and long before morning more than half will be dead. If you are wise you will take one or two specimens of each species only, and will keep them apart until, by patient consultation of Prince 'Try-again,' you learn which kinds, and how many of each kind, may be trusted to live together. Meantime, watch the creatures, observe their structure, their various modes of moving about; their ways of breathing and feeding (they will find food enough in the water you have brought from the pond for the first day or two.) Many of them will suffer no inconvenience from being removed for a short time from the water. And remember that every one of them is wonderfully made, and serves some special purpose in the social life of the water-world from which it is taken. So much has been written of late years on all this, and it is so easily accessible, that I do not need to describe over again what others have already described. But some notes of personal observation and adventure may not be without interest and use.

Now here is a long list of curious creatures, all common enough,

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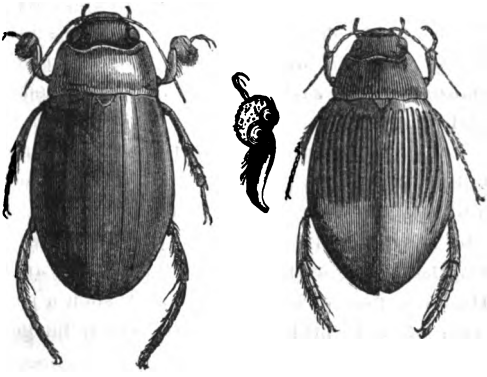
in such water-worlds as I have described, and all capable of being kept at home, at least for a time.

There is the whole tribe of Beetles. Dytiscus Marginalis is king of the water-world, as the lion is king of the forest-world. Catch him if you can, but being caught, whether in its larval or perfect form, he must on no account be trusted in the same vessel with any other creature upon which you do not wish him to feed. He is worth an aquarium all to himself, and can feed upon butcher's meat like a Yorkshire farmer.

From Dytiscus Marginalis you may pass downwards through a wonderful variety of beetles, great and small, some vegetarians, others carnivorous, all winged, all beautiful, to the lovely little black and brown midge—to me nameless though very familiar, who rushes about in the aquarium with his tiny quicksilver tail-piece and hurts nobody. What, say you, is the quicksilver tail-piece? Have you ever seen a water-beetle come to the surface to breathe? If not, catch one, put it into a bottle, and watch. There it comes, sailing up from the bottom, poised diagonally, with long feathered hind legs spread out. And now see what will happen. Instead of poking his nose out of the water, as you would be glad to do had you been down there as long as he has been, he suddenly alters his balance, ducks his head as though preparing to dive, and thrusting his tail end above the surface, opens his elytra or wing covers, captures a globule of air, and disappears with what looks like a quicksilver tail-piece. His lungs are outside his body. He breathes, not through his mouth, but through branchiæ, which are placed under the elytra.



Dytiscus Marginalis, male and female, with front leg of male magnified.

A GLIMPSE OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

(*Concluded from page* 181.)

A FAVOURITE expedition from Sydney is to Paramatta, a place famous for its orange gardens. We started in the steam-launch early

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one morning, and made first for the head of the harbour, and then, proceeding up one of the narrow creeks, entered the Paramatta river. Some miles further, a friend met us with his carriage, and drove us to his comfortable farm, where we were hospitably entertained, and turned loose to feast in the orange orchards. In one sheltered glen, we came on a group of orange-trees from forty to forty-five feet in height, having a stem nearly two feet in girth. As we stood under the trees, the lowest bough left the trunk at a point fully three feet above our heads; so, having hitherto seen only the orange-groves of Europe, we for the first time realized that these were indeed *trees*.

But our friends had something to show us which they esteemed an object of far deeper interest. This was an oak tree, known to be eighty years of age, a venerable age in this young colony. It was planted by an early settler, and is looked upon by old and young with positive reverence.

Soon after arriving here, I spent some delightful days on Darling Point, one of the prettiest of the many lovely headlands which jut into the blue sea-lake in every direction. My host was Mr. Mort, who has built his lovely house, Greenoaks, as a dream of some old English home, with many gables outside and good carved oak inside. He has a fine picture-gallery, and such a garden of camellias! great trees of red, pink and white, which he generously showers on his friends.

Amongst other things, he owns one of the principal docks here, and a large iron-foundry. He also has a large dairy-farm along the coast, where he has five hundred cows, all in milk! But his greatest interest is in devising and perfecting a great freezing establishment for conveying meat to England. He has the animal killed in the mountains, brought to Sydney in iced trucks, and there received into genuine (artificially constructed) arctic regions, into which we descended shivering, and there beheld low rows of carcases, all frozen as hard as stone. The intention is to convey about two hundred tons to England at a time, all frozen. It is a gigantic experiment, on which Mr. Mort has already sunk about £100,000. It has been the labour of years, and is now just about to see daylight.*

Ever since we landed here we have met with the greatest kindness from all the principal inhabitants, and it is of our own choice that we have not been altogether engrossed in a ceaseless social whirl. When it became known that we did not wish to go out in the evenings, many kind friends invited us to luncheons, which at first we accepted

* After all this care and anxiety, America has outstripped Australia in the race, and was the first to bring her superabundant stores to the aid of hungry Britain.

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in all innocence. But we soon discovered that such luncheons meant long dinners in courses, and large parties almost as trying as wedding-breakfasts; in short, that they cut up all the best hours of the day; so, as we infinitely prefer a sandwich eaten in the open air, we have found that the best way to enjoy this new world, is to go right away from the city, and so we have made several most enjoyable expeditions into the wilds.

The first of these was to the Blue Mountains, a wooded range which lies between Sydney and Bathurst. The manner in which the railway has been engineered between these two points, is one of the triumphs of the colony. From Sydney, it ascends to the summit by a series of zig-zags, and descends on the other side by the same means, so that looking down from the summit, you see the road winding far below you in a series of terraces, along which you must presently pass.

On my first visit to the zig-zags, I was honoured by a seat on the engine, which though not luxurious, is the recognised method by which any privileged guest of the Government is enabled to see the scenery. But on my next visit to the Blue Mountains, I travelled in all humility, in an open, empty truck, and of course had a far better view on every side.

I cannot say that the Blue Mountains are by any means impressive as regards beauty of form. On the contrary, they are, generally speaking, a very shapeless range, offering little variety of scene, and all thickly clothed with very unattractive scrub, composed chiefly, I think, of eucalyptus. But here and there a remarkable geological 'fault' occurs, where a huge piece of the range seems to have subsided, leaving a deep and inaccessible pit many miles in circumference.

The most noted of these is Govatt's Leap, which is a grand, deeply-sunken gorge, to which no entrance can be effected from any side. It is named in memory of a noted freebooter who, when so closely pressed by his pursuers that escape was hopeless, forced his horse to leap the precipitous wall, and so vanished from their sight, lost in the dense forest far below, where doubtless his bones lie whitening to this day.

In order to secure a careful picture of this remarkable spot, I halted for some days at a most comfortable 'Bush' Hotel, and spent long hours of delight on the verge of the precipice, beside a sparkling stream, which, emulating the bold bushranger, overleaps the crags, and falling in clouds of rainbow-tinted spray, loses itself among the tree-tops in the depths of the great pit. Looking down on this closely-matted carpet of green, it appeared to be all starred by the beautiful

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crowns of tall tree-ferns, rising on slender stems from a depth of perhaps thirty feet below.

Words fail me to describe the loveliness of certain gullies in which these most fascinating tree-ferns flourish undisturbed, their huge fronds weaving an exquisite canopy of fairy-green, through which the sunlight gleams far over head, and lights up banks of equally beautiful though smaller ferns of many graceful forms, from the delicate maiden-hair to the strange, almost grotesque, parasitic elk-horn and stag-horn ferns, which having established themselves on the rough bark of some old tree, there grow and flourish, forming a natural fernery which would fill a gardener with jealous despair.

From Mount Victoria (which is the station for Govatt's Leap) I went on to see a very similar pit known as the Weatherboard, a name the meaning of which is not apparent. The term weatherboard is descriptive of a peculiar method of building wooden-houses with rough boards overlapping one another, and I failed to see any resemblance to these in the perpendicular rock-walls which encircle a pit very similar to that which I had previously visited.

I secured a tidy little room in the exquisitely-clean cottage of a woodman, whose bright purpose-like wife was surrounded by a large family of the nicest little children you could wish to see, true little Australians, independent and self-reliant from their cradles, and always on the alert to lend a hand wherever it might be required. I was vastly amused on the first evening of my arrival, when, having spent the day alone, at the crags, I had continued painting till sunset, and then started to walk back to the cottage by the light of a brilliant moon. When about half way, I espied a small regiment coming towards me, and recognised the whole household brigade, headed by a ten-year-old boy, and gradually decreasing to a toddle of less than four summers. They expressed great relief at my safe return, as they said they were beginning to think I might have fallen over the crags, so they thought they had better come and look after me! It was quite the story of the lion and the mouse. Happily I never had occasion to test their powers, but their willingness to aid was truly touching.

I have had one very pleasant glimpse of true Australian country life. I cannot say that it at all answered to my expectations of 'life in the bush,' as we had no chance of 'roughing it,' but rather found ourselves in clover from the hour we left Sydney till our return, and could scarcely have told that we were not in a comfortable English country-house.

Our destination was a large sheep-farm in the Murrumbidgee hills. To reach these we left Sydney early one morning, and travelled by

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rail to Goulburn, where we arrived about four p.m. Here we spent the night, and were taken to see the foundations of the future cathedral. Next morning we again made an early start in a hired carriage with post-horses. Our route lay through very ugly country, flat and uninteresting, with uninviting-looking pasture-land, and fields roughly enclosed by rude fences of roots. Such trees as we saw were all shabby eucalyptus, or blue gum, the most untidy of trees, with bark hanging about in loose rags. They are only saved from downright ugliness by their wealth of delicate fluffy yellowish blossoms.

At sunset we reached Queanbeyan, where our host awaited us in a good break with four fine horses, and away we rattled over the last seven miles, till we reached a comfortable home of the Elizabethan type, and there received most hospitable welcome.

In these pleasant quarters a week quickly slipped away, for though we had some bitterly cold snowy days, we kept up cheery fires indoors, and when the weather allowed us we went for beautiful rides and drives in all directions. Our host owns upwards of thirty thousand sheep, five hundred horses, and a thousand head of cattle on this station. I believe he has another station almost as large. The horses seem to require no stabling or special care, but every morning a herd was driven down to the house, and as many as were required for the day were taken in. We started one morning, a party of seventeen riders, besides a large party in the break and a dog-cart, and so we went for eighteen miles across country, till we reached the Ginan-Ginandarra falls, where we enjoyed as cheery a picnic as could be desired.

Another day we drove and rode across country, quite irrespective of roads, over broken ground, and in and out between fallen trees, till we reached Mount Ainslie, where the gentlemen went off into the forest in quest of sport. We remained on the outskirts, where we saw a considerable number of parrots of various sorts; beautiful white cockatoos with yellow crests, gray cockatoos with touches of softest pink, and some splendid pure black ones; besides which, the gaudy blue and scarlet and green birds looked vulgarly over-dressed.

After some hours the gentlemen returned, having killed three little bush bears, and a tiny one. These Australian bears are inoffensive little creatures and hide in the trees, so they do not afford exciting sport; but one of our party wished for some skins, and also to obtain a perfect skeleton for a museum. So when the skin had been carefully removed (which is a much cleaner and neater process than I had before realized), the poor flayed bear was deposited right in the middle of a great ant-heap, and was there left till the busy

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ants should have cleaned off every scrap of flesh, leaving the perfect skeleton white as ivory.

Now our friends recommend us to go another expedition up the Illawarra Pass to Woolagong. They tell us the scenery is beautiful, and that in the month of September our route would seem to lie through a garden of rich wild flowers. There are fragrant rock-lilies without number with creamy blossoms, and scarlet lilies like crowns of fire; and above all there are scarlet Waratans, which are the special pride of Australia. They are very odd flowers, something between a scarlet dahlia and a ripe artichoke—just a solid pyramid of pure scarlet. A friend has just brought in an early blossom to show to us. Certainly, at this season the Australian bush is marvellously attractive to all lovers of flowers.

'GOD IS LOVE.'

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

THE mountains high, the forests dark and sere,
Speak of it ever, and bright sunbeams trace
The golden legend on earth's darksome face;
While the sweet chorus chants, the circling year.

We see it written on night's starry scroll,
We read it in the noontide blaze of day,
The evening croons it 'mid the shadows gray,
It echoes as the morning mists uproll.

The voice of joy, the murmurings of pain,
Alike proclaim it, and its music sweet
Rings out when sorrows with our spirit meet,
And loudest when dark tears around us rain.

It paints a rainbow on life's cloudy cares,
It wipes the dew from eyes o'erfull and dim;
It leads us tenderly to climb to Him
Upon the wrecks of disappointed years.

Earth's dearest loves oft falter and grow strange;
Life's choicest treasures seek heaven's fairer clime;
This standeth sure 'mid crumbling walls of time,
The Love of God can know, nor bound, nor change.

The love of God, whose circling waters sweep
Around us, while we cannot pierce the deeps,
And vainly strive to gauge the flood which keeps
The secret of our lives in calm, still sleep.

O, when we scale the everlasting hills,
Looking afar our eyes shall clearly see
To mete aright the vast immensity
Of Love which laves man's soul and nature fills.

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EARLY CLOSING.

AMONGST the many hopeful signs of our times is the readiness with which the general, and especially the religious public fall in with any scheme for the amelioration of the lot of those who are in any kind of trouble, or subject to any unfair degree of hardship. The Early Closing Movement, however, at first made comparatively slow progress, but in the past year or two it has rapidly gained ground.

The need for a reduction in the hours of labour exacted from shop-assistants is sufficiently obvious, especially when it is remembered that a very large proportion of them are young women. It is a monstrous thing that these young people should be kept to work on an average fourteen hours a day. The physical injury—too frequently resulting in premature death—is enormous; but the mental and religious wrong is at least equally great. Who can wonder that young men and women so constantly occupied in the shop have no inclination for mental improvement or religious enterprise—that too often both the public and private means of grace are entirely, or almost entirely neglected? Christian people, at any rate, ought to learn in their shopping, as in everything else, to 'look not' on their 'own things, but every man' (and in this case, especially, every *woman*) 'also on the things of others.'

The programme of the Early Closing Association is thus summarized:

I. An Abridgment of the Hours of Labour in all Departments of Industrial Life, wherever unduly prolonged—especially on Saturday nights.

II. The adoption of a Saturday Half-Holiday where practicable.

III. The Rescue of Shopkeepers, their Assistants, and others, from unnecessary Sunday Labour.

IV. The Early Payment of Wages.

V. The promotion, as far as possible, of a profitable application of the leisure time thus to be gained.

To all which projects we heartily say, *Amen.* We are very glad to find that the Association is taking up the question of unnecessary Sunday labour. The whole influence of all wise citizens should be thrown into the scale against this pernicious practice, which is as much a social as a religious evil. The drink-sellers and tobacconists are in this matter the chief offenders; and against their selfish practices and selfish customers it is high time that strong and earnest witness should be borne in the interests of the *employés* as well as on other grounds.

Now every one may help the Early Closing Movement, and every

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one ought to. Let each resolve never to shop after seven p.m. any day, and not after five p.m. on Saturday, so that there may be the less excuse for the late hours observed by shop-keepers. Let us also try to induce our friends to adopt similar principles.

It is very important, too, that healthy and useful employment should be found for the leisure hours gained in neighbourhoods where Early Closing has been already adopted. In this matter our Churches should be on the alert, so that the old truth, which seems to have been first propounded in so many words by Dr. Watts, may not find a sad fulfilment in the case of the released 'young people:'

'Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.'

Full particulars as to how to promote the movement in a neighbourhood will be gladly supplied by the Secretary of the Association, Mr. J. A. Stacey, 100, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

BENGEL'S PRAYER.*

A FACT.

CROUCHED in the chamber of the sage
A lurking student lay,
And watched him turn the sacred page
Well nigh to dawn of day.

He waited for the longing cries
And ecstasies of prayer,
That surely must to heaven arise
From him who laboured there;

Whose life was rhythmic as a psalm,
His words a seraph-song—
What passion must attain such calm?
What wrestling grow so strong?

At last up rose the labouring saint,
The night's long task was o'er,
And, with a tottering footstep faint,
He sought his chamber door.

But first he spoke, with reverent hands
Clasped on the weary brow:
'*Lord Jesus, between us it stands,*
As yesternight, so now.'

These only words the listener heard,
Yet, as he turned away,
Like waters by an angel stirred,
His yearning spirit lay.

Desiring with intense desire,
The grace his eyes had seen,
A spirit purged in cleansing fire,
A child-like trust serene.

No shrinking, no remorse was there,
No baffled longings wailed;
He strove not wildly with despair,
Nor only half prevailed.

Tranquil and brief, the prayer he prayed,
Ere turning to such rest
As lulled perchance the happy head
Which knew the Master's breast.

But we—in strife our days are spent,
We crush our longings down,
With pilgrim-toils half discontent,
Tho' loth to lose the crown.

So when we name the Father's name
Hot tears make dim our eyes;
And oft we hang the head for shame,
And joyless oft we rise;

Who might lie passive in His hands,
And with glad hearts avow,
'Lord Jesus, between us it stands,
As yesternight, so now.'

The Rev. G. A. Chadwick, D.D.

* From *As One that Serveth. Sacred Poems.* By the Rev. G. A. Chadwick, D.D. Elliot Stock.

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'A WORD SPOKEN IN DUE SEASON.'

BY THE REV. J. W. KEYWORTH.

ONE Sabbath morning, some thirty or forty years ago, an old Local-preacher was slowly making his way along a country road to the place where he was appointed to preach. It was a beautiful morning in summer; and, as the old man walked along, his heart was full of love to God and of zeal for his Master's work. Presently the road lay past some cottage-gardens, which were separated from it by a rather thick hedge. As the old preacher approached the place, he saw, in one of the gardens, a man who was well known to him, stripped to the shirt and working hard with a spade. Just then the man happened to look up, and the sight of the preacher threw him into consternation. He thought to himself—as he frequently says in telling the story: 'Well, I'm wrong; for here's the preacher coming to preach the Gospel, and I'm digging potatoes.' To throw down his spade, and crouch behind the hedge in the hope that he had not been detected, was the work of a moment. But he was too late. The preacher had seen the action; and, approaching the hedge, could just distinguish, through the network of leaves and twigs, the form of the hiding sabbath-breaker on the other side. The old man stood for a moment, peering through the hedge; and then, raising his stick, he managed to make with it an aperture amongst the leaves, large enough to afford a clear view of the crouching form. When this was done, he succeeded after a few moments in catching the eye of the guilty man, and just saying in solemn tones, '*Friend, you're a day too late!*' he went on his way.

When he was gone, the gardener arose from his hiding-place, but could do no more work. The words of the old preacher had sunk into his heart. He saw vividly the sinfulness of his conduct. And this one wrong deed was in keeping with the character of his whole life. His life itself was wrong—utterly wrong, as was proved by the fact that, while the old man who had just left him, and by whom he had been so impressively reproved, was going to the house of God, he was spending the sacred hours of the Sabbath in earthly toil. All this passed through his mind in a few moments. Under the influence of such thoughts he left his garden and went home. His mind had no rest that day, or for many days after. For weeks the words of the old preacher rang in his ears; and he found no peace until, resolving to lead a new life, he sought forgiveness at the feet of Jesus. 'A word spoken in due season, how good is it!'

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A PAIR OF DUCKS FOR A BIBLE.

ONE poor woman, living in a lonely cottage in an out-of-the-way village, being called upon for the first time was asked to buy a Bible.

'I don't want one,' she replied. 'I have no time to read it, nor money to spend on it.'

'May I come in and read a little of it to you?' the colporteur asked.

'You may please yourself,' was the somewhat ungracious reply.

Entering the cottage the colporteur sat down, and read the parable of the prodigal son, in Luke xv., while the woman went on with her washing. Presently she stopped her work and sat down to listen, deeply interested in the wondrous story that came from the lips of the Saviour.

When the colporteur had finished he talked to her of the love of God, and when he offered to pray she readily assented.

After prayer, she enquired, 'What is the price of that book you have been reading out of?' He told her eighteen-pence; but she shook her head, she hadn't the money. What she had with her she was going to take out to buy meal for the pigs. 'But, look here!' she said, brightening up, 'I've got a pair of young ducks here; they'll be worth a couple of shillings in a few days. Will you take them and give me the book?'

Of course he could not take the ducks in payment, but he let her have the book, and she promised to save up and pay him.

He has since visited her twice, and he states that she is diligently reading the Bible; and though she is still in great darkness, the Spirit of God is evidently leading her into the light.—*Report of Christian Colportage Association.*

SEED THOUGHTS

FOR PREACHERS AND TEACHERS.

I HAVE observed that a word cast in by-the-by hath done more execution in a sermon than all that was spoke besides; sometimes also when I have thought I did no good, then I did the most of all, and at other times when I thought I should catch them I have fished for nothing.—*John Bunyan.*

Men look at a man out of the pulpit to see what he is worth in it. —*Richard Cecil.*

Many people fancy they have a fine command of language, when the fact is language has got a fine command of them.—*Archbishop Whately.*

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While thou seekest God in all things thou shalt find Him in all.—*John Wesley.*

When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart.—*John Bunyan.*

When you cannot pray as you wish, pray at all events as you can.—*Dean Goulburn.*

Do not be disturbed because you cannot serve God in your own way; you serve Him while accepting your infirmities in His own way, which is far better.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The globe has been circumnavigated, but no man ever yet has; you may survey a kingdom, and note the result in maps; but all the *savants* in the world could not produce a reliable map of the poorest human personality.—*Alexander Smith.*

The poor are God's receivers, and the angels are His auditors.—*James Howell.*

GOD'S BEES.

Great God Almighty, in Thy pretty bees
Mine eye (as written in small letters) sees
An abstract of this wisdom, power, and love
Which is imprinted in the heavens above
In larger volumes, for their eyes to see
That in such little prints behold not Thee.

—*George Wither* (1623).

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Scenes and Adventures in Great Namaqualand. By the REV. BENJAMIN RIDSDALE. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road, E.C.—A pleasant and modest account of earnest, faithful work amongst heathen tribes. In quiet, chatty fashion, the author tells the story of his mission-life, which was full of adventure, of dangers and deliverances, of toils and triumphs. We hope in an early number to refer more at length to this interesting work.

Auriel, and other Stories. By RUTH ELLIOTT. T. Woolmer.—Another volume of the late Ruth Elliott's stories is sure of a wide welcome. The principal story in this collection is a beautiful tale—really an allegory—full of pathos and quiet power. The shorter pieces are also well worth preserving, and illustrate the lamented authoress's varied gifts. This book should be in all Sunday-school libraries.

Early Training, its Philosophy, its Nature, and its Worth. By the REV. J. TONGUE, B.A. Elliot Stock.—A little book on a great subject. It contains many valuable remarks and suggestions, and the spirit in which it is written is admirable.

The Preparatory Greek Course in English. By W. C. WILKINSON. New York: Phillips and Hunt.—This volume is one of the 'After School Series,' the aim of which is to give to those whose early education has been scanty an opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of the classics; sufficient at least to make Homer, Xenophon, etc., something more to them than mere names. The design is good, and so is the execution.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR MAY, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*
May	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	4 33	7 22	9 4a	3 38m	3 41m	11 36a	8 42a
11	4 15	7 38	9 51	3 20	3 15	11 6	8 10
21	4 0	7 53	9 45	3 2	2 49	10 35	*Rises.* 4 15m
31	3 50	8 6	8 51	2 46	2 23	10 5	3 39

PHASES OF THE MOON.

May 6th, New Moon . 9h. 58m. after. | „ 22nd, Full Moon 3h. 12m. morn.
„ 13th, First Quarter 10h. 54m. after. | „ 29th, Last Quarter 2h. 23m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 5th . . 8h. after., Perigee . . . 223,133 miles.
„ 18th. . . 5h. morn., Apogee . . . 251,991 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 237,562 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 1st . . . . . 92,420,640 miles.
June 1st . . . . . 92,996,050 „
Increase of distance for the month . . 575,410 „

A TOTAL eclipse of the Sun may be witnessed in the South Pacific Ocean on May 6th. The obscuration begins on the Earth generally at 7h. 21m., and ends 27 minutes after midnight, Greenwich mean time.

The orbit of the Comet which was discovered at Rochester, N.Y., on the 23rd of February, turns out like most of the others to be very nearly parabolic. The observations made at the Cambridge Observatory, March 3rd, 9th, and 15th, are represented with almost perfect accuracy by a barabola whose distance from the Sun at the nearest point is 70 millions of miles. The Comet reached this point on 1883, February 19th, 1h. 8m. 36s. before noon. The plane of the orbit is inclined to that of the ecliptic at an angle of no less than 78 degs., and intersects the ecliptic, where the Comet passes from the south to the north side, at a point 8 degs. in advance of the Tropic of Capricorn; just about where the Sun is on the 30th of December: and the perihelion, reckoning on the orbit, is 111 degs. eastward of this point. The Comet has not been identified with any one which has hitherto appeared. It was an interesting object in a good telescope, round and nebulous, and a slight appearance of tail in a direction opposite to the Sun; but could not be seen in March with the naked eye.

Mercury is an evening star, and may be easily seen with the naked eye after sunset, about the time of the greatest elongation, which takes place on the 14th, at 2h. in the afternoon, when the angular distance from the Sun is 22 degs., and the planet is more than 6 degs. farther north. It will be in conjunction with Saturn on the morning of the 2nd, and with the Moon on the morning of the 8th. On the 27th the apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde: next day the planet crosses the ecliptic southward.

Venus rises about an hour before the Sun; on the 2nd it will be at its greatest actual distance from the Sun, on the 4th in conjunction with the Moon, and on the 10th very near to Mars. On the evening of the 24th it will be at its greatest distance southward from the ecliptic.

Mars is in the same region of the heavens as Venus. At conjunction on the 10th the two objects will be visible at the same time in the field of an ordinary telescope. On the 4th it will be in conjunction with the Moon.

Jupiter is an evening star. It will be near the Moon on the 9th, and very near to *Mu* Geminorum on the 23rd. On the evening of the 19th it crosses from the southern to the northern side of the ecliptic. This month is not favourable for observing the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites.

HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, PRINTERS, LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

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(*From a photograph by T. C. Turner, of Islington.*)

MR. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.

AMONGST our Connexional laymen, Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP, of Highgate, holds a deservedly high place. He was born at Newtownards, County Down, in the year 1829. His father, the late Rev. Robert Beauchamp, came of an old Norman family, which had for many generations been settled in Limerick and its neighbourhood; his mother, who still lives, is of Scotch descent. Mr. Beauchamp's father, who in early life had been passionately fond of hunting and other field sports, when he came under the power of the Gospel, joined the Methodist Society, and was soon called to the Ministry. His Ministerial career covered nearly half a century, from 1824 to 1873. A considerable part of his life was spent under the direction of the Missionary Society amongst the Roman Catholic population. He did his work faithfully and wisely, gaining the respect of the priests as well as the people. He was an unassuming, hard-working, godly man,

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very attentive to pastoral duties, and much given to prayer; he was well read, and liked to take his only son with him in his walks or rides to his country appointments, and would talk with him about books and men, but especially about Methodism and Methodist affairs. Those conversations had a lasting influence on the boy's mind, and his visits to the farm-houses where his father preached gave him a knowledge of and a sympathy with country Methodism.

Before he was fourteen Mr. Beauchamp entered the business establishment of a good Methodist, the late Mr. W. Paul, of Portadown, whose son and grandson still continue the business, and preserve the Methodist traditions of the family. In 1849 he came to London and entered the counting-house of Mr. Edwin Bliss, of Barbican, general factor. He joined the Society in connection with City Road Chapel, and met in the Class of which the late Rev. W. L. Thornton, M.A., was the Leader. Amongst the members were Mr. (afterwards Sir) Francis Lycett, Mr. H. H. Fowler, now M.P. for Wolverhampton, and other young men who have since become well known in the Church and the world. Mr. Beauchamp soon got to work, first as a teacher in the little Sunday-school held in Turner's Place, and afterwards, when he removed to the neighbourhood of Liverpool Road, as the leader of a Bible-class for young men, and as a Local-preacher. His spare time was devoted to careful prepara-

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tion for his various duties, and to general reading. As years passed on he became a successful Class-leader, a thoughtful Preacher, always acceptable in the pulpits of our best Metropolitan chapels, and has faithfully served in the various Methodist Stewardships.

In 1854 he removed to Chipping Norton, entering the woollen factory of Mr. William Bliss, who had then laid the foundation of the business which has since so largely extended. Methodism was in a very low state in the town, the 'Reform' agitation having all but ruined the Society. At such a time Mr. Beauchamp's influence was of special importance to the Ministers, whom he loyally and zealously supported. Better days soon dawned, and under a sermon preached by the Rev. Jakeh Oats, a gracious revival began, and many were added to the Lord, amongst them being the present mayor of Chipping Norton, Mr. Thomas Mace.

In 1861 Mr. Beauchamp returned to London to manage the town branch of the Chipping Norton firm, and married Amelia, third daughter of Mr. Edwin Bliss. Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp worshipped for some years at City-Road Chapel, and took an active part in Church work, especially the Chequer-Alley Mission, until their removal to the North of London. From this time Mr. Beauchamp has taken an increasing share in Methodist affairs, not only in his own Circuit, but throughout the country. We believe that he attributes the interest he takes in Connexional matters largely to the influence of the late Rev. John Bedford, who in later years always made Mr. Beauchamp's house his home when visiting London.

When the great Thanksgiving Fund movement was inaugurated, Mr. Beauchamp threw himself heartily into it, and by his generous promise of two thousand guineas gave the undertaking a most valuable impetus.

Space would fail us for the enumeration of the various other organizations which Mr. Beauchamp has in one way or another aided; but we may mention that he is a member of almost all our Connexional Committees, a generous supporter of all our Methodist Funds, and has been a member of the Representative Conference ever since its formation. He was also one of the promoters of the Leys School, and has been an occasional contributor to our periodical literature, setting in this respect an example which we should be glad to see followed by others of our educated and intelligent Methodist laymen.

Whilst taking part in various social and political movements, Mr. Beauchamp has ever sought to give his best energies to the work of Christ's Church, and has never allowed other claims to interfere with that most important service. Every good cause finds in him a ready and generous friend, and he is as much to be depended upon

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for help in the Sunday-night prayer-meetings and other services in his own chapel, as he is in the more prominent gatherings over which he is so frequently called to preside. In short, it may fairly be said that he is a representative layman of the very best sort: a man who gives cheerfully, time, thought, and money to the great work which Methodism has in hand. Such men are the backbone of our Churches. Whilst we are so rich in godly, intelligent men of business, we need have no fear of declining power and influence.

GOD WITH US, AS WITH OUR FATHERS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE.

'The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers: let Him not leave us, nor forsake us.'—1 KINGS VIII. 57.

(*Concluded from page* 204.)

IN the second place there is the earnest petition offered that God may be with the children, as He was with the fathers: 'The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers.' We have seen how He was with the fathers, and how He made the 'little one a thousand, and the small one a great nation;' and is there one of us who can help lifting up his heart, and praying that God may be with us, as He was with them? Take care—let me speak a word of warning. I must do it—take care that you rest on no arm but that of the Almighty. We have many advantages. We have the advantage of numbers; we have the advantage of wealth; we have the advantage of learning; we have the advantage of organization; we have the advantage of the sympathy of other Churches; we have the advantage of having the cooperation of influences, some secular and some social, that marvellously help us in our work. We have all that; but there is a voice from heaven saying to us to-night, 'Without Me ye can do nothing.' No; increase your wealth, learning, influence, and perfect your organization; but without the Spirit of God no heart will ever be broken, and no soul will ever be saved. O! lift up your hearts, and say, 'Lord be with us, as Thou wast with our fathers.'

That is what we want, brethren. We have a great work to do. Methodism has not done its work. Our work, I say, is to 'spread Scriptural holiness through the land.' We have not done that yet. We have not done it in the big towns and in the cities; we have not even done it in the villages. There is therefore a great work for us to do. The world needs Methodism to-day as much as ever it did. God forbid that I should speak one word that would pain the mind of any member of another Church, but I cannot look out on some of the

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other Churches without deep anxiety and pain. I look in one direction, and see Popery throwing its withering blight upon the fairest and the best. I look in another direction, and I see Socinianism sapping the very life and vigour of the Church. And when I see other Churches divided and distracted, and remember that the Church is the only organization that God has called into existence in order that souls may be won for Christ and heaven, I see that there is need of Methodism, and a great work for her to do.

Then what is our duty? Certainly to be prepared for the work. And how better can we be prepared for the work than by catching the spirit, and imitating the example, of our fathers? We boast that we are Methodists. Take care that men see the family likeness. It is said of Alexander the Great that he had in his army a man who was reported to him as being a coward, and whose name was Alexander. The Emperor went to him one day, and said, 'Is thy name Alexander?' The man said it was; whereupon the Emperor said, 'Then thou must either change thy name or change thy conduct.' And so I would whisper to some, change your name or change your conduct. I ask again—Is there a family likeness in you? Are you remarkable for your simple, strong faith? Put the question to yourselves—Have I the family likeness? Are you remarkable for your love? Has the Love-feast a charm for you far more than the ball-room or the theatre? Do you love one another with pure hearts fervently? Do you love your Bible? Do you hide it in your heart? Are you, 'mighty in the Scriptures'? Are the promises your richest treasure? Are the precepts your constant guide? Is there a family likeness? And your zeal. Are you remarkable for this? Are you a volunteer or a pressed man? Have you been to your Superintendent and said, 'Here am I; send me? Do you want a Sunday-school teacher?—here am I; do you want a tract-distributer?—here am I; do you want a worker in the Band of Hope?—here am I.' Is the zeal of the Lord's house eating you up? Do you speak to all about you about the Saviour, 'telling to all around what a dear Saviour you have found?' Are you remarkable for your holiness? Do you 'adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things'? Are you remarkable for your happiness? Does your bright face and glad heart recommend religion to those around you? Do men 'take knowledge of you, that you have been with Jesus'? If so, you have a right to expect that the Lord will be with you, as He was with your fathers. God delights to be with men. He tells us His 'delights are with the sons of men.' Now, God will not leave us unless we force Him away. How can we do that? you say. You can do it in many ways. You can do it by disloyalty. Take care that your loyalty be

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perfect. Let no one persuade you to do dishonour to your Saviour, to be disloyal to your God. You can drive Him away by your worldliness. There is our special danger. Wealth increases, and then temptations come. We want to copy the example of those about us. Somebody else has a bigger house, and we must have larger ones too. Somebody else has started a carriage and pair, now our one horse will not do, we also must have two. And the result is that in many cases it takes all our wealth to support our own extravagance, and we have very little left for the Church, or the world around. O, beware of worldliness! 'If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'

Avoid the ball-room, avoid the theatre, avoid the public-house. Pander not to self and sense, but cling to Christ, and love your Bible. 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.' We have to win the world for Christ. Go to your knees and cry to God that He may qualify us for the work. God has taught us again and again that we can do no great work without His presence. When Abraham was going out to an unknown country, God promised to be with him. When Moses was going to lead the children of Israel across the wilderness he said, 'If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence.' I would sooner not go than go without Thee. But God assured him of His presence, and he went on. So when Christ was sending out His Apostles to convert the world, what was His own blessed word? 'Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' I am with you; My presence shall be your strength, and guide, and glory. If that is so, my brethren, when we go out into the world we need not fear men nor devils. Through God we shall do valiantly. O! I beseech you let us cry as one man here, and say, 'Lord be with us, as Thou wast with our fathers: leave us not, nor forsake us.'

And now, before we part, I want to say a word or two to any who are here, and are not saved.

Mine is the last appeal that you will ever hear from this pulpit. Many a time in this place you have heard the word of warning. Many a time you have been 'almost persuaded' to be Christians, but you have delayed. I come to-night and I ask thee, my brother, my sister, for the last time from this pulpit, to come to Christ. He is here to-night. Here mighty to save. O! let the last service be the time of decision. Why not? You have put it off and off. Don't put it off any longer; but now as I speak let the cry go up to heaven, 'I will arise and go to my Father.' He is waiting to receive thee. O! why should not heaven be made glad to-night by the conversion of souls to Christ? Why not? All things are now ready, and God is waiting to be gracious.

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'Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.'

O! come this last evening. Come before I close the book. Come before my voice is silent. Come to Christ to-night, and thou shalt obtain eternal life. Is there a wanderer here? O! come back. You are perhaps thinking of the 'peaceful hours' you once 'enjoyed' in this sanctuary, but now you have 'an aching void, the world can never fill.' Come back. I bring a message to thee. That message is, 'Return unto Me, and I will return unto you.' Come back, and let the God of your fathers be your God for ever and ever. Christian friends, my brethren and sisters in Christ, we go from this place to-night never to come back again. I pray you

'Bear in your faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.'

We shall not meet again until the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised. O! let us be faithful.

It is a grand name that we bear. Keep it so that it shall be grander still when you part with it. Let it be a brighter name when you leave it to your children than when you received it from your father. Let us to-night, in the presence of each other, and, it may be, in that of our sainted founder, pledge ourselves; let others do as they will, we will try to be simple Methodists—men of faith, zeal, love, holiness and happiness, making the world better than we found it, living near heaven, having power with God, and bringing heaven down to men. Shall it be so? Then will this night be a blessed night. We shall go away 'strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.' And now I leave my message: 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' May 'the Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers: let Him not leave us, nor forsake us,' for Christ's sake. Amen.

LOVE AND HOLINESS.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

O LORD, my weakness knows not why
Thou art so sweet to me;
Nor why in heaven and earth and sky
I love none like to Thee.

It is not that I grow more good,
Alas! my heart is weak;
I do not love the things I should,
Nor grasp the things I seek.

Methinks my will is wholly Thine,
But not my vain desires;
When I would rise to heights Divine
How soon my spirit tires!

Yet though I fail and sink and sin,
Thou dost not loose my hand;
'Tis grace though I can scarce begin
E'en yet to understand.

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For, gracious Lord, Thou pourest out
  Such sweetness from above,
My soul is fain to conquer doubt,
  And soar to heights of love.

But in my weakness, just as men
  Some precious jewel hide,
I hide from all how much I love
  To linger at Thy side.

A beggar I, and Thou the King:
  And in my foolish fear
It almost seems the better thing
  To follow not too near.

For who—but Thou—could understand
  The dearness and delight
Of knowing that Thou hold'st my hand
  And keep'st me in Thy sight?

To Thee, O Lord, and but to Thee,
  Let me my love confess,
And wait till Thou shalt perfect me
  In Thy full righteousness.

And yet—I hear Thy voice, which says,
  'Ay, 'tis by touch I cure:'
Come, touch My robe in all men's eyes,
  And I will make thee pure.'

Some wondrous power divides the crowd
  That covered late the ground,
A way is made: I cry aloud—
  'Lord, I have healing found!'

POET-TOILERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CRABTREE-FOLD,' ETC.

II.—DANIEL MACMILLAN, BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER.

At the end of last century a certain Malcolm Macmillan was 'tacksman' (*i.e.*, the man who took the lease) of a small farm—little more than a croft—near Loch Rawza, on the north-west side of the beautiful Island of Arran. An elder of the Established Church, a lover of old ways, and stern enough at times, he was always found generous to poverty and sickness. He was a sort of headman in the parish, and when the smaller cottars came to buy their meal of him, he would often, in case of need, increase the measure; but greatly disliked that any notice should be taken of the neighbourly deed.

This man—whose family had crossed from Argyleshire to Arran two or three generations earlier—was the grandfather of the two brothers who founded the London publishing house of Macmillan, their mother being the daughter of another peasant farmer and Church elder on the island.

In 1816, Daniel's father, the son of Elder Malcolm, finding that his small farm, howsoever patiently and well cultivated, would scarcely provide food for his large family, removed to the little town of Irvine, on the mainland, where he died seven years after, when Daniel, the tenth child—altogether there were twelve born—was only ten years old.

The woman whose laborious life was henceforth to be more laborious still, if that were possible, was equal to the severe demands of her lot. Here is her portrait, as sketched years afterwards by the hand of Daniel:

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'Of my mother I can speak what I do know. I know her as well as ever a son knew a parent, and my persuasion is that she is the most perfect lady in all Scotland. With so little knowledge derived from books, with so very little intercourse with the higher ranks of society, with so little care or thought on what is most pleasing in external conduct, was there ever a lady who so instinctively, so naturally, did what was right, acted with so much propriety in all cases? She has such high and noble notions, that no one ever heard her say or knew her do a mean thing; no one could ever venture to say an impudent thing to her, or talk scandal in her presence. If any one did so once, it never was repeated: some quietly-spoken, but most bitter and biting saying at once put an end to such garbage. Few appreciated her, but no one could despise her. I think she has one of the *finest*, I mean the most refined, minds I ever came into contact with; and yet she is far from being deficient in strength—a most strong and deep nature, yet a woman's nature....If ever I saw any one with the same tenderness, strength and calmness, I should immediately fall in love with her.'

Mr. Hughes says of her: 'The wife and widow of a poor crofter, doing all household work with her own hand, she yet managed to hold her own with richer neighbours, with whose children hers were on terms of intimacy.'

This would be easy to do in an unsophisticated little Scotch town, especially at that period, when all the children in the place, gentle and simple, were taught together in the common school. Besides, we must remember that Malcolm, the eldest son, was schoolmaster in the place, and would take rank accordingly. Then her personal character evidently impressed itself upon her neighbours. She scandalized some of them by saying that such of them as had the good fortune to reach heaven would 'likely have to put up with the company of many Romanists;' and her 'remarkable openness of mind would express itself in such a condemnation of bigotry or intolerance as this: "Puir body! he has nae room in him!"'—one of the 'biting' words referred to by Daniel.

We are further told that she had a fine voice and ear, and sang with a pathos which made the promise of a song from her—hymn, psalm or ballad—a great reward.

'From her I think we take any mental superiority we may have,' said Daniel. 'I am glad to have some of the Celt in my nature; but I am glad that the Teuton stands uppermost—that my mother is a Teuton.'

The distinctive qualities of Celt and Teuton were indeed plainly traceable in this son. He had strong convictions of duty and faith-

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fulness, a marked love of order and precision, and along with these a sensitive, sympathetic mind, and no small measure of that well-balanced enthusiasm that beats strongly and steadily. In Daniel Macmillan it was the sympathetic love of noble and true thought wherever he believed himself to have found it, and the steadfast effort to bring such thought home to the minds of other men. He was born to be a publisher.

In those early days in Irvine, however, the publishing business was not even dreamt of. Young Malcolm, the eldest of the family, and, as we have seen, master of a school in the town, was putting his salary into the family purse, and helping his mother in other ways to get the younger children equipped for life's battle. Teachers' stipends were often small matters at that period in Scotland, yet whatever it may have come to, Malcolm's contribution was evidently the chief mainstay for some time. Even Scotch frugality and thrift could not provide a college education for Daniel: he must learn a trade, as his brothers did before him, and push his way afterwards, as they had, by his own efforts. So, in January, 1824, his brother Malcolm, engaging as 'cautioner' for him, the boy of eleven was bound apprentice to Maxwell Dick, bookseller and bookbinder in Irvine, for the munificent wage of 1*s.* 6*d.* a week for the first year, and a rise of 1*s.* a week during the remaining six years. Truly, the family purse must have been very light indeed if this filled up much of a corner; and oatmeal and homespun had need be cheap.

At that time the impetuous, vehement temper which he derived from his Highland forebears had not been altogether brought under control, and one instance of it is significant. Master and apprentice mutually respected each other, and the bond was agreeable to both, but one day some money went a-missing in the shop; the master, in his annoyance, hastily accused the apprentice, and Daniel, with angry vehemence, resented the charge. The master, still further annoyed by what he considered disrespect, struck the boy, whereupon his hitherto obedient and respectful apprentice, blazing into open revolt, caught up the day-book and hurled it at the head of his accuser, seized his cap from the peg on which it hung, and disappeared. That evening he did not go home at the usual time. Night came on, he was still absent, and his mother was in great alarm about him, when Mr. Dick appeared with his story. By this time he felt that he had acted without evidence; and no doubt he had his own share of uneasiness. When they heard news of Daniel we are not told; but the fact was that he had started at once for Saltcoats, a distance of six miles, whence he had contrived to obtain a gratuitous passage in a fishing smack to Arran; where lived a favourite aunt, McKay, wife of an Independent

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Minister in Glen Sannox. From this retreat explanations went back to the anxious circle at Irvine; and finally, after apology on both sides, the old relation was re-established, 'to subsist firmly and with growing confidence to the end.' About 1829 Mr. Dick went to London to take out a patent, leaving his affairs almost entirely in the hands of Daniel, who proved himself to have powers of business very rare in a boy of fifteen or sixteen.

In February, 1831, Maxwell Dick testifies by an endorsement on the indentures that 'the said Daniel has served me with diligence, honesty, and sobriety, and it is with the utmost confidence I can recommend him as possessing these qualities in a very high degree.'

So ended the first stage of life, and with it the youth's residence at home. From Irvine he went to Stirling, where his brother Malcolm was now a Baptist Minister. But this did not last long. Daniel's ardent, ambitious mind could not confine itself to the dull routine of the Stirling situation without fretting. He felt that he was losing time, and presently worried himself into a brain-fever. Recovering from this, he took his own way, and set off to a place in Glasgow, under Mr. Atkinson, a well-known man, centre of a considerable literary circle, editor of a local periodical called the *Chameleon*, and a leader in the Reform agitation, then at its height. Here Daniel found a career that satisfied him. His employer, absorbed in many thoughts, was glad to be set free from the details of trade; and soon found that his new assistant, although not yet nineteen, could be trusted. Mr. Atkinson was also burdened with ill-health, and promised young Macmillan that if he found he could safely leave the business to him in order that he himself might go abroad for a time, he would make him a partner.

This fired the brain of the lad. He was not robust himself: he was harassed by the mental struggles incident to one of his temperament and age; he was employed in the shop from seven a.m. to nine p.m., sometimes to ten or eleven, or even twelve on occasions. Yet in order to become acquainted with literature, he set himself to read 'all the weekly, monthly, or quarterly periodicals of any mark:' a task which often kept him out of bed until three or four o'clock in the morning. Of course his health suffered. The loving mother in Irvine heard that her boy was looking very ill, and wrote to him insisting that he should throw up his situation and come home. Brother Malcolm writes from Stirling some wise, plain words of warning about over-haste and ambition, to which the younger brother replies in a long and emphatic letter. Mr. Atkinson went to London for a month, leaving the business entirely in Daniel's charge, and on his return, as Macmillan afterwards tells his wife: 'he expressed himself well

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pleased, and made me a handsome present. A fortune seemed glittering before me. I was full of hope. I strove with all my might against the weakness of my body. It was no use, I could bear up no longer. My mother came to Glasgow and would not go home without me...I went home, and was blistered and all the rest. ..I then went to Arran for a month, and that quite restored me.'

Comparatively, he might feel quite restored, but he never had a sound body again, and before long he found that the career he coveted, if permitted to him at all in this life, could only be achieved under very trying conditions. 'Of all men I have known,' says Mr. Hughes, 'he was the one who lived most constantly and consciously eye to eye with death. He became aware when quite a young man that at any time, in a few hours, some carelessness—a chill, wet feet, an incautious meal—might prove fatal.' It was through a very martyrdom of pain and feebleness, overcome by rare powers of endurance and tenacity of purpose, that the aim of his life was realized at last.

And here is a lesson for many if they would ponder it. Daniel Macmillan's last words to his wife were a touching reference to the 'impetuosity' which he considered his besetting sin. There can be no doubt that he felt how his life here had been shortened, and his usefulness—in one aspect of it, at least—hindered by that youthful eagerness to succeed.

He would have succeeded better, because he would have been here still to serve the good cause, had he been less impatient at first. True, the spirit that urged him on doubtless helped to keep him alive when one of less valour would have sunk; and God can use His servant as well There as Here; and the ambition of Daniel Macmillan was no selfish, personal thing. He felt himself possessed of powers which he would devote to the service of truth. The producing of books was a form of work that kindled his imagination, and in September, 1833, he set sail for London, where he was to share the lodgings of his stanch friend Maclehose—now the Glasgow publisher—while he sought employment. His first letter home bears the date of his twentieth birthday.

In five days he has engaged himself to a Mr. Johnson, a Cambridge bookseller, and goes down there, believing that it will be right and good, since it is of God's ordering.

In Cambridge he falls to hard work again, his hours being from 7.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. and later, and the large stock, mostly of classical works, demanding patient study. But he lives in the house with his employers, who are pious, kindly, pleasant folks, and the natural, wholesome life does him good. The religious conflict which distracted his mind ends in the victory of faith. In December, 1833, he

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is admitted a member of the Baptist Church, and henceforth his spiritual life grows in strength and cheerfulness. His biographer's estimate of him is that he was 'before all things a devout Christian one whose faith informed and coloured his whole life, and who was not ashamed to let this be plainly known.'

Some nine years afterwards, when he was in London, Mr. Macmillan entered the Episcopal Church. Even in the first days of Cambridge life he speaks of casting sidelong glances at 'the splendid chapels' of the colleges where the worship is 'the most imposing you can conceive;' and as his work brought him under the influence and gave him the friendship of such men as Maurice, Julius Hare, and Kingsley, we need not wonder if his sensitive and sympathetic nature began to think that Dissent—even the Dissent of Thomas Binney, whose ministry he greatly appreciated—could not give what was to be found in the Anglican communion.

He spent three years in Cambridge, where he gained many friends amongst the reading men of the University, and got through a great deal of reading himself, making intimate acquaintance with the writings of Landor, Carlyle, Leighton, Marvell, Jeremy Taylor, and many others. Then he thought the time had come for a change; and going home for a short visit before looking out for another situation, he was seriously affected by rough weather on the voyage, and was detained three months; not in the old home, however; that was broken up now, the beloved mother having passed into the heavenly dwelling-place a year before this.

The next six years he spent in a London situation, with a salary rising from sixty to one hundred and thirty pounds. 'Twice during these years he had to give up work and take rest in Scotland (his place being kept for him on each occasion), and the period was altogether one of much trial and suffering.' He was poor and delicate, 'and had many relatives who needed sorely even such help as he could give.' His journal shows the struggle of a truly Christian spirit with these depressing influences. He prays for help and release, if it be possible, but above all for strength to endure. 'O Lord, preserve me in mine integrity! Keep me from cant and carelessness, haughtiness and sycophancy.'

He had many warm friendships and unselfish interests which, if they sometimes added to his cares, kept his soul free in the best sense. Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, author of *The Five Gateways of Knowledge*, was a life-long intimate; so was Mr. Maclehose; and another friend who went to India as a Missionary, was regularly supplied with books and news. Then the condition of the host of young men employed in the commerce of London stirred him to

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address a letter to Julius Hare on their behalf, and so an acquaintance began which proved very advantageous to himself. He visited Hare at Hurstmonceaux, and from that time felt himself in a larger world, where he received and diffused influence. All this time he was straining his powers to help his family. He brought first a brother and then some nephews to London, and in 1840 this brother was associated with him in an independent trading venture.

By the help of one of the partners in Messrs. Seeley's house, a shop was taken, and Alexander Macmillan placed in charge of it, the elder brother's salary keeping them both while they made a valorous effort for success. At the end of three years an opening in Cambridge presented itself. Julius Hare was ready with offers of help, in money and otherwise; and at last Daniel found himself his own master in a University town where he was already favourably known. Now he might hope to realize his ideal.

'Bless your heart, Maclehose,' he had written long before to his old friend, 'you never surely thought you were merely working for bread!....I look on you as a great teacher or prophet ...We booksellers, if we are faithful to our task, are helping to destroy all kinds of confusion, and aiding our great Taskmaster to reduce the world into order, beauty, and harmony.'

The labour of getting things set a-going and a catalogue of stock prepared, brought on a new development of disease—the first severe attack of bleeding from the lungs. He seemed to recover well, however; and was soon deep in literary schemes and friendships, and in the intimacy which ripened into marriage in 1850 with Miss Orridge, daughter of a chemist, and borough magistrate in the town.

His much-loved elder brothers had 'quitted the temporal for the eternal' before he went to Cambridge, and within a few months of each other. And for his own part Daniel has warnings even on the wedding jaunt that he must take care of himself; but trusts that a short sojourn at Torquay after the trip to Scotland will put him all right again.

'The going out for the honeymoon,' he says, 'is a most wise and useful invention; it enables you to be so constantly together, and so to obtain a deeper knowledge of each other.....Nothing so well prepares for the serious duties of after life.' Again, with the playfulness which always characterized him, he says, 'I shall do all in my power to live as long as I can near such a wife.' Too well he knew that his days with her were likely to be few, and sometimes reproached himself for marrying.

Meantime he was doing good work amongst the thoughtful under graduates, by introducing them to the writers whose genius had

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wrought upon his own soul, and was making a beginning of the publishing business. But he was worried by having to take moneyed partners in order to develop his trade, and this told upon his health. In May of this year he speaks of being 'only kept alive by issues, blisters, setons, till my whole chest is a series of scars, and my life like that of my admirable friend, George Wilson, is "*copiously illustrated with cuts.*"'

So it went on for eight brave, struggling, busy years; the hope of prolonged life always dwindling, but the spirit holding on undaunted. Even during long-enforced absences from business he superintended everything, and corresponded with his many friends. Dreams he used to have of helping his relatives must be renounced; he sees the patient, devoted wife, the little children, the work he delights in, must all be left. Yet—'God's will be done: that is always the best.'

The end was now near,—the end of pain, the beginning of rest; and as it approached, there came also relief from the anxiety that had pressed so heavily. The balance-sheet of 1856 was the best the firm had known, their business had taken root, and the last of the moneyed partners was meditating emigration and wished to realize his funds. By Christmas Daniel Macmillan knew that the fruits of his long toil would not be lost to his wife and children, and for a time the assurance acted like a tonic.

Then, in the treacherous days of early May, came an attack of pleurisy, followed by bleeding from the lungs, and an ulcer in the throat, and it was plain that he could not bear much more, although he was still calm and cheerful. The ulcer being discovered and subdued, other distressing symptoms set in, and after a fortnight of gradual sinking, he was released on the 27th of June, 1857.

'O! I should like my children to have a beautiful home, to speak gently to each other, and to help in every way to spread the kingdom of God,' he whispered at intervals—speech being very difficult. To his sister-in-law, holding her hand: 'Good-bye, we shall meet again under other circumstances, though these are not bad. God has been so very kind to us all.

The last words caught by his wife as she leant over him were, 'Good-bye—kiss me—why don't you speak to me?'—as the ear grew dull to all mortal voices. 'You will see so much of me come out in the children, dear. It will be a great comfort to you—but you will see the impetuosity.'

Right nobly did he strive to achieve his vision of life, his dream of what it might be; and while removed from our sight, he speaks yet to every one of us, as one of 'God's prophets of the beautiful.'

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MORE LEAVES FROM MY LOG.

BY T. C. GARLAND.

'GOOD MOTHER GILES.'

HANNAH BALDWIN was born at North Shoebury, in 1805, and was married in 1821 to Thomas Giles, of Dover, who was at that time a coast-guard. In the year 1844 they came to London. The death of one of her children first brought her to serious thoughts about her soul. She was much impressed by a sermon preached by the Rev. George Smith, of Poplar, and shortly afterwards found peace with God in the vestry of Spitalfields Wesleyan Chapel, and at once became a member of the Society at the Seamen's Chapel.

Having herself found Jesus, she became anxious to do something for Him Who had done so much for her, and earnestly besought the Lord to teach her what He would have her to do. She was soon deeply impressed with the thought that she must go to the Tower and distribute tracts amongst the soldiers. This seemed no easy task; but she did not shrink from taking up the cross, and on the following Sunday went with her bag well filled, and commenced her work by giving tracts to officers and men. At first they were amused at what they called the 'little woman's' efforts to make them 'pious'; but her faith never failed, and she toiled on in this field of labour alone for many years. Sometimes she was persecuted, at other times cheered by the kindness both of men and officers, who occasionally contributed towards the purchase of tracts. In all weathers she was at her post on the Sunday mornings, and many will be her crown of rejoicing at the last great day.

One case only can be here recorded. One evening she attended a Love-feast at Spitalfields Chapel. During the meeting a soldier gave his experience, and told what a wicked life he had lived for several years, till a tract given by 'good Mother Giles' had led him to Christ. 'Since then,' he added, 'my dear mother has been saved through my efforts and prayers, and four of my comrades have given their hearts to God.' Mother Giles sat unobserved by the speaker, her heart overflowing with joy. At length she exclaimed, 'Bless the Lord! I give all the glory to His holy name.' Mother Giles also offered her services to the Rev. R. Chapman, of the Thames Mission, as a tract-distributer, and thus the Loan Tract Society at our Seamen's Chapel was begun.

Few persons, perhaps, have suffered more for righteousness' sake than she did; yet none of these things moved her, and God was pleased to crown her labours with much success. Many who have

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'Now, teacher, what shall we sing?' *See page 260.*

passed into the spirit-land, and others still living, will have to bless God to all eternity for her gentle and persistent labours.

At one time her heart was drawn out in deep concern for two tradesmen who opened their shops on the Lord's-day. She regularly called with her tracts, and spoke faithfully to them as to the sin they were committing, and urged them again and again to close their shops on the Sabbath; but all in vain. One told her, 'We cannot afford to close; it would be our ruin.' On account of these refusals she would often weep in secret before the Lord. One Sunday when she

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called with her tracts the master said: 'My dear woman, how ill you look; what is the matter with you—what's your trouble?' She was silent till all the customers had left, and then she replied: O, Sir, I am in trouble about your soul, and that of your wife and family. I have been asking the Lord to stop your Sabbath-breaking, *and I have the answer.* Sir, He will stop you; but how or when I cannot say;' and bursting into tears, she added, 'I feel sure it will be a heavy blow when it does come.' The man only smiled, and began to serve another customer who had entered the shop.

Next morning, very early, the cry of 'Fire' was raised, and flames were seen proceeding from the baker's shop. In a short time the house was burnt down, the master, his wife and family having only time to escape with their lives. The house was not insured, and they were left utterly penniless. The other tradesman when he heard of the calamity said, 'If it had been my house and shop it would not have been so bad, for I am well insured.' Strange to tell, however, before the week was over the Almighty visited that family with an awful affliction, and in his deep sorrow the Sabbath-breaker sent for this godly woman, urging her not to pray *against* him any longer, but to pray *for* him, and he would never open his shop again on the Lord's-day. She entreated the Lord to withdraw His hand and show mercy to the penitent. God answered her prayer; and both these men became truly converted to God.

Another case is, I think, more remarkable still. There lived in Limehouse a sailor, James Mitchell, a professed infidel, and in other respects a very wicked man. He appeared to have only one good quality—he was passionately fond of his mother. This man was quite a stranger to Mrs. Giles, and she only heard of his name and wickedness while taking tea at a friend's house. The good woman could not restrain her feelings, but began to weep, saying, 'Poor James! poor James! I must pray for him.'

The next Sabbath morning, immediately after breakfast, she left home with her bundle of tracts. She offered one to the first person she met, but the man looked at her with contempt, saying with an oath, 'Keep your tracts.'

'I have plenty more,' was her 'soft answer.' 'Please take and read it, it may do your soul good.'

'I have no soul,' said the man. 'There is no soul, no God, no hereafter. Why, my little woman, you don't know who you are talking to, my name is Mitchell, of Limehouse. Nobody that knows me would offer *me* a tract.'

She looked him in the face and asked, 'Is your name James?'

'Yes, James Mitchell is my name.'

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Placing her hand on his shoulder, she said solemnly, 'Listen to the word of the Lord of Hosts, Whose servant I am: "Turn ye, turn ye,..for why will ye die?" James, I *have* heard of you, and of your wicked life, and have been asking the Lord to convince and save your soul. Once more listen to me, James. He says, "Turn ye, turn ye,...for why will ye die?"'

The astonished sinner turned pale, his lips quivered, and he could scarcely speak. At length he enquired what place of worship she attended.

'That's my chapel,' she said, pointing to the Seamen's Chapel.

'Then I'll be there this evening,' he said.

James was true to his word, and became a true Christian, a zealous worker, and died a most triumphant death.

During her long Christian experience 'Mother Giles' never lost her sense of acceptance with God: her trials and sufferings were of no ordinary character, but she had learnt to 'glory in tribulations also.' For several weeks before she was laid aside, it was evident from her experience and prayers that God was preparing her for the better home. This was particularly noticed in the Class-meetings; and no one present at those meetings will ever forget the influence which came down upon us there. The last time she attended her Class, all felt that she was living as in the ante-chamber of heaven. When leaving the room, she laid down her twopence for two weeks' Class-money on the table, saying, 'That will clear up, will it not?' Then taking my hand, she said, 'Good-bye, this is my last visit.' I replied, 'I hope to see you here again, and that many times.' 'No,' she said; 'no, Brother Garland, never again, but we shall meet above;' and looking up to heaven, she added, 'My soul is full of joy and peace. Bless His Holy Name, I can say the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin.'

This indeed proved to be her last Class-meeting. Shortly after she was seized with a slight attack of paralysis, which for a time affected her speech and one side of her body. In answer to prayer God restored her speech so that she could speak quite distinctly. For several weeks her sufferings were great, but not a murmur escaped her lips. The last time I saw her she said, 'Praise the Lord!' 'The race is almost over;' and after speaking of a few family matters, she took my hand, saying, 'Give my love to Mr. Grigg, he has been so kind to me.' She then wanted to mention other names, but her strength failed. Recovering herself a little, she said, 'I want you to pray for two things: first, for my speedy release, if it is God's will, if not, for perfect resignation. And I want you to pray for my family, I have done it, as you know, for many years, but I can pray no

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longer. Then with a significant look she whispered in my ear, 'You know all about them, pray till they are all saved.' She closed her eyes and lay quiet for some minutes; then raising her hands she cried out, 'He is faithful—Who hath promised—I do believe—all, all, yes, all will be saved.'

In a few days her happy spirit had left the body to be for ever with the Lord. She entered into rest on the 13th of January, 1883.

'Mother Giles' was one of the happiest and brightest Christians I ever knew: her prepossessing countenance, gentle manner and loving words won many a heart, making her a favourite with all who met her. She would never listen to the words of slanderers or talebearers. The Scripture rule was her guide continually: 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.'

She was a great admirer of Wesley's hymns, most of which she seemed to have committed to memory. She would repeat the Scriptures very accurately in conversation and prayer. A remarkable interposition of Providence on my own behalf I attribute chiefly to her prayers.

During the year 1866, when the Fenian movement was at its height in London, some week-night cottage prayer-meetings were commenced in connection with our chapel. There were several bands of young men thus employed, and to one of these I belonged.

One of these meetings was held in Collingwood-street, Ratcliff, the Committee having taken a house and fitted up a room for the service. In this neighbourhood a large number of Irish families resided, and many of their children came to the services. I was also well known in the district, for during the cholera epidemic I had visited and relieved hundreds of Irish families, and thought my life was as safe there as in any part of London, when on a sudden things took a different turn.

A number of young men and lads, about sixty in number, had agreed on a certain evening to break up the meeting and kill the 'pious men' (a nickname given to the band). By some means this had reached the ears of one of the Prayer Leaders, and he communicated the news to his companions, who decided not to go to the meeting, but unfortunately they never thought to send *me* word. Not knowing anything of this rumour, I went as usual to the service, and found the room quite full. The people seemed much excited, and as soon as I had given out the hymn-books one of the men said, 'Now, teacher, what shall we sing?' The announcement of the hymn was to be the signal for a general assault. But as none of my band had yet come, and as I fully expected them, I begged them to wait patiently for a short time; but I saw at once that mischief was intended, for near the desk where I was standing one of the men dropped by accident a short dagger. He hastily took it up again, hiding

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it beneath his jacket. Again the first man shouted, 'Now, teacher, what hymn shall we sing?' I made no reply. Immediately an order was given to 'close the door and bolt it.' Then another voice was heard, 'Now, lads, to business.' I then saw the man near me drawing his dagger from beneath his jacket. I instantly knocked him down, and the next moment I broke the lamp which hung suspended from the ceiling.

The shouts, oaths, and confusion baffle all description, and in the darkness none could distinguish friend from foe. Deliverance came from an unexpected quarter,—Mr. Mainprise, who was then and still is one of our Stewards, came to my rescue. He reached the house about the same moment that I broke the lamp, arriving just as the noise and shouting began. He tried to open the door, but found it fastened. Being a very strong and powerful man, he burst it in, when the men and lads hurried out as quickly as possible.

The reason of my friend's coming to Collingwood-street was this: 'Good Mother Giles' (who had rejoiced greatly in these cottage-meetings) when she could not attend, would spend some time in prayer in her own closet, pleading that God would bless the services. Whilst thus engaged this evening she felt impressed to go immediately to the Seamen's Chapel, but for what reason she could not tell. Guided by this feeling, she went, and found Mr. Mainprise standing in the lobby. Addressing him, she said: 'I have a message from God to thee, you must go at once to Collingwood-street.' Mr. Mainprise replied, 'You are mistaken this time, it is not my appointment.' But the old lady said: 'Never mind whose appointment it is, you *must* go and that without delay.' This was said with so much earnestness that he went, much wondering at the strange errand. And, thank God! he was just in time to prevent bloodshed and perhaps murder. The following day the house was examined, and it was found that pipes had been laid in order to blow up the house.

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. MARY HEYWOOD, *Oakhurst*, TO MRS. WILSON, *London*.

December 7th.

DEAR AND HONOURED MADAM,—I can scarce tell how to write to you, so great is my shame at the strange return made to my good uncle in this house for his thousand kindnesses to me. I could not have dreamt my father's anger against me would have led him to refuse to have speech with one whom he hath always honoured, and

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just when uncle had taken the vast trouble of coming North with me, out of pure kindness. But since this dear uncle's last words to me were to bid me be sure and write all my news to you, because both he and you would be uneasy till you knew how I fared, I shall venture to take up my poor little story at the point where he must needs leave it.

As you will know by this time, father would not see me any more than uncle at first, sending us word that his rheumatic complaints made him too ill to bear company. But when uncle had said good-bye, and was gone with brother Tom to Green Royd, father came limping into the oak-parlour, where I was sitting sadly enough; indeed, I must own Wilkins had taken me into her arms to comfort me, and I was crying, with my head on her shoulder.

'So, miss,' says father, a little gruffly, 'that's how you show your joy at coming home?' I had not noticed his coming, and I started up quite affrighted. 'Ay,' he went on, 'red eyes and pale cheeks and sullen looks—you should be better pleased with your doting old father for bringing you out of yon nest of vice and hypocrisy before you had clean lost your wits and your character in it. You were wiser than I, dame Wilkins, when you begged me to keep the lass at home; but I trusted to Stephen Wilson's honour and honesty—more fool I.'

'I was wiser than you then, I'll own,' said Wilkins, starting up; 'but you're none so wise now, master. Mistress Mary is the same sweet lamb she always was, and nought ails her but grief at your bad manners. Folks have often told me I had but a cankered old body for a master, and I have bid them whisht, for you were nought of the sort; but after this mad trick of yours they may call you what they will, I'll ne'er say them nay; and I suppose, next thing you do, you'll be turning me out o' doors as you've done Mr. Wilson—do it now, if you like.'

'Twas so odd to hear good meek Wilkins defying father in this way, her hands trembling at her own boldness, and tears in her eyes for fear, that I really began to laugh, and so did father.

'Come here, thou silly lass, and kiss me,' he said, pulling me to him; 'and let's hear no more of this new madness of thine: I'm vexed that I must slight thy uncle, yet I can't but hold him guilty of it—'

''Tis none of his doing,' I broke in.

'So thou says,' said father; 'but I tell thee 'tis his fault, in one sense at least; and with that thought in my head I cannot speak to him peaceably, I know; yet I would not quarrel with him outright if I can help it. Say as much for me when thou writes to London, Molly. And as for you, Wilkins, I'm not quite cankered enough yet to part with you for an angry word or so. Go and get some tea for your young mistress, and I'll have a dish with her.'

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I tried vainly to make father understand how uncle Wilson wished to see him on some special business, and I am the more sorry since I guess this business has to do with Mrs. Durham. I hope, dear madam, either you or Patty will write to me all the news of that poor young creature. But at least my day ended peaceably, and I am so thankful that father has in some sort excused his conduct that, as you see, I have lost little time in writing of it. I shall have more to write, I doubt not, before I can get this posted to you.

Thursday night.

'Tis not all sunshine weather for me yet, dear madam, but I think the clouds are breaking. I fancy 'twill surprise you when I tell you Mr. Fields dined here to-day along with Tom and Alice. 'Tis true he is yet unacquainted with my knowledge of his vile plot against me, and so may think it best to brave the matter out. Father spoke to me in private, bidding me use Fields civilly, and telling me he had with much grief imparted to F. the news of my Methodist leanings, when the man looked quite confounded. I dare say he did, and the thought rejoices me.

'You will lose him, my lass, and so I tell you,' said poor father, 'if you don't play your cards better.'

Fields was bold and plausible as usual, but, as you may think, I had little to say to him. He brought news that the Pretender's friends now talk confidently of his coming soon with a French army to claim his rights; and he worked up with this story so many little artful hints on religious matters that father was soon in high rage, and said to me:

'This is what your new religion really means, Molly; these men you think so spotless, and all their thoughts in heaven, are in truth secret agents of this Popish prince; and so they can pull down the true Protestant succession and set the British crown on his head, any one may take the heavenly crown for them.'

Tom said mildly, 'Father, you mistake them much;' when father turned on him and said, 'Thou'll tell me next I mistake thy friend, John Nelson, who would rather lie in a filthy dungeon than serve his true Prince as a soldier—if he had been pressed to serve King James instead of King George we should have heard nought of his pious scruples.'

'Under your favour, Sir,' said Tom, 'that is not so; John Nelson is a brave and loyal man; but when God hath bidden him preach, no man hath a right to stay him by pressing him for the service of any earthly king whatever. And 'tis well seen heaven is on his side, since the heart of a great lady has been moved to obtain his release, that he may do his right work. 'Tis a noble, lion-hearted soldier of

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Christ,' added Tom, kindling, 'and I hope he will take us in his way, as he goes through the country preaching.'

Here I was so foolish as to say I should dearly like to hear this man, and thus I provoked father to tell me that if ever I went a step to hear such a scoundrel, I should never cross *his* door-stone again; when Fields interrupted him by saying in his silky way that he need not fear—

'Nelson is no lady's man,' he went on; 'Mrs. Mary would not relish his rough speech and looks after the silver tones of the courtly Mr. Wesley, who hath fair admirers by the score—he is quite a *petit-maître*, is he not, madam?'

'Let's have none of your French lingo, Tony,' cried father, 'or I shall be writing *you* down a Jacobite next.' You cannot think, dear madam, how oddly the man's look changed at this; but he put on a forced smile, and said to me:

'I suppose Nelson will call this release of his a particular providence; that is your new friends' jargon, is it not, madam? they are greatly given, I believe, to talk of what they style remarkable providences, miraculous deliverances and judgments, and so forth.'

'I cannot answer for that,' I said in displeasure, while father broke in, saying, 'What dost mean by providences and judgments, man?'

'These people, Sir,' said Fields, 'are so superstitious that they believe the Almighty intermeddles in the little matters of our daily life; and they tell tales in which the ungodly are punished by loss of life or health or goods, which losses they style Judgments of God—as though these things befell not in the common course of nature. I notice that there is always some remoteness of time or of place in these idle stories—no man tells them of his next-door neighbour.'

'Don't they?' said father, 'more fools they. I can tell you such a tale of my next-door neighbour; and you may set me down for a superstitious ass if you like, neighbour Fields, with your new-fangled philosophy.'

'Surely no, Sir; I know your strong sense too well,' said Fields, settling himself to listen, with his usual odious smile.

'Well,' said father, 'I think you must have heard of Ned Rycroft, from whose heirs I bought Green Royd farm for Tom; 'tis true he was dead before you came down from Lunnon to these parts. He was once a surly chap, not o'er God-fearing, and one that was always grumbling at the bad seasons he had; so I learned from old David Frost, his foreman, that he brought with him from the South. But when I knew him, though he had little to say for himself, he was wonderfully patient in bad weather, and more careful not to take

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God's name in vain than any man I ever knew. So when old David let out how different Rycroft used to be, I said, "And what made this mighty change, lad—dost know?" "Ay, sure," says he, "I know—none better. 'Twere all along of what happened one harvest. He were going round his farm, one fine spring morning i' that year, and I with him, and we came to a field where the young wheat were coming up rare and well. 'Tis doing well, master,' says I. 'Ay,' says he, 'tis doing well, and will do better still, if God Almighty will but let it alone.' Eh, them were awful words! I fair trembled to hear them, and I says, 'Don't you fear His taking you at your word?' 'Why, 'tis all I want of Him,' says he. I watched the field from that day, and other folks began to watch it too, it did so strangely. Summer came, and harvest came, and that field ne'er changed; and when all other corn-fields were yellow and ripe for the sickle, *it* was covered with nought but the young green blades that had ne'er grown an inch. Master's been a changed man ever since: it taught him, you see, what the Lord's letting things alone would come to." *

'So you'll scarce make me believe, Tony, in the face of such things, that the Lord uses His world like a piece of clever clock-work that He has made and wound up so as to go without His touching it, till it runs down at Judgment Day; 'tis in Him we live and move, man, and all life is but His breath. I call that case of Rycroft's a judgment, and a particular providence and all. I wish Methodists did nought worse than believe such tales.'

''Twas not within your own knowledge, however, Sir?' said Fields.

'And what then?' said father. 'I heard of it after from several that had seen it; and I'd take old Frost's word on any matter, almost before my own, I may say; he was a good old fellow, *he* was.'

''Tis very high praise to give him,' says Fields, half-sneering; but he looked mighty uneasy.

Alice listened to all this very discreetly, only colouring rather high; but when we two were in the parlour, Fields coming the first in to us from table, she asked him 'what was his opinion of Father Heywood's tale?' and he said slightingly, ''Tis a case now too remote for investigation, madam; and I dare say it has grown more wonderful each time it has been talked of. I mean no slight to your father-in-law's good faith, but I doubt not the thing might bear some

* This incident was derived by the writer from the conversation of a very shrewd, sensible Yorkshire farmer, who often repeated and thoroughly believed the story, saying it was known to him for a fact.

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simple natural explanation. You will often have heard the story?' he added to me. 'Never,' said I.

'It matters little,' he rejoined, 'what I have to say to you now is of real moment. I ask you once for all, madam, to lay aside your Methodist whims, or they will mar all your prospects; no gentleman of condition could venture on a wife tainted with this religious madness.' He looked threateningly.

'That thought shall never weigh with me,' I said, striving hard for composure, and so (Alice tells me) looking unreasonably haughty; 'rest assured I will wed no one who despises piety—it would be sinful folly;' and I left him, for something so deadly came into his fixed look, I could not bear it. But I hope after this plain speech on both sides he will come creeping about me no more.

Do not laugh at me, dear madam, for wasting time and paper over this chit-chat; I think nothing can so lively paint my circumstances; and I hope my uncle, like myself, will see something very hopeful in the way of thinking father showed.

I wish he had not so rooted a dislike to good Mr. Nelson; he constantly harps on it, and will not yet hear of my joining myself to the Methodist Societies, though he allows Alice is not spoilt by having done so. She hath told me of another witness for God risen up in these parts; 'tis the Rev. Mr. Grimshaw, of Haworth, who since last September hath been preaching to his flock in Mr. Wesley's vein, having been himself suddenly converted, much like St. Paul; and he being an ordained clergyman, father may think better of him than of Mr. Nelson, whose station is but that of a working mason; and I may be allowed to hear him sometimes.

I know you do not quite think as I, dear madam, yet your goodness is such I have not feared to write very openly. I beg my most affectionate regards to my kind forbearing uncle and all my cousins, and am, with all imaginable respect, dear madam,

Your dutiful, affectionate Niece.

I open my letter again to say I have been questioning Wilkins, as uncle hath desired me, about father's youngest sister who was lost before I was born. She remembers Mrs. Rachel, as she calls her, as a 'pretty, fond sort of a lass;' but knows not why or how she left home. She says my sister Jane hath a little picture of her set in gold and pearls; 'but I think,' says Wilkins, ''twas chiefly the setting Mrs. Jane prized, and she would part with the painting quite easy.' I shall try to get this despised portrait for uncle; it may help him in his researches.

I wish father had been won to see uncle, when much more might

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have been revealed; 'tis not an angry look or two would have daunted *him*, as they do your faithful, M. H.

HANNAH WILKINS, *Oakhurst*, TO MR. STEPHEN WILSON, *London*.

January 9th.

RESPECTED SIR,—I have made soe bold as to pack up with this scrole of mine the little picture Mrs. Mary has wrote about. Mr. Tom apply'd for it when hee was last in Leeds, when Mrs. Jane easily parted with it, saying shee never priz'd it.

You will be surpriz'd, I well beleeve, that poor I shou'd write with this packet, and not Mrs. Mary; but my sweete child is noe longer allow'd in her own home, her father hath shutt his doores agaynst her, and she being over tender to this inhuman father will not write to you of his doings; but for my part I thinke you shou'd bee inform'd. Nothing shee cou'd doe hath suited him of late, hee hath check'd her sharply for releeving poor sicke and crippled folks, and hath say'd his goods shou'd not goe to feed lazy beggars, and shee hath been hard sett to please him about her cloathes, hee wanting her to goe gayly and richly, and shee being afraid of displeasing God in soe doing.

All these canker'd ways of Master I beleeve are owing to that ffox Mr. F——, who, angry at her constant slighting of his suit, is ever working on my foolish master with crafty hints to her discreditt, and his last trick goes near to make mee mad. The sweete child, I beleeve, has wrote to you of Mr. Grimshawe, of Haworth, whose ministrings shee wisht to attend; master did not greatly dislike it, soe a weeke since shee and Mr. Tom lay'd a plan to ride over and heare this gentleman, and receeve Holy Communion from him. When the day came, Master in a surly fitt say'd shee shou'd not have one of his horses, but shee rely'd on having one at Green Royd, where shee went on foot.

Mrs. Alice falling suddenly very sicke, Master Tom cou'd not doe his part, and his men were not to be come at; soe it seems they stay'd Mr. Nelson as hee pass'd on horsebacke to some preaching place, and finding his way lay not farre from Haworth, they perswaded him to let Mrs. Mary ride in his companye; it was a mad thing, they all knowing master's hate to this good man. By great ill lucke they mett Mr. F.—— on their way, who rid at once post haste to the Manor, where pretending great horror at Mrs. Mary's slighting her father's command to have no dealings with this man whom hee hates, and hinting worse things to come if her fanatick doings were not check'd, hee work'd master into fury. I knew not then the mischeife hee had done; for master put on a smooth face and hasten'd

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us all to bed betimes, saying hee wou'd sit up and open to Mrs. Mary. But when shee came home late and weary, she found all doores made agaynst her, and master speaking from the windowe bid her goe where shee wou'd for a false, undutiful child, shee shou'd never agayn darken his doore. I hearing his angry voyce, was slipping down to open to her, but he stop'd mee by main force, and I had to see that sorrowfull sight, my sweete child turn'd from her own doore in the night and the snowe. I watch'd her till getting into the Black Walk, as wee call it, the trees shutt her from mee, and then that lunatick master of mine let mee loose, and showing mee the keyes, say'd the doore was faste; if I wou'd follow my spoilt baby I must climb out at windowe; and soe hee left me to my greife. But in the morning I found my sweete child safe at Green Royd, and much cherish'd by Master Tom and his wife.

'Tis but right, I thinke, you shou'd know these ill doings, soe I hope you may pardon my boldnesse in writing them, and all my ill spelling and poor clumsy scrawl, with which I wou'd not trouble you but for my desire that my sweete child's friends shou'd right her. I am, with all dutye to you and your good lady, your humble servante,

H. WILKINS.'

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

JUNE 3rd.—*This day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength.*—NEHEMIAH VIII. 10.

This was said to the people, who *wept, when they heard the words of the law.* Inasmuch as they did well to mourn in lowly contrition, could Nehemiah mean to reprove their penitence? Nay, surely: but seeing how they repented, he beckoned them into the Sabbath joy of the Lord.

It must ever be thus with us sinners if we would enter into that joy. In the first steps of the way thither we must needs journey weeping as we go. We cannot so much as turn towards God but His holy law confronts us; and, to begin with, its unsparing brightness seems to show us only the road of mourning. But along that road, the sorrow which is *after a godly sort*, passes into *the peace of God.*

God's Sabbath is the satisfied rest of His own perfect work; and we truly celebrate it just in proportion as we let God do His work in us. Then, and only then, do we enter into rest. And then, and then only, can we *call the Sabbath of the Lord a delight.* Then is sorrow put far from us, and we are lifted far above the need of trying

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to brighten the Sabbath by seeking our own pleasure therein (see Isaiah lviii. 13, 14),—*then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord:* and through all channels of creaturely enjoyment that Divine delight, hallowing all, shall continually flow.

See, too, how love is a necessary part of this Divine enjoyment, the love which cannot complete its own happiness until, out of its own abundance, it has *sent portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.*

And now, what is this *joy of the Lord?* and how is it *your strength?* We have already found what the *joy* is. It is the restful, satisfied gladness of God's work done; the joy of a wholly reconciled life, a life all in harmony with the Lord: a life made glad in receiving all from God, all favour, all fellowship, all grace; and having its gladness perfected in that it renders all to Him—all will, all motive, all service.

How strong this joy makes us, none know but they who have it. He must be strong whose life is built on the will of God, and guarded by that will as by a rampart on every side. Alas! that we should so often make this strength defective by our sinful doubt and unfaithfulness.

Let it be the end of all our worship to-day, so to yield our heart's inmost life to God, that it shall be capable of no access of gladness but that which comes through Him; for when we open avenues for other pleasures, there also evils and fears find an entrance.

JUNE 10th.—*And Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind.*—JOHN IX. 39.

Herein the Lord Jesus does not contradict His former declaration—*God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world;* for He is describing the result of His coming, not as the love of God meant it, but as the wilful unbelief of man has made it. To some—as the man who had been born blind can testify—*the Light of the world* gives light: upon others He inflicts darkness.

Inasmuch as I reckon upon receiving to-day, in more than common degree, *the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,* I must keep watchfully before me this whole matter of the opposite effects of the Light, and discern the line, on one side whereof is gracious blessing, and on the other, judgment. That which will reach me concerning Christ to-day will not leave me as it found me. I cannot decide to let it simply pass by me, and nothing more. If it help me not, it will hurt me; and, as I deal with the truth, I shall be either more saved or more condemned when the day is done.

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What, then, is the condition necessary in order to receiving the rich benefit which God designs in the gift of His Son? Is not this a hard saying—*that they which see might be made blind?* Seeking for its meaning, I look again at the history in connection with which this verse stands. I see on the one side of Jesus a man who has no difficulty and no misgiving in trusting Him and receiving His work. Yet this seems to be a man of no note, nor skill, nor knowledge. On the other side I see men gifted with all these things, and in a position to regard that simple one with contempt, and to consider the expression of his opinion on religious matters as an astonishing impertinence (ver. 28, 34). Yet these, with all their advantages, remain untouched and unmoved by the very plainest evidence concerning Jesus. What hinders them from accepting the revelation of truth which is in Him? It is their knowledge which keeps them from knowing Him. Not that they know something better; but that their method of thought and belief, their way of religious seeing, is of such kind as to shut out the truth, *as the truth is in Jesus.* All their keen sight, in the way of righteousness, keeps them from seeing their own need of the redeeming mercy which Christ reveals, and from submitting themselves to the righteousness of God.

Save me, O Lord, this day from all such seeing as would keep me from seeing Thee. Deliver me from all knowledge and trust which, through the shutting out of Thy salvation, become hopeless blindness. Though I know but very little, may my ignorance lie open to every single ray of truth which shines from Thee.

JUNE 17th.—*If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself.*—JOHN VII. 17.

Let us follow out yet further our last Sunday's enquiry, that we may get hold of the key to the most excellent art of knowing Divine things. We saw then how the light which is in men may become darkness; and how that darkness, by the wilful rejection of its remedy, may pass, from the misfortune of ignorance, into the punishment of incurable blindness.

That which our Lord teaches in the words now spoken to us is altogether a threshold lesson. It does not lead us into far distances of discovered truth, but concerns itself with the door and entrance, by which alone we can begin the way of knowledge. The point in debate is, not the subject-matter of Christ's teaching, but the authority of it. Whence comes it, and what claim has it on our obedient acceptance? Until this be settled, it is manifest that all must be uncertain. It is in vain that we extend our researches along a path about which we are not sure whether, after all, it is the right path or not.

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Now hear what the Lord says: *If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God.* This, as in the Revised Version, is the true English of the Lord's words. Where God teaches, the first condition of learning must be a ready obedience. He does not submit His lessons to us for our approval; so that, having heard them, we may consider whether or not they should be obeyed. To that obedience, which stands girt beforehand to go where He sends, and do what He bids, and take what He gives, there comes no faltering doubt or question about the revelation of the will of God which is made in and by Christ Jesus. The will which is set upon doing His will finds all its instincts exactly met by *the teaching.* It knows the voice, and follows without misgiving, and in following finds satisfaction and rest.

Look at this from the opposite side. Whence come the hesitation and questioning uncertainties concerning the supreme claim of the whole Gospel *teaching* upon our acceptance? The answer is easy, if we will only make it honestly. At the back of all other reasons—often hiding itself behind them—there is want of will to do the will of God. While that is there, arguments of doubt and difficulty will never be wanting. Where there is no heart to do, there will be but little mind to know; and it is easier to dispute the authority we do not wish to obey, than to defiantly rebel against it.

Lord, work in me to-day the longing to do Thy will, that I may escape all that sort of doubt and unbelief which puts itself out of reach of being convinced.

JUNE 24th.—*So will we render the calves of our lips.*—HOSEA XIV. 2.

This clearly means, we will present to Thee praises like thank-offerings of young oxen. But words are cheap, and not to be compared with costly sacrifices. And, so reasoning, men deem the utterance of worship to be but of little moment, and leave God to wait, listening for the words which ought to be spoken. Praises are of worth according to that which has preceded them. If we think to begin with thanks, we shall find no acceptance for our offering. Go back a little, and read the foregoing precept: *Take with you words.* Of what kind? Read further back still: *O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.* Always, the only true prelude of praise must be contrite penitence.

Have I no cause, in coming before God on this hallowed day, to take with me first of all *words* of contrite confession, and lowly petition for pardoning mercy? Yes, verily; and it is meet that I should draw out the shrinking secret of my sin, and put it into spoken words, so far as words can carry the sad and shameful burden. Not

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to man's listening, but into His ear against Whom I have sinned, I will tell my guilt.

Lest the forms and expressions of worship should bring me into any false trust, or exaltation, or pride, I will chasten my lips by first setting them to tell my sin. As, in returning to the Lord my God, I retrace the way of my wandering, I will rehearse each recollected unfaithfulness, and suffer none to be hidden in silence. The first difficulty in the way of confession to God has often been that my own ears dreaded to listen to the record of my sin.

Thus shall the words of praise be filled with meaning. Am I not too ready to forget the depths out of which I have been brought, and to lose, in the exultation of the *new song*, the recollection of the *horrible pit* and *the miry clay?* Such remembrance forms the very roots of praise, which being thus rooted, and finding evermore fresh nourishment of grateful love, shall grow more and more, and abound in all thanksgiving. So—thus meaning, and thus moved—*will we render the calves of our lips.* I would fain carry out all the spirit of this worship, and not think to offer *unto the Lord my God that which doth cost me nothing.* I will not sacrifice that which is blemished, or feeble, or that which I may have lit upon by hazard; but rather I would bring to Him the *calves of the stall*, well tended and nourished; and, by all care of devout and contrite preparation, made ready for the altar.

MORE ABOUT CHESHIRE WATER-WORLDS.*

BY THE REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK.

THE water scorpion looks something like a dirty-brown leaf, fitted at one end with arm-like legs, and at the other with a long, plain, straight tail which looks suspiciously like a *sting*. The creature really has no sting at all. Its tail is simply a fine split quill, through which, when perfectly closed and turned up to the surface of the water, it can draw in a supply of air. But the creature can bite, as even big mailed beetles could testify; at least if by any chance, after being within the embrace of those long arms, any of them have ever escaped. The scorpions are, I must confess, uncanny creatures.

But the uncanniest creature of all is the larva of the great dragon-fly. A long, brown-winged body, terminating in three feathered tips, four spider-like legs, a big bullet head with two enormous eyes, a curious apparatus like an arm and hand folded up under the jaw; and an odd little double pack on the back, lying lengthways behind the head,—those are the monster's belongings. These are its peculiarities: First, he does not swim, but *propels* himself, precisely as a

* See *Cheshire Water-Worlds* in our May number.

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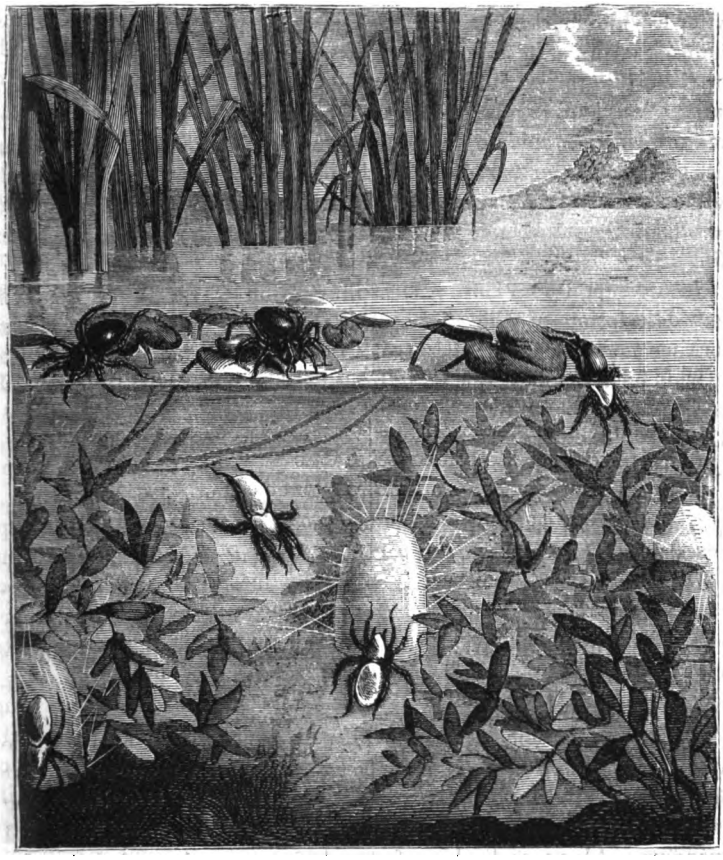

WATER SPIDERS.

certain new-fashioned ship is propelled, by filling the long tube inside the body with water, and then suddenly expelling it. Secondly, he breathes mainly through his stubbly tail. Thirdly, if the tail were not short, divided, and each division fringed with close-set hairs, water-fleas and other mischievous little urchins would be drawn into the propulsion tube, and would pester the dragon as much as a fly can pester a bullock. Fourthly, the creature catches his prey by means of the mask, as it is called, under his jaw. It is one of the most singular sights to see him hunting tadpoles. He crawls as near his prey as possible, suddenly shoots forward, darts out his mask, with his terminal forceps seizes his victim, and by means of the plate presses it to his jaw. Fifthly, when the appointed time of his change comes he ceases to eat and falls into a meditative mood.

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After a while he climbs a stalk and emerges into the open air. Then the pack opens. It is scarcely correct to say either splits or cracks, for the orifice if carefully examined afterwards will be found to be a quite clean and regular oblong. Through this opening the new creature emerges, middle first—head and tail last; and shaking out his gossamer wings, radiant with prismatic hues, exchanges an ugliness which truth compels me to admit is positively loathsome, for one of the most gorgeous forms known to these sober northern climes.

Nature supplies no more perfect illustration of St. Paul's magnificent description of the resurrection; and the analogy might bear working out: "For our citizenship is in heaven; from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory, according to the working whereby He is able even to subject all things unto Himself.'

Nearly allied to the larva of the dragon-fly are certain other forms of larval-life. I will name two only.

The caddis-flies are first caddis-worms, whose homes are often perfect marvels of taste and ingenuity. I have often found them built of reeds cut into equal lengths, and laid cunningly across and across. Others construct handsome palaces of delicate little shells of planorbis or of minute bivalves. Others build up round cases like the watch-towers of 'the brick-maker.'

The may-fly or ephemera—so called because it lives but a single day—comes from a curious little larva which is so transparent that you can see, under the microscope, the whole of the circulatory system. No creature in fresh-water worlds has a more beautiful apparatus. Along each side of the body a number of delicately-veined fans are placed, which vibrate with inconceivable rapidity, and so collect from the water the oxygen which the creature needs for the aeration of its blood.

Another very beautiful creature is the boatman, who swims on his back, and possesses, first, a terrible dagger of which you must beware; secondly, a pair of wings like his cousins the beetles; and thirdly, a pair of long, delicately-constructed oars which, if only they could be imitated, would solve for oarsmen all the difficulties of 'catch' and 'feather.'

THE WATER BOATMAN.

Water-fleas swarm in countless myriads and in endless variety. If

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only I could show you through the microscope one of the commonest —say daphnia pulex—with its exquisitely-shaped and marked shell; its coal-black eyes, studded with brilliants, moved by a band of muscles, and always in a fine frenzy rolling; its long branched antennæ, and its two-lobed heart throbbing with blood and emotion of some undefined kind—if, I say, you could but see it, you would never forget the sight.

But one order of larger life demands, by the wonderful adaptation of one of its species to apparently uncongenial surroundings, special notice.

The Arachnida, or spider family, has many representatives in the fresh-water world. Some are like little round flattened nuts; and very pretty and interesting these many-coloured dots of spider-life are, whether seen careering through the aquarium, or imprisoned in a sunk cell, and viewed as opaque objects under the microscope. One species, which is just like a morsel of soft red sealing-wax, is very abundant in a pond near those I have described, and is nowhere else to be found in any pond, so far as my observation goes, for miles round.

But the prize spider, rivalling in the ingenuity with which it builds its house all its land cousins, not excepting even the famous trap-door spider, is the elegantly furred creature which we caught in Pond No. 1., and which rejoices in the name *Argyronetra aquatica*. The Rev. T. G. Wood, in his book on *Trespassers*, says that it is at present so difficult to procure this spider that he has been unable to give an illustration of the creature and its cocoon. In spite of much search and orders to dealers, not a specimen could be obtained. It has been my good fortune to find this spider in four habitats. My own observations do not quite coincide with those of Mr. Wood. I gather from his account that the female spider alone constructs the house, and mainly, if not exclusively, for the purpose of storing her eggs. As a matter of fact all the spiders of this species build houses, and at all times of the year. The house—I use the word *house* advisedly—serves a fourfold purpose. In spite of its gossamer frailty, it affords a very real protection against the attacks even of large and ferocious enemies. It is also an ambush from which its owner can suddenly spring upon its prey, a dining-room, and a nursery. When it is devoted to the last-named purpose, it is very considerably strengthened. It may be interesting if I describe an experiment, several times repeated and verified: A long ounce bottle was furnished as a miniature aquarium with clean sand, water, and two or three little water-plants.

In this bottle I placed a spider, two small tadpoles, and a May-fly

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larva, and hung the bottle in a large circular aquarium, through the magnifying medium of which I could see distinctly the whole organization of the spider and its every movement. First the spider made various attempts to catch a tadpole, but without success. Just when the tadpole was within reach of the powerful forceps, a hideous wriggle would so disconcert the grave spider as to secure the escape of his prey. For some time the thwarted hunter wandered about aimlessly, wondering what to do—hungry, yet afraid to attack such impish prey, and giving no sign of any intention to build a house. Presently, however, he caught the larva, and forthwith, holding the larva tightly in his forceps, he began his work. You could distinctly see the spinnerets spinning the fine silken cords which he carried from a spray of Vallisneria to the side of the vessel. After stretching a number of cables from point to point, and testing them with his long hooked feet, he concentrated his attention on one spot, which was intersected by several cords. On that spot he wove a network of silk. Then, suddenly liberating a minute globule of air from his abdomen underneath the web, he glided downwards, across the vessel, and up through the waterweed to the surface. On his arrival he arched his hind legs over the end of his abdomen, threw open his spinnerets, and with a curious little jerk captured a globule of air. This he carried with wonderful cunning, by devious ways, to his little house, guarding it carefully all the way with his arched legs. The globule, liberated by the help of legs and spinnerets, coalesced with the first globule. Then inserting his abdomen, with his spinnerets, he quickly strengthened and widened the basis, or rather roof, of his house, went upwards, and brought another globule; once more adding to the network structure. Having so far completed his work, he felt that he was entitled to eat; and this was how he proceeded: withdrawing his abdomen covered with a silvery globule of air which sufficed to supply the breathing apparatus about his body with the necessary oxygen, he turned round, thrust his head with the larva, of which he had never once lost his grip, into this silvery dining-room; by the help of his antennæ brought successive parts of the larva to his mouth, and dined like a lord. The whole operation occupied about half-an-hour.

I conclude from these and similar observations that the water spider can neither breathe nor feed except in atmospheric air, and yet it does both the one and the other under water. It would be interesting to know, how, on the evolution theory pure and simple, *i.e.*, entirely apart from the intervention either of a creative or remodelling intelligence, this creature has arrived at its present extraordinary condition of perfect adaptation to the exigencies of its life and work.

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As far as I know, Mr. Darwin has no note on the subject. And with the utmost deference to one whose powers of observation and inductive reasoning were perhaps unrivalled, I venture to suggest that even he would find it difficult to account for all the startling phenomena appertaining to *Argyronetra aquatica*.

ANDREW JACKSON POTTER,

THE 'FIGHTING PARSON' OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

(*Concluded from page* 199.)

In the year 1859 Mr. Potter was 'licensed' as a Local-preacher. He had removed to the neighbourhood of Lockhart in Caldwell County, and whilst working hard for his daily bread travelled long distances on the Sunday to preach the Gospel in the surrounding villages. In 1861 he visited his old home in Missouri. The news that 'Andy Potter' had come back, and that he had 'turned preacher,' soon spread, and large congregations assembled in chapels, private houses, and in the open air to listen to his message. A great revival, which affected all the Churches of the neighbourhood, was the result of these services, which were held daily.

In 1862 he volunteered to join the Confederate army, and became a private soldier in Colonel Wood's regiment. Here he not only fulfilled the ordinary duties of a soldier, but acted as a voluntary chaplain. On the death of the salaried chaplain, the soldiers petitioned the Colonel to give the appointment to Mr. Potter; but there were difficulties which prevented the granting of this request, so he continued his double labour until he received an appointment as chaplain to another regiment.

Mr. Potter's narrative of his experiences in the army, show how miserably everything was mismanaged, and what a disorderly mob the Confederate army was. He continued his ministry, however, with characteristic earnestness, and became immensely popular with the soldiers, many of whom were brought to God by his means. He endured hardships with them, helped them in difficulties, tried to keep the peace between them and the civilians, and in numberless ways won their confidence. When under conviction of sin in revival services, they would have no one else to pray with them, and rejecting the services of other Ministers, would say, 'No, we want Potter; he has been with us in Louisiana, and ate bread and sugar with us; we want him to pray with us now.'

A revival taking place in an army actually in the field is almost a unique event in Church history, yet such a revival took place in connection with Mr. Potter's army chaplaincy, and so widespread

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was its influence, that the commanding officer actually relieved a private of his military duties that he might help in the work. Many a quiet citizen looks back to the services of that curious army Church as the beginning of better days for himself and for his family. Not by any means in vain was the preaching of the Gospel of peace to the wild fellows who filled the Confederate ranks.

The Preacher's great physical strength, unfailing and even reckless courage, and ready wit, all combined to make him just the man for the work he had to do. Mr. Lee Rogan, of Lockhart, Texas, a lawyer, and a member of the Presbyterian Church, who was in the same regiment with Mr. Potter, bears a strong testimony to the good influence which he exercised over the men. He says: 'Mr. Potter was always in the van, sharing equally with the men the toils and dangers of the march, always cheerful and brimful of good humour; the sight of his smiling countenance, the sound of his cheery laugh, and his encouraging words, materially aided the officers in preserving good order and discipline in the ranks.'

When the war ended, Mr. Potter addressed a farewell charge to the soldiers, earnestly exhorting them to settle down to the new order of things, and to do their best to re-build their country's fortunes. He himself returned to his own home at Lockhart, where for some time he supplied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church.

A striking incident which illustrates his courage and readiness occurred at this time: 'He was invited to go down to Walnut Creek, some twelve miles from his residence, to preach to the people of that community. The messenger informed him that a party of armed men down there had given the Circuit-Preacher the lie in the pulpit, and had cursed him, so that the Preacher had closed his sermon and left, saying that was the last sermon he would ever preach in that house.

'Mr. Potter sent an appointment, and went down at the time and found the citizens there at the preaching-hour. He entered the pulpit, and seeing the armed party there, he told them that he had heard there was some fighting stock down there that wanted to fight Preachers, and that he had come down to fight or preach, or, if need be, to do both. But he wanted a clear understanding and good order in the whole affair. He proposed that all should sit still and be quiet till he had preached a sermon, as some of the people had come to hear preaching, and after the sermon was over, if nothing but a fight would do, he would be ready for fighting, in the house or out of doors, as any of them might choose. He then proceeded to read and sing and pray and preach, no one disturbing him in the least, and perfect good order reigning throughout the entire service. When the worship was

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over, Mr. Potter said to them: "Now, after dismission, if any one wants to fight, I shall be ready, and we will have it in the house or outside; or we will adjourn to dinner, and let the fight come off in the evening." Mr. Potter was acquainted with the leader of the fighters. After the benediction the leader smilingly approached the Preacher, and Mr. Potter said, "Jim, do you want to fight?" "No, Sir; I do not want to fight you; I want you to go with me to dinner." He went, and so it ended.'

In 1866 Mr. Potter's regular ministry—if such a word may be applied to such erratic services as his have been—began, and he was appointed to the Prairie Lee Circuit, in which he laboured with zeal and success. During his stay here he invited a certain Dr. Parker—a coloured man of some repute who went about lecturing to the recently-freed slaves, and urging them to make a right use of their liberty,—to lecture in his Church. Many of the white people, however, were indignant with the Pastor for thus interesting himself in the coloured people. There was a large gathering, and some white 'gentlemen' interrupted the meeting and tried to prevent the lecturer from being heard. Mr. Potter begged them to be silent, but as the noise continued, he informed them that he should eject them. They asked if he could manage two at once. 'I shall surely try if the noise does not stop,' replied the Pastor. They thought it wiser after this to hear the address to the end. As soon as it was over, the two ringleaders advanced, and one struck a furious blow at the Minister, who, however, was equal to the emergency, and immediately felled his assailant. The crowd around instantly picked him up and ejected him from the building. Such exhibitions of muscular Christianity are unknown to English Methodism, but we must remember how different are the conditions of society in the wild South American States.

In 1867 his heart's desire was fulfilled by an appointment to the mountain frontier, and in one or other of these wide 'Mission' Circuits he has toiled until now. The work of a Methodist Preacher in such circumstances is by no means easy or free from danger, and more than one has fallen a victim to the savage Indians who haunt the border land. But Mr. Potter's undaunted courage and ready wit have brought him safely through. We must confess that to a peaceful reader, his confidence in and occasional use of his favourite 'Winchester' rifle does seem a little incongruous, but ere condemning him, we must remember the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed. As he himself says, 'A little experience along this perilous border may greatly alter the views of tender-conscienced men who only see such scenes at a vast distance from their peaceful home-retreats.' Yet we cannot help asking, 'Do our American brethren

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make no efforts to save these wild and bloodthirsty Indians? Is a revolver the only 'weapon' of their 'warfare' in the contest with these savage hordes?

It is a remarkable fact that though Mr. Potter has been 'in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness,' he has never been wounded. Again and again he has been fired at, but the bullets have whizzed harmlessly past him. Once when a party of Indians were firing at him at long range, he coolly sat down, and whilst the bullets flew round him, smoked a pipe, more, as he naïvely confesses, for the 'moral effect,' than for any enjoyment it afforded him. When sleeping alone on the prairies, he used to wrap a log of wood in a blanket and place it some little distance from where he himself slept, that it might attract the attention of any passing Indians, who would thus arouse him and prevent their surprising him asleep. One morning when he rose, he found that he had lain down close to the grave of a little child who had no doubt died when its parents were journeying over the prairie. The sight of the lonely, nameless grave touched the brave man's heart, and he spent an hour in gathering quantities of prairie flowers to lay upon it, and kneeling down offered a prayer beside it ere he went on his way.

So great was his brethren's confidence in his courage and tact, that Dr. Walker, when elected Presiding Elder of the Border District, declined to accept the appointment unless Mr. Potter was stationed in one of the Circuits, with instructions to convey him through the regions infested by the Indians.

Mr. Potter, at any rate, evidently thinks that his Mission is to the more civilized of the inhabitants of his vast Circuits, one of which was two hundred miles round. Many out-of-the-way settlements there were in the wide district of which he was the pastor, and many curious incidents occurred as he rode along, preaching the Gospel wherever opportunity offered. Many, too, were the kindly deeds which won for his message a ready reception from the rough settlers.

Once when a young man had been killed in a fight with the Mexicans, Potter himself prepared the corpse for burial, using his own linen for its shroud, and reading the burial service over the grave at dead of night. He then went on to Uralde, where the young man's parents lived, and was compelled to give full particulars of the death and burial. 'Next morning,' he says, 'my linen was replaced, and a twenty-five dollar over-coat' was added.

The next night a curious scene occurred. Mr. Potter was preaching. During the service, he says: 'Some of the good women raised such a

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shout that the citizens who had not gone to church thought the Mexicans had made a raid on the town, and that the work of slaughter had begun. They all gathered up their guns—some jumped out of bed and came to the scene in their night-clothes and barefooted, when, to their pleasant surprise, the noise was nothing but notes of praise to God. They were not used to that sort.'

Nothing seemed to disconcert Mr. Potter, and he had always a retort ready for any one who interrupted him. One evening as he was preaching to a large congregation in the upper-room of a store-house, a drunken man cries out, 'Sir, I ask your pardon, but do you think there ever was a Christ on earth?' 'I am not now discussing that question,' was the ready reply, 'I am talking about two preachers being in jail (Paul and Silas), just where all such drunken scoundrels as you are ought to be, and where you will be in ten minutes if the Sheriff will do his duty.' The hint was at once taken, and the drunken man removed. This duty having being performed, the officer returned to the meeting, and observed to the Preacher, 'Mr. Potter, that man is in jail, Sir.' 'Thank you, gentlemen,' was the reply, 'you can turn him out in the morning, as he may then be sober. Please to take your seats.' He then continued the service, utterly unembarrassed by the incident.

In the course of his travels he came one evening to a small frontier town. The soldiers of the garrison had just received their pay, and they and a number of the townspeople were preparing to spend the evening in gambling and drinking. Some of the gamblers recognised Mr. Potter as an old companion, and greeted him with rough pleasure. 'Hold on there,' they cried to him; and one asked, 'An' can't ye give us a religious send-off to-night?' 'I shall with pleasure, gentlemen,' he promptly answered, 'if you will provide a place, and hear me civilly.' This they promised to do, and at once selected a gambling-room as an extempore preaching-place. One of the gamblers undertook to announce the meeting, which he did in characteristic style: 'O yes, O yes, O yes! there now, do you hear? There is to be some spang-up religious racket at Mr. F—'s gallery by the "Fighting Parson," a reformed gambler, but now a celebrated Gospel sharp. The racket will begin in fifteen minutes. All you old rummers and whisky guzzlers and card-sharpers, come out and mend your ways, or you will all go to hell as sure as you are born.' Thus summoned, crowds who had never answered to the call of 'the church-going bell' gathered to listen to the plain, homely preaching of the everlasting Gospel.

A companion picture to this is the story of Mr. Potter's preaching to a crowd of drinking, gambling fellows who had assembled for a

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horse-race, but came to the chapel to make a disturbance. The Minister in charge protested against the holding of any service as sure to cause a riot, but Potter knew that he could keep order. He 'enters the crowded house and gravely walks down the aisle with the belt of his revolver hanging on his left arm, and his well-tried "Winchester" in his right hand, and on reaching the stand he hangs the six-shooter on a nail in the wall behind him, and leans the gun against the wall near to him, and proceeds to read, sing, pray and preach, and dismisses the crowd in order, and all go home, no one disturbing in the least.' What a picture of a Methodist service! Yet ere we condemn the 'Fighting Parson,' we must take into account that an appeal to the constituted authorities would have been almost certainly futile, as in such districts and at such times they had not the power, even if they had the will, to ensure order, or to punish disorder.

Many, very many were the genuine conversions which resulted from these curiously-conducted services, but not unfrequently attempts were made to turn the meetings into ridicule. At one place Mr Potter found that for some time a number of young men had persistently come to the 'mourners' bench' as a mere jest. He determined to put down such profanity literally with a strong hand. One evening the ringleader advanced, as he had often done before, professing penitence. 'The preacher said, "Now, Dick, you have been a great sinner, and if you want salvation you must pray. While we pray for you, you must pray for yourself. Pray, Dick," said he, with great emphasis of voice and fist—for he delivered the whole strength of his right arm full upon the back of the crouching mourner. Then followed other exhortations with peltings, until the sham mourner was not a sham sufferer, in the flesh at least. He stood it for a while, but at last his powers of endurance could hold out no longer. He arose running, and made his escape a sorer and a wiser man.'

We have only space for one other story, one which illustrates the abiding effect of early religious influence. Mr. Potter had come to a place called Ben Ficklin, the 'county-site' of Tom Green County, on the extreme border of the American dominion. The inn-keeper here was a notoriously bad character, by name Bob Miller. 'When Mr. Potter drove up to his hotel, he stepped out, and Mr. Potter asked to spend the night at his hotel, to which he replied, "Yes, git out." While unharnessing the horse, Mr. Potter said to him, "I guess I might as well tell you who you have on your hands for the night. You have a Methodist Preacher to entertain." Mr. Miller replied, "I guess you are at the right place. I am considered the hardest case in this town." After putting away the horse, he came in, lighted his

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cigarette, and said, "Preacher, I have not known anything about religion since I was nine years old.". "Well, Sir, what did you know about it then?" "Well," said Mr. Miller, "my father had religion—Preacher, he had it—there was no mistake about it. He could sing, too. O how he used to stir up camp-meetings with his songs!" He then added, "I am a wicked man, but I am no hypocrite. All the infidels in the world could not make me believe that my father did not have religion." When bed-time came, he got down his large old family Bible, and said, "Parson, you are the first Preacher I ever entertained in my life, and here are some of my family grown who have never heard a prayer in their lives; you must pray with my family." After prayers, Mr. Miller began to hum over some remembered verses of his father's songs of long years ago; only a verse or two could he call up. At last he got started on the "Old Family Bible:"

> "How painfully pleasing the fond recollection,
> Of youthful connections and innocent joys!"

But here he stopped; he could go no farther, and he said, "Preacher, I have no hymn-book;" and then he turned to his wife and said, "Lizzie, give me the Fourth Reader. It has the 'Iron-bound Bucket' in it, and it goes in that tune, and is a good substitute;" and he turned to it, and sung with great animation and pathos:

> "The iron-bound bucket,
> The moss-covered bucket,
> That hangs in the well."

Then addressing Mr. Potter, he said, "Now, Preacher, when do you think you can preach for us?" Friday night was fixed as the time to begin to preach. Mr. Miller swept out the court-house, and lighted it up at night, and soon a large and interested audience was listening to the soul-renewing story of redeeming love under the border of the shades of heathenism.'

In such ways and in such circumstances is the Gospel of the Lord Jesus spreading in the dark places of the Far West. Mr. Potter is now Presiding Elder of the Border District, and still continues his earnest and courageous labours.

A VISIT TO A TORPEDO FACTORY.

I GOT permission, when returning from Abbazzia, to visit the torpedo manufactory of Mr. Whitehead. I arrived at a happy moment. Mr. Whitehead was on the beach with the three French Commissioners of Sub-Marine Defences, M. Hanès, captain of the frigate,

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and MM. Hélet and Desdouits, engineers of Cherbourg, entrusted with the taking over and testing the torpedoes bought by the Government. Count Hoyos, son-in-law and partner of Mr. Whitehead, perceiving me, came forward and presented me to these gentlemen, and I then witnessed some most interesting and curious experiments.

It is not necessary to be one of the initiated to comprehend the complete revolution that such engines are destined to create in naval warfare. The Whitehead torpedoes have such an appearance of life, so terrible a power of destruction, that they are not less formidable than the sea-monsters of mythical history. Imagine an enormous steel fish shaped like a tunny, of twenty to twenty-four feet in length, which swims with the velocity of twenty to twenty-four knots an hour, and which, first grazing the object against which it is directed, causes the supply of gun-cotton with which its head is charged to burst, thus sinking the largest armour-plated ships.

In Mr. Whitehead's workshops the men call the torpedo *la bestia*, *i.e.*, the beast, so much does its structure resemble a living thing. It is in its head that the mine is placed, whose charge varies with the amount of destruction required from the *bestia;* thirty-six pounds of gun-cotton are enough to destroy the largest vessel. A needle and percussion-cap produce the explosion at the first moment of contact. Behind the head is placed the 'secret chamber,' enclosing an ingenious mechanism which regulates beforehand the direction of the torpedo, and maintains its position during its whole course, at the same depth of water. This mechanism, the most complicated and most important of Mr. Whitehead's invention, he preserves a secret: it solves one of the most difficult problems in physics. The rest of the body of the torpedo contains a reservoir of compressed air at a pressure of seventy pounds to the square inch, which puts the machine in movement, and starts the screw that forms the tail.

The torpedo being lighter than water, floats on the surface when it is not at work, or when it has arrived at its destination without having received any obstacle.

I must give a description of the kind of experiment I was allowed to witness. Two men placed the *bestia* in the frame-work, something like a gun-carriage, specially invented by Mr. Whitehead for the launching of his torpedoes. The Commissioners of the French Marine took out their chronometers; at a given signal the torpedo was filled with compressed air—this operation takes less than a minute—and the torpedo, with the quickness of a cannon ball, springs from its tube, plunges under the sea to a depth of sixteen to eighteen feet, and proceeds on its way, producing a slight bubbling on the surface of the water, striking at a distance of about a third of a mile floating

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targets placed on the buoys to represent the enemy's fleet; then the torpedo, not being loaded, returns further on to the surface like a great dead fish. Three times the attack was begun by the same torpedo; when its path had been regular, when it had arrived at the given spot at the exact time, and without any irregularity, it was registered, and the Commissioners of the French Marine took it over in charge. If, on the contrary, the test had revealed any defect, the torpedo was put on one side, and returned like a faulty horse to the stables. These engines cost the little trifle of from £200 to £240 a-piece, so it is necessary to submit them to very severe tests.

* * * * *

'Would you like to see the machinery at work?' asked Count Hoyos, who was doing the honours of his father-in-law's establishment with truly Hungarian politeness.

'Gladly,' I answered.

We returned by the road which we had taken before, and walking on planks placed end to end on the ground over the thick black dust, in which we should otherwise have sunk to the ankles, we crossed the threshold of an enormous flat building, whose dusty windows had the appearance of being curtained with spiders' webs; an engine which reached the ceiling puffing out jets of white steam, a dim twilight pervaded the immense shed where five hundred workmen laboured, their sleeves tucked up over their arms, their chests bare, their hair in disorder. When the vast roof was lighted up suddenly by the red bursts of reflection from the forges, we saw the perspiration beading their foreheads like drops of blood, and the muscles projecting from their tawny skins like roots of trees on a red and arid soil. The effect produced by the figures of these men bending over the forge, or leaning far back to increase the force of their blows, was increased by the fantastic play of the lights and shadows, bestowing on them giant proportions; they looked like Cyclops forging their thunderbolts. The noise was deafening, a perpetual ring of hammers as the iron was beaten, a harsh grating of pulleys, the snorting of great bellows, a continuous buzz of work, grinding of files, clanking of bars of iron, with the heavy and monotonous thud of the engines that produced the steel. In one place floated sheets of fire, spreading in red waves of flame; near us on the ground were strange instruments like monstrous animals. Tubes of steel opened their jaws as if to snap us up. These burning forges were like lighthouses; they flung livid gleams on the walls blackened with coal-dust, and threw against these fitful lights the wild figures of those who were working at them. We advanced amid sheaves of sparks and falling stars flung out from the anvils on all sides, in the heavy and charged atmosphere.

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The men worked by sections in the manufacture of the same pieces; some always made the head, others the body, others the tail of the torpedo. In a separate department, enveloped in mystery like the laboratory of an alchemist, sits a solitary workman, who unlocks the door only at the voice of Mr. Whitehead or Count Hoyos. It is he who is entrusted with preparing the ingenious mechanism necessary for regulating the path of the projectile at an equal depth—a mechanism that, as I have said, remains the secret of the inventor.—From Victor Tissot's *Unknown Hungary.*

THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

If we could see Thee in the guise,
The guise that once Thou worest,
Beholding with our human eyes
The human form Thou borest;
If only once our hands could touch
The hands for us so stricken,
Should we not learn to love Thee much?
Would not our cold zeal quicken?

Thou didst Thy tenderness reveal,
By pitying human feeling,
And with a word and look didst heal
Those that had need of healing;
Thou stood'st beside the bier and bed
Where broken hearts were grieving,
And at Thy call the quiet dead
Became the unquiet living.

We were not there—we never saw
The sick man leave his pillow,
Nor heard the sea confess Thy law,
And smooth its raging billow:
We joined not those who sat amazed
With Lazarus at the table,
To see that Thou the dead hadst raised
Could be no cunning fable.

But at the Cross, O where were they
Who sought Thy words like manna?
Where those with palms who strewed Thy way,
And shouted forth Hosanna?
The thousands fed by hand of Thine
When the green grass was growing,
The wedding-guests who drank red wine
From water-vessels flowing?

Perhaps when it was all too late,
Their fainting courage rallied,
And burning glow on faces sate
That erst with dread were pallid;
The wealth they feared to lose was dross,
Who shrank from spear and bow-man;
They would have borne Him from the Cross
In spite of Jew and Roman.

But all was over—Death had won
Its doubted victory o'er Him,—
And from their hearts all hope was gone
As to the grave they bore Him.
But was not this grief's bitterest part,
That if they ne'er denied Him,
Yet that they had not had the heart
To stay and die beside Him?

Did they not envy him who heard
The charge, '*Behold thy mother*'?
The loved disciple, by that word,
Claimed as the Master's brother?
That unto women, not to them,
Those words, of love the token:
'*Ye daughters of Jerusalem,*
Weep not for Me,' were spoken.

Would not some wander east and west
Once to behold Him only?
And from thenceforth forswear all rest,
Content to labour lonely:
Patient the many thorns to meet,
That had the way directed,
If only so to reach His feet,
In the Beloved accepted?

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Would it be thus? 'Tis hard to tell,
They saw Him, yet believed not;
with His own He came to dwell,
But Him His own received not;

Dare we to say our hearts had been
With stronger faith impressèd?
'They' who believe but 'have not seen,'
His own word saith are 'blessed.'

Jane Budge.

'MILLENNIUM ISLAND.'

THERE is a little island in the South Seas called Atafu, one of the out-stations of Samoa, which seems to be as nearly a Paradise on earth as our human infirmities will admit. After a two years' cessation of work, a native teacher was left on the island, and eight months after he was able to report that every man and woman on the island had forsaken their heathen faith and accepted the Christian Gospel. The king was the deacon. The little Church had eighty-five members, and twenty candidates for fellowship. Worship goes on day by day, and law and government have been transformed. They have broken finally and irrevocably with the past, and Christ in their hearts is making all things new. The one blot on their blessedness is a scarcity of Bibles, slates, and hymn-books; there is only one Bible to five children, so they are always quarrelling who shall have it; and since only those sing who have books, the larger number do not sing at all. This is an inconvenience which it is easy to remedy. Let us hope that they may never have any sadder troubles.—*Sunday Magazine*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Those Watchful Eyes; or, Jemmy and his Friends. By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.—This is a prettily-told and effective story, and one which will be sure to interest young readers, and that none the less because parts of it will bring tears to their eyes. It is very much above the average of such literature, and strikes us as the best of all Miss Searchfield's books.

The Story of a Pillow. By A. C. LAMBERT. T. Woolmer—A tale for little people, with a good deal of quiet incident in it which will make it a favourite in the nursery and in the Sunday-school library.

Fighting to Victory. By EZEKIEL ROGERS. Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room.—The author of this interesting story of Methodist work in Somersetshire has a special claim to the reader's kindly attention and sympathy, for he was born without arms; and has, notwithstanding his life-long disadvantage, fought a good fight amidst unusually trying circumstances. The whole of this book was written with his mouth; and the facsimile autograph which is given beneath his portrait shows that the printers must have had 'copy' vastly easier to decipher than that of most literary men. The story itself is a good one, and will repay perusal. Mr. Rogers shows himself to be a stanch Methodist, a thorough-going teetotaller, and an earnest evangelist. We heartily wish the book success, both for its own sake and for its author's. It is well-printed, tastefully-bound, and would be very suitable for a present. The price is half-a-crown.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR JUNE, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
May	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
31	3 50	8 6	8 51a	2 46m	2 23m	10 5a	3 39m
June			*Rises.*				
10	3 43	8 15	3 59m	2 33	1 58	9 33	3 3
20	3 42	8 20	3 15	2 24	1 34	9 3	2 28
30	3 46	8 20	2 43	2 21	1 11	8 33	1 52

PHASES OF THE MOON.

June 5th, New Moon . 6h. 13m. morn. | „ 20th, Full Moon 4h. 32m. after.
„ 12th, First Quarter 2h. 42m. after. | „ 27th, Last Quarter 7h. 38m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 2nd . . midnight, Perigee . . . 225,753 miles.
„ 14th. . . 9h. after., Apogee . . . 251,387 „
„ 30th. . . 9h. morn., Perigee . . . 228,761 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 239,322 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 1st . . . . . 92,996,050 miles.
July 1st . . . . . 93,212,920 „
Increase of distance for the month . . 216,870 „

The *Sun* attains his greatest northern declination, 23 deg. 27 min., on the 21st, at 7h. in the afternoon, and the summer quarter commences.

Mercury will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 5th at 1h. in the afternoon. The angular distance, northward, of the planet from the Moon's centre, seen from the centre of the Earth, would be less than 1 deg.; the distance from the edge only 36 min.: thus the Moon will actually come between the planet and some parts of the Earth's surface, but both will then be very near the Sun. This planet will be in aphelion on the 7th, at 3h. in the afternoon, and at 4h. next morning in inferior conjunction with the Sun, about 3 deg. below his centre. On the morning of the 20th the apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct. It will be at its greatest distance, southward, from the ecliptic on the 27th, at midnight.

Venus will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 3rd. On the 8th, at 1h. in the afternoon, it will be remarkably near Neptune; the distance of the centres will be only 9 min. On the 19th, at midnight, it will be within 35 min. of Saturn.

Mars will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 2nd, 1h. before noon; and on the 27th, at 4h. in the morning, in conjunction with Neptune, at a distance of little more than a degree. If Mars be examined with a fairly good telescope on that morning, there will be little difficulty in identifying Neptune, which shines as a star of the 8th magnitude.

Jupiter will be near the Moon on the evening of the 6th. It can only be seen after sunset, very early in the month. On the 4th, at 9h. in the morning, the centre of the Moon will be almost in a right line between the centres of the Earth and *Saturn*. Viewed from the centre of the Earth, the angular distance between the centres of the other two bodies will be only 2 min. of arc. The planet is now a morning star, but rises too near the Sun to be visible, except perhaps toward the end of the month.

Uranus will be in quadrature with the Sun on the 10th. It sets on the 5th at 1h. in the morning, and on the 18th at midnight.

HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, PRINTERS, LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

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MARY CARPENTER.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

POET-TOILERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CRABTREE-FOLD,' ETC.

III.—MARY CARPENTER: SOCIAL REFORMER.

'I WANT to be ooseful, I want to be ooseful!' cried the child, MARY CARPENTER, at three years of age, not satisfied to play only and amuse herself, but craving, even then, to be at some work. So early did she sound the keynote of her life, and for seventy-four years of ardent and noble effort proved the deep sincerity of her desire to be 'useful.' Nor would any but the highest kinds of usefulness content her. She was the child of deeply-religious and vigorous parents, and beyond them lay a devoted Nonconformist ancestry whose spirit passed in full measure to this daughter of the race. Even in the infant the mother's quick eye discerned the love of order which characterized Dr. Carpenter, and her education was made easy by a ready grasp of facts and a tenacious memory. She was called 'the young doctor;' and when she was quite a child her mother wrote of her: 'Mary's mind is constantly occupied by some magnificent

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scheme or other,—some plan for converting the heathen or turning her dolls' frocks into pelisses.' At one time she was eagerly enquiring into the fate of a sea-anemone when divided into two, at another was exercised about necessity and free-will, and would return from these speculations to arrange with equal vigour the affairs of her dolls.

Her father—then a pastor and teacher in Exeter—was her instructor and guide; and religious truths found their way to the quick, sensitive mind of the child through the loving atmosphere of a well-ordered Christian home. One day when Mary was a little over three, the conversation at dinner—a friend being present—turned on the character of Jesus, and Dr. Carpenter dwelt on it with great devotion, ending with the remark that it was strange he could feel its beauty so vividly, yet be so far from following it. 'But you are very like the good Jesus, indeed!' said Mary, suddenly looking up from her dinner. Her father checked her; but the friend insisted on hearing her reasons, and she related several acts of self-denial she had observed, ending each with the affirmation—'And that was very like the good Jesus.'

This warm veneration soon grew into close fellowship. When Dr. Carpenter removed to the charge in Bristol with which his name is chiefly associated, and his restless energy led him into many plans of usefulness, Mary became by degrees a sharer in them all. Under his exact teaching and inspired by contact with the eminent men who were his friends and fellow-labourers, her studies were carried considerably beyond the range usually allowed to girls in the early part of this century, and included Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Physical Science, and Natural History. Homer and Sophocles, together with Shakespeare and Scott, early roused her enthusiasm; the Greek Testament was studied with reverent care; and the knowledge of the natural world gained during these early years was of immense use in the busy after-life.

The mother said of her two elder daughters during this period, that although they were the head of their respective classes, they were much beloved by their schoolfellows; and we are also told that when serious illness kept the principal from his desk the place was taken as a matter of course by Mary, and with the assistance of James Martineau—her senior by two years—she maintained the usual routine of school work.

It was at this time, no doubt, that the desire to help her father began; and during following years, when an affection of the eyes withdrew her from active exertion for more than one period, and gave her time to reflect on family circumstances, the desire shaped itself into a definite scheme. He was to be relieved of the school, and her mother,

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herself, and the other two sisters as they grew older, were to sustain that burden. For this, from the age of seventeen, she steadily prepared herself, letting no opportunity slip of acquiring fresh knowledge and enlarging her powers. In 1829, after a brief interlude of governess-ship, the gradual failure of Dr. Carpenter's health brought the time for trying her plan, and she joined her mother in opening a school for girls. 'The labour was hard; but in the completeness of their family union, in the education of the brothers who already gave promise of future distinction, and in the consciousness that they were ministering to Dr. Carpenter's usefulness, they found ample sources of happiness. With her usual energy Mary threw herself into fresh studies for the benefit of her pupils. The girls under her care looked upon her as a sort of prodigy, and felt a respectful awe for her attainments. Those who were able to share her enthusiasm found by degrees the barriers of reserve broken down, and were gradually drawn into ardent and tender friendship.'

Of course there were difficulties. She had always been tormented by a painful sense of unlikeness to her own high ideal, and a craving for approbation which her judgment condemned, besides a quickness of temper which it required much discipline to subdue. For many years she suffered greatly in the struggle, and it left deep traces on her mind; but she came out of it at last a strong, cheerful woman, with a youthful freshness that never failed her.

From this weariness of inward conflict, which was suspected only by those very near to her, the ardent mind was called by a new enthusiasm. In 1831 the riots of the Reform struggle filled Mary with a deep pity for the wild passion of the time, and intensified a desire, which visits to the homes of her Sunday-scholars had already aroused, to devote herself to the service of the degraded poor. She did not speak of this purpose at once, but kept her hold upon it while it slowly grew in her mind, quickened now and again by stories of heroism during the cholera year, and, in 1833, by the arrival of a distinguished visitor, Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, of Boston. He had spent forty laborious years in a ministry to the poor; and now, in spite of feeble health, could not rest without exploring those narrow courts and dark alleys, the haunt of 'the perishing and dangerous classes' from which some of Mary's Sunday-scholars came. She frequently accompanied him, listening eagerly to his narratives. One day as they passed through this district, a miserable ragged boy darted out of a dark entry, and rushed across their path. 'That child,' said Dr. Tuckerman, 'should be followed to his home and seen after.' His words sank into Mary's mind with a painful feeling that a duty was being neglected, and thirty-six years afterwards she

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recalled the incident as one of the quickening moments of her life. 'But on her and her sisters fell the cherishing of parents, the care of the school, and the education of brothers; amid claims so tender and engrossing, there seemed no room for fresh responsibilities. With habitual self-restraint she waited,' and went on with daily work and self-improvement. A second visit from Dr. Tuckerman ripened her wishes into a definite scheme, and a Visiting Society was formed, of which, for twenty years, Mary Carpenter was the Secretary. When the districts were allotted, she chose the very poorest, and spent many of her leisure hours in 'the foul air and fouler life that lay so near the peace and sweetness of her own home and the Lewin's Mead chapel.' In this way began the great work of her life. She by no means abandoned art or science or literature. With wonderful activity and persistence she kept all her favourite studies in hand, followed successive series of lectures at the Philosophical Institution, and made summer holidays opportunities for drawing and geologising. But these were only the side-eddies of her energy, the main flow of which during more than forty years was philanthropic. First came the needs of her own home, then the needs of the sad, homeless multitude, the Lazarus at the gate, whose sore she tended with a courageous zeal that refused to abandon the task however revolting it might sometimes be.

Meantime, what had been an earlier enthusiasm lay dormant. Just before Dr. Tuckerman's first visit, the Rajah Rammohun Roy was in Bristol, in daily intercourse with Dr. Carpenter for about a fortnight, and Mary's ardour was kindled to its highest pitch by the hopes which gathered round this striking person: the forerunner, as it seemed, of Christian India. It was just after the death of Wilberforce, and the enthusiasm of negro emancipation found in the Rajah the prophet of a more magnificent deliverance. When he suddenly died there in Bristol, 'the whole future of India seemed plunged in darkness,' and as Mary Carpenter stood beside his grave there came to her out of the darkness a cry for help to which she must have responded if she had been free. But the way of duty for her was clearly marked, and presently, in the impulse communicated to her by the American philanthropist, missionary dreams faded away: to return and be realized thirty years later when the other work was well established.

In these varied tasks and hopes, and in steady growth of noble Christian character, Mary Carpenter had nearly reached 'the half-way house of life' when she lost her beloved and trusted father. Dr. Carpenter had been compelled in the previous year to set out on a long journey in search of health, in company with a medical friend.

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Hopeful letters came, and the family were looking anxiously for his return when news came of his sudden death by drowning.

For two years Mary walked in a deep shadow, striving as far as she could to take her father's place in the home circle and among the poor; but this cloud, too, lightened as time went by, and her interest in art and literature revived. Her first book, a little volume of religious meditations and prayers, was published in 1845, and had a considerable success. She made the acquaintance of Lady Byron and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, and of various gentlemen intimately connected with the Abolition cause in America. To the Abolition Fair, held every Christmas in Boston, Mary and Anna Carpenter at once resolved to send contributions. 'The interest of friends and pupils was aroused, and the annual box swelled to larger dimensions, until the work at last amounted to a regular yearly show, and hundreds of visitors came to the rooms in Great George Street bringing tokens of good will.'

The new interest by no means withdrew Miss Carpenter from the old ones. 'The slaves *here* for whom I am most concerned,' she wrote to an American friend, 'are those enslaved to the use of intoxicating liquors.... *I am fully persuaded that no legislation can raise the working-classes of England as long as this evil exists among them.*' Nor could she forget the ragged children. For many years it had been clear that something must be done for the boys and girls who filled the streets and roamed the quays near Lewin's Mead. She heard of Industrial Schools in Aberdeen and Dundee and other places, and longed to establish one in Bristol. But she belonged to a small sect from which others held aloof, and at that time her command of money was limited. These difficulties, however, were overcome: a master was engaged, and a start made in the summer of 1846 with some thirty boys. 'It is literally a Ragged-School,' says Mrs. Carpenter: 'none have shoes or stockings; some no shirt and no home, sleeping in casks or on steps, and living, I suppose, by petty depredations.'

This first of the series of Institutions for the reclamation of destitute and degraded children, which it is the honoured privilege of Mary Carpenter to have established, was boldly set in one of the lowest and most crowded parts of Bristol, and the opening of a night-school in connection with it brought in a swarm of lads and lasses whose habits and character were such as to make the most resolute heart quail. 'Early in 1847 the numbers one Sunday evening amounted to two hundred; the attempt to conclude the school with prayer was baffled by mockery; and outside, the court resounded with blows and screams.' But this did not last; the police officer who came to keep order remained to teach writing, and at the close of two years' hard work

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'a greater impression was produced than the most sanguine had anticipated.'

There must have been an increase of wealth about 1848, for in that year the home teaching was given up, and Miss Carpenter set free for the great tasks that presented themselves outside. Between 1848 and 1854 she wrote three books on *Ragged-Schools, Reformatories,* and *Juvenile Delinquents;* took a leading part in arranging for Conferences of Workers, appeared before Parliamentary Committees, and with the help of Lady Byron and other friends, established Reformatory Schools in Kingswood and Bristol.

Of course all this was not accomplished without disheartening difficulties and painful contests, and often the worker had to cry: 'O God, why hast Thou given me a woman's heart?' But always the answer came back: 'That thou mightest the better do My will;' and she 'went forth from the dejection and weakness of the closet to conquer by the power of love and faith.'

It is not possible in these few pages to give even an outline of the various labours involved in the task Mary Carpenter had taken up: Correspondence with statesmen, writing of books, oversight of the various schools, preparation of papers for Social Science Congresses, Sunday work in the Ragged-School, continued interest in American Emancipation, Birmingham Conferences, and arrangements for the emigration of children as they grew up,—all these occupied her, and were carried on through dark days of sorrow and longing, when first one friend and then another were called behind the veil, and she was at last left almost solitary. There were many times of deep sadness, many of sharp pain, when she had to withstand others in controversy, and to justify the principles to which she clung, especially her favourite one that children can never be properly trained except in a home. This conviction she stated again and again in Parliamentary Committees and elsewhere: 'It is the nature of children to be in a home, and to feel around them family attachment and sympathy; but no Government institution can give more than maintenance and instruction; no Government can make the child feel the worth of his own soul.' She desired to make it unlawful to place children in workhouses; and over this and the provisions of the Revised Code, besides other matters, sharp fights arose, wearisome to flesh and spirit. She had more than one severe illness, but wrought on with invincible determination, along with other workers, until some measure of success was gained. Nor was she so occupied or so tried but that the old enthusiasm could wake at the visit of Garibaldi.

And now, after thirty years, the first great idea of her life re-asserted itself, and India pressed upon her heart. Two Hindoo gentlemen

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came to visit her, 'and out of her converse with them there grew a clear purpose.' They laid before her the pressing need for female education, Christian and other; they gave her details about the condition of women in the vast land which had long been 'a background of radiant mystery to her thoughts'; and she recorded in her journal this private resolve: 'I believe my work here has come to a point at which I can settle it on a firm basis, and I now devote my strength to the elevation of the women of India. Without any present change of plan I shall watch openings, gain information, and prepare in every way for my great object.'

Mary Carpenter's method in the whole of her life-work could hardly be better expressed than in the above words. She had never tried to force openings, nor rushed unarmed upon ground she was not prepared to hold. Now, deeply as her interest was roused, she went on steadily with the work in hand, finished a book on *Our Convicts* (which had the honour of being placed in the Pope's list of works forbidden to the faithful), and prepared her annual contribution to the Freedmen's Aid Association. Then Mr. Ghose came down to Bristol again, with two other friends, and she felt that the time was ripe: she would go!

Her relatives were alarmed. She was in her sixtieth year, had come through severe ailments, and had no sister living who could accompany her. Did not her work in England require the rest of her life? But convinced that she was called to the crowning duty and privilege of her earthly work, she would listen to no objection. 'India is my Holy Land,' she said when some one suggested turning aside to Palestine on the way; and fresh youthfulness seemed to flush her face as she spoke of 'doing *something*—even if it were nothing visible to the eye of man—for the sisters sitting in darkness in India. ....I am not going in the hope of doing great things, but whatever I can, whatever is desired of me.'

This modest range had soon to be enlarged. She had scarcely taken possession of the bungalow placed at her disposal by Sir Bartle Frere, then Governor of Bombay, than a vast field of work opened up in prison reform as well as female education and social intercourse. She was entertained and listened to by the highest officials and many distinguished natives, and to use her own words 'seemed to have dropped a spark upon tinder.'

The next ten years were the most remarkable portion of this extraordinary life. Between 1867 and 1877 Miss Carpenter went back to India three times, attended Home and Foreign Congresses, visited the Princess Alice at Darmstadt, travelled in America, and by voice and pen laboured continuously for Education and Reform in both

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hemispheres. The deep sorrow caused by the sudden death of her beloved sister Anna, only made it the more necessary to be constantly at work. She found rest in action, refreshment in manifold effort, and had a strong power of recovery from disappointment and grief. Such work as she attempted could not be done easily: in India and England while she found many influential friends, she had also to encounter apathy here, distrust there, opposition often; and her clear-sighted energy itself sometimes caused friction in working with others. But her true goodness, her noble devotion of a most cultivated mind and strong intellect to the highest good of her fellows, made a profound impression wherever she went. Hindoos were moved by the spectacle of a lady in advanced age spending time, health, and money in their service, and called her 'Mother.' Americans spoke of the 'great gray eyes, so calm and wise, yet so kind sometimes;' of 'the strange child-likeness that came round her lips in certain smiles,' and of 'the benignant fire, so steadily sustained, that glowed in her.' From the Queen and the Princess Alice she received several tokens of cordial respect, and so many gifts came from India that her drawing-room in Bristol was quite a museum of treasures. One point must here be noted. She aimed always at keeping within what she believed to be her 'womanly sphere.' She had done hard and faithful work for many years before she read a paper in a Congress; she would never *preside* at a meeting; and not until she was sixty years of age did she give public addresses or lectures. But when it seemed right and necessary to do this she did it admirably. 'She was never nervous, because absorption in high aims lifted her above all fear.'

We do not say that we accept *all* Mary Carpenter's ideas, and cannot but regret that in some important respects her religious belief was sadly deficient. She took a view of the education of Indian women that we cannot endorse; but 'India for Christ' was her ultimate aim in all she did for that great land, as 'Feed My lambs' may be said to be the motto of her work at home.

'She hath done what she could.' 'I can truly say of myself, in spite of all errors,' she wrote on her seventieth birthday to a brother, 'there have been many painful woundings, sad bereavements, great struggles, dark perplexities, but they have all blended together to make a wonderful calm. Happiness and gratitude to the Heavenly Father fill my thoughts to-day.'

Her last day on earth was filled with the usual occupations—revisal of proof-sheets, correspondence, discussion of public business. Then with a calm smile upon her face she exchanged good-nights with her adopted daughter and lay down to sleep.

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FROM EVENING TWILIGHT UNTIL DAWN.

BY T. P. GRAY, F.R.A.S.

(FIRST PAPER.)

GONE is the greater light to rise on other lands; gone is the God-given ruler of the beauteous day. The twilight, stealing an hour from the brief summer's night, has contended in vain with her rival, the moon, and the lesser light, the ruler of the fair, star-studded night, reigns supreme over her realm. Full-orbed and high in the heavens, the Queen of the Sky is flooding one-half of the earth with her radiant beams. They fall on the open plain, unbroken, and with wondrous clearness illumine the path of the traveller. They break through the screen of rich foliage and reach the heart of the wood, by the motionless leaves and the darkly-interlacing branches formed into a network of silver which lies on the fern-covered earth. They shine on the streets of the city in angular patches, cut out by the shapes of the houses. They flash from the deep, and sparkle like gems on the heaving and swelling bosom of ocean, in its rising and falling obeying the power that comes with the moonbeams. They rest on the placid lake. They bathe in ghostly light the grand old remains of a once noble castle, revealing the pinnacles gauntly shaped by the hand of time from the crumbling walls; and play with the leaves of the ivy, stirred by the wind which seems, as it sighs and moans round the tower, to grieve with the ruin for the loss of its greatness; they shine through the unshapely, bare openings, once windows, into the hall whose floor is the grass, rank and wet, whose walls are tapestried now by the long, hanging creepers, whose seats are the coarse, mossy fragments of stone lying where they fell years ago, whose roof is the sky, and whose sole occupant is the ill-omened bird of night.

So thought wanders and, as we stand with uplifted gaze in the calm moonlight, thus flies back into the dimness of the past, till we reach that first evening when the moonlight met the pure gaze of the world's solitary inhabitant. Since then, ever by some strangely-fascinating power attracting upwards to her brilliant globe the eye of wondering man, often receiving from misguided minds reverence and adoration, claiming for herself a portion of the reasonings of the wisest, of the thoughts of the noblest, and of the writings of the holiest of earth's sons, the moon, by never-varying changes, has marked with ceaseless hand upon the dial of heaven the steady course of time, until now in every quarter of the earth some are found to search her surface and to watch her motions.

Perhaps it was in the dim ages before the flood and by those men whose long lives especially fitted them for the pursuit of 'that peculiar

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sort of wisdom which is concerned with the heavenly bodies and their order,' that the moon was first attentively observed. But we pass to a period when, since man's creation, thousands of years have rolled over the hills of Eden, whose summits guard the rocky source of the river Euphrates. We descend by the side of the torrent. For three hundred miles it flows on, slowly increasing, and now is no longer a stream, but 'the great river,' urging its way through a fertile, luxuriant country, while on its banks stand busy and populous cities. As the torrent replaces the brook and the river the torrent, so the streamlet astronomy from its fountain-head implanted by God in man's heart, ever flowing, has grown to a river, and on the Babylonian towers many and many observers of heaven have succeeded to the lonely watcher of Eden. The Euphrates flows on till its waters mix with the ocean; the river astronomy rolls on to the sea of eternity.

Four hundred years glide away, and we stand by the side of another river, running through a land of gorgeous palaces and shining temples, a land whose royal tombs and sacred shrines are the mighty Pyramids, ancient Egypt. Here are gathered together the noble and wise of the whole earth, renowned in their own countries, but content to be taught the mysterious wisdom of the great Egyptian Magi. Shrouded by the mists of strange beliefs, and almost lost in the obscurity of religious prejudices, there was nevertheless in the learning of these Egyptians much that was true, and even, as the result of persevering observations, to be admired. To the Chaldæan shepherd on the sides of Mount Ararat, watching by the humble wall of the sheep-fold, to his descendant keeping his nightly vigil on the mighty tower of Belus, and to the Egyptian astronomer aided by every known appliance in the magnificent City of the Sun, our Satellite of all the heavenly bodies must, we think, have presented the first problem of astronomy. With what wonder would the earliest observers watch the fair young moon, as it followed the setting sun, a thin crescent of light in the western sky. How night after night they would contemplate the growing orb until, complete in form, it reached its highest point about the hour of midnight. Then with what interest would they mark the waning moon, and strive to trace its slender shape amidst the flood of light at dawn. That these changes occupied twenty-nine days and a-half, and recurred with apparently regular intervals, must have been soon discovered. Thus the earliest divisions of time were governed by the lunar phases, and we find that Thoth, one of the deities of the Egyptians, and 'the regulator and dispenser of Time,' was distinctly associated with the moon.*

* It is noticeable that the Egyptians called the moon 'the mother of the earth,' whereas modern astronomy rather considers her the child.

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Meanwhile, in the strange land of China even thus early the moon was being observed, and a lunar cycle of nineteen years formed to calculate the return of the conjunctions and oppositions of the sun and moon. Undoubtedly the study of the moon's *surface* must have commenced among these early astronomers. Their keen sight would discern the shape of the lunar plains, and by constantly watching, they would perceive that the same markings were always visible.

In the course of years it was rather with absurd and fanciful ideas than with religious beliefs that the truths of astronomy became intermingled. Even in Greece, the mistress of the arts of the world, and the birthplace of many fathers of science, the strangest theories were taught about the moon. Achilles Tatius, three hundred years before our era, 'stated that some philosophers more ancient than himself had formed the moon out of a fragment of the sun.' It was also imagined to be 'the result of terrestrial exhalations, like an assemblage of mirrors reflecting the sun's light under various angles.' Clearchus, a follower of Aristotle, maintained that the moon was 'the most beautiful, the most perfect mirror in regard to smooth polish and lustre in the world;' he asserted also that 'the images and figures of the great ocean appeared in the moon as in a mirror.' To explain the phases of the moon, Berosus, a Chaldæan astronomer in the time of Alexander, maintained that 'half of our satellite is composed of fire, and that it turns on an axis so as to show us the various parts of its surface in succession.' 'Anaxagoras held—and was ridiculed for holding—the opinion that the moon may be as large as the Peloponnesus.'

Dashing the white foam high into the air, angrily lashing the jagged and death-boding rocks, the wild waves vainly beat upon the sturdy base of Athos, whose head towers six thousand feet above, stern and erect, as if in proud contempt. Cast by the setting sun, the shadow of the mountain falls like a stain upon the swelling surface of the blue Ægean; on and on, faster and faster, it creeps eastward across the sea, until it touches, eighty-seven miles away, volcanic Lemnos, the island home of the god of fire, and wraps in its veil of shade the market-place of Myrina, strangely telling the people the time of the summer solstice. In far-famed and beautiful Athens, one of her thoughtful philosophers, watching the moon at the age when the inner edge is rough and indented, thought of the shadow of Athos, shrewdly guessing that the hills on the moon throwing long shadows made her edge thus uneven. From a scene on the earth, Plutarch caught one of the earliest glimpses of the true nature of the surface of the moon: it is strange that our *first* and our *last* lunar lesson must come from the earth. The glory of the Grecian empire faded,

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and astronomy had to seek a home elsewhere. Upon the path which we have been tracing there now fell the almost unbroken darkness of a thousand years, when throughout the world art languished and science nearly ceased to advance. But the study of the stars ever moved slowly onward, preparing for the time when the gloom should be dispersed by the light of fresh discoveries. Amidst the broad deserts of Arabia, and in the more favoured neighbouring land of Persia, by the Arab watching at his tent door the star-studded sky, and by the sun-worshipping Persian in his city of fire-temples, the astronomy of the Greeks was carefully guarded and its theories confirmed. Then the day dawned, and the much-needed light, heralded long since by the beacon-fire of Chaldæan research, burst forth, spreading from country to country with increasing splendour.

When Galileo first turned his telescope towards the moon, and announced the existence of variations in the surface of our satellite to some extent comparable with those on the earth, the immediate result was a too hasty conclusion that this newly-discovered earth must also be inhabited, followed by a host of wild speculations concerning the supposed *Selenites.** Of them Butler in his satire, *The Elephant in the Moon*, borrowing from Kepler, speaks thus:

> 'Th' inhabitants o' th' moon
> Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
> Do live in cellars under ground
> Of eight miles deep, and eighty round
> (In which at once they fortify
> Against the sun, and th' enemy),
> Which they count towns and cities there,
> Because their people's civiler
> Than those rude peasants, that are found
> To live upon the upper ground,
> Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
> Perpetually in open war.'

On one occasion it was really thought that the curiosity concerning the imagined inhabitants of the moon was about to be gratified: Sir John Herschel went with a large telescope to the Cape, and under those clear skies it was expected that this point would be finally settled. To an anxious and therefore perhaps too credulous world there were soon announced the most startling discoveries of 'sheep, oxen and flying men' in the moon. The Rev. Josiah Crampton, in his *Lunar World*, states that in America a divine announced to his congregation these reports, and added 'that in the wonderful discoveries of the present age he lived in the expectation that he might one day

* Inhabitants of the moon. The Greek name for the moon was *Selene*.

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have to call upon them for a subscription to buy Bibles for the poor benighted inhabitants of the moon.'

The time was now at hand when powerful telescopes should dispel for ever the hope of finding Lunarians. Hitherto

> 'Men's fancy saw another world like this,
> With the same sun to light her longer days,
> And earth-light for her moonlight (four times ours),
> With stars and air, and clouds, from which
> Refreshing showers fell upon a land
> With verdure clothed, pictured of mighty growth
> For men whom reason plainly proved immense.
> A nearer view revealed both hill and vale,
> And coast-like windings round imagined seas,
> And river courses making for the seas,
> And long embankments such as giants would build,
> And stranger intersecting walls, perhaps
> A fort; hard by a square enclosure, made
> With such precision as might separate
> The stiffer works of man from those of God.
> Men thought their theory proved, or nearly proved
> A little more delay, and present hopes
> Would ripen into facts; what they surmised
> Become a certainty: but as some child
> Puts with incautious hand upon the top
> Of his erected tower of bricks one brick
> Too many, and the whole comes toppling down,
> A useless mass of wasted labour now,
> When nearest to completion thus destroyed;
> So fell this castle in the air, dispersed
> By that advance of knowledge which men thought
> Would crown their theory, but instead destroyed.
> The moon was found to be a barren earth,
> A world of false pretensions; for the air
> And clouds existed only in men's thoughts;
> The seas became vast plains; the river beds
> Contained no streams; the verdure disappeared,
> And left bare, rocky hills and treeless vales.
> What looked so like the work of man was now
> But nature's copy on a bolder scale.'

In the worship of the heavenly bodies we may discern a dim consciousness of the existence of One Great Being. Reverence to some Unseen Ruler of all prompted devotion to what appeared the fittest symbols of Deity. There was an earnest yearning for something higher and nobler, and Sabæanism, alas! was the result. The Egyptian priest leading to yon resplendent temple the willing multitude, and worshipping before the palm-bearing god of Time, looked to some Being greater than the moon. Wondrous orb! to whom superstitious nations bowed the knee, from thee we learn the

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solemn grandeur of just one of the myriad worlds of heaven; from south to north and east to west spread in impressive splendour thy mountains, plains and valleys. The silent voice of thy sparkling snow-white peaks and dark low-lying chasms, needing neither speech nor language, reaches the listening soul in

> 'Echoes from the Lord,
> Whose creating Word
> They, obedient, heard.'

Before proceeding to examine the many interesting features which are to be seen upon the moon's surface, it is necessary that we should consider the varying conditions under which they must be observed. Since the moon turns round upon her axis once in twenty-nine and a-half days, it is evident that a lunar formation must be in darkness for half that time; in other words, a day on the moon lasts for about a fortnight, and a lunar night extends over an equal period. At the time of new moon darkness prevails over that half which is turned towards the earth. Night after night the black shadow passes slowly from west to east, until at full moon the whole disc is bathed in sunlight. Then from the western edge the dark shadow begins to creep across, until the whole is covered again at the next new moon.

There are two *terminators*, or boundary lines between the dark and light portions; the morning terminator, at the region where the sun is rising, and the evening terminator which brings sunset. It may readily be conceived how different is the aspect of an object near the terminator when it receives the slanting rays of the sun, from its appearance at full moon, when the sun is high in the lunar heavens, and the light falls more directly upon the formation. As a simple instance we may take a mountain standing by itself on one of the great lunar plains. Near the morning terminator the mountain will look like a white spot with a pointed shadow extending towards the east; at full moon there will be a white spot only; as the evening terminator approaches, a shadow will again be thrown out towards the *west*. When instead of a single hill on a plain there are ranges of mountains in terraces, broken by many clefts and chasms, with spurs jutting out upon the level plain and casting shadows of every imaginable shape, these variations become most perplexing, and constitute one of the chief difficulties which observers of the moon have to contend against. Some formations are only to be seen near the terminator, disappearing at full; many appearances, notably light streaks, are seen most distinctly at full, but no trace of them can be discerned when the sun is rising or setting on the region. It will perhaps give us a better idea of the transformation that an object undergoes during the lunar day, if we picture to ourselves the

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changing appearances which one of the walled-plains would present, could an observer watch it continuously for a fortnight. By choosing a formation called *Archimedes*, which has been studied for the past three years on every available opportunity by several astronomers in different parts of England, we shall have at our disposal a sufficient number of drawings and observations to supply a complete description from the time when the formation first comes into view until the sun sets upon it. But we must defer our description till next month.

NATURE'S LESSONS.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessèd birds of heaven.
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
'Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.'

'Say with richer crimson glows,
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have king's more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

'One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, Who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow
God provideth for the morrow.'

Heber.

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. MARY HEYWOOD, *Green Royd*, TO MRS. WILSON, *London*.

January 27th.

DEAR AND HONOURED MADAM,—The news is true indeed that Wilkins has written to you. I can scarce blame the good soul for her rash doings, since love to me prompted them; and I will try, since you in your goodness wish it, to write some things more particularly for you.

I hoped indeed to keep you ignorant of my trouble till 'twas happily over; and every day of my enforced stay here have I looked for my joyful summons home. But I fear I must yet wait a long time; and it vexes me sadly, for father is ailing, I know, and I would fain be at home to nurse him.

That journey to Haworth was all of my wilful doing, and you must not blame Tom for carelessness of me; no, nor yet Mr. Nelson,

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who refused bluntly enough to carry me with him at first, saying to Tom that father would be grievous angry with me if he should do so; but when I first said I could venture that boldly, and then fell crying for pure grief and vexation because he still held back, I got my wish, and all this sorrow with it.

'Tis a plain, honest man this Mr. Nelson, of a tall, well-set figure, with an open, cheerful look; but I cannot say what his manner of conversation is, for being I suppose little pleased with my childishness, he scarce spoke to me till we got near Haworth, and he had to point me my way to the church. But he did not know, and no one can know, dear madam, how my heart hath cried out for such a service as this. Our Mr. Hall is easy and quiet, and hath scarce troubled to have the Communion in Oakhurst Church since I was confirmed, and I have been mightily desirous to share in this holy ordinance ever since I left London.

Haworth is a rough, lonely place, and I was a little daunted when I rode up to the church alone, for besides that I was very late, I had to pass many rude, uncivil people, pointing and staring at me as a stranger. And when I stole into church, the stern voice and fiery look of the preacher dismayed me too, at first. But when I had slipt into a pew, and saw around me many that I knew, quietly hearkening to the discourse, I took courage, and found much comfort as I listened.

And when among a great company I drew near to the Lord's table, I seemed as if carried up into heaven, and had such a sight of the Saviour as even broke my heart to pieces; a sense of my sins and of His dying love made me long to die that moment and be with Him for ever.

Very like 'twas the sermon I had just heard which wrought this feeling in me, but if so that zealous Minister was indeed made an angel of God to me; how could I have borne the things that followed, but for this comfort going before?

When service was over I was very civilly used by some good people of the place, who were willing to entertain me and other folks from our neighbourhood; and on my way home, too, I was very cheerful, being in good company, until I had to leave them at what we call the 'Black Walk' that turns up to the Manor, when, as I rode alone between the trees, whose thick branches meeting overhead made it very dark, a deadly sinking of heart came over me, which was too true a warning of the evils awaiting me, but made me very unfit to bear them.

I cannot tell you, dear madam, how it struck to my soul to hear my dear father's voice bidding me begone from his door, nor with what

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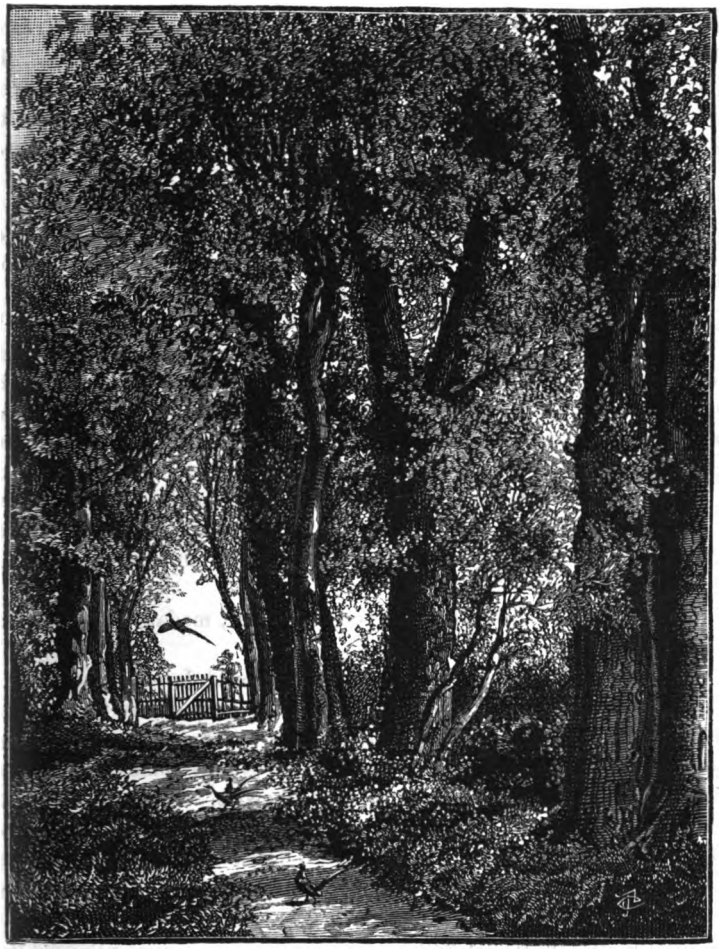

(*The Black Walk.*) *See page* 304.

distress I made my way, like one that is blinded, to my brother's house, where I was lovingly sheltered. All these things are now confused in my remembrance; 'tis strange I should half forget such piercing troubles.

Wilkins hath slipt in twice or thrice to tell us how things go at the Manor; the good soul is very wroth with Mr. Fields, who, she says, takes vast pains to keep father's anger hot against me. I hope his wicked labour will be vain, and this for his sake, poor man, as well as for mine.

Tom hath not been idle in my cause, but his brotherly pleadings

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for me seem to have availed little, except to make father threaten him with his highest displeasure if he would not hold his peace. He thinks, and Alice is of the same mind, that if I could suddenly appear before father, his ancient kindness to me would at once overcome his anger; but we have not yet hit on a device for bringing this about.

Oakhurst Manor.—Friday evening.

I must rejoice, dear madam, that I kept my letter unsealed; you see here is better news already to make it worth postage. Things have come about very oddly, but I hope not unhappily.

Not long after I writ my last words to you, we were surprised by sister Jane walking in upon us as we sat working and talking by the parlour fire. She looked heated and draggled, as well she might, having ridden, through a great deal of mire, from Leeds since breakfast, and 'twas scarce noon; but she would not put off her riding-dress, and would hardly taste aught Alice could offer her.

'I came to have speech with Molly,' she said. Her look was reproachful, yet she seemed loth to begin. At last she broke out, 'So I find, Mrs. Heywood, 'tis no lie that you and Tom have made Molly as mad as yourselves?'

'What signs of distraction do you see in her, madam?' says Alice, very demurely.

'O! I heard a word or two as I came in,' said Jane, 'that spoke it plain enough.' (Alice carried me with her t'other day to the Class she attends in Birstal, to my great comfort; and our discourse being on what had passed there, I imagine Jane caught something of it as she entered.) 'And I suppose 'tis true likewise,' she went on, 'that Molly hath been turned out o' doors for taking up with one of your Methodist parsons—riding with him a dozen miles out of her road that she might show him his way about country, and enjoy his precious company!—and that father is designing to punish her further by cutting her out of his will?'

'One tale is full as true as the other, I do honestly believe,' said Alice, gravely. Jane never in her life could understand a jest; and after musing a little she sprang up as if resolved, saying:

'In any case I must see father, and show him his duty about his will. My Mr. Warrington hath heard from Tony Fields that 'tis made in a spirit of gross partiality to Molly, which makes us both very uneasy, I being the eldest daughter and having a child of my own; I think 'tis shameful; but it would not be to our credit either if father were to do as they say and put Molly out entirely. Folk might say we had managed it—as you'll find them not slow to say of *you*, Molly if the present will stands.'

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'I do not know aught about it, sister,' I said.

'Well, when I look on your face, child,' she said, 'I think you *have* had nought to do with it. But I shall go see father, and lay his duty before him, and I think he will be guided. He had always a great opinion of my judgment—had he not, Molly?'

I said 'yes' with great sincerity, at which she seemed pleased, and kissed me very cordially as she hurried out.

'Poor Jane!' said Alice, watching her ride away, 'what a sweet soul she was once! but now she and Ned Warrington are so wedded to this world I think they can scarce be saved, unless the Lord in His mercy should bring them to downright beggary.' 'Tis an odd way Alice has of saying things sometimes that are truer than they sound. 'And how their children can ever escape is hard to tell,' she went on 'I wish that little lass of theirs was mine instead, Molly; 'tis the dearest child!' and she sat down sighing to her work; the loss of her one little darling weighs sorely on her heart.

We were left in quiet for another hour, and then 'twas the good Wilkins who broke in upon us, out of breath with haste and joy. 'Get your hood and cloak at once, jewel,' she panted, catching my hand, 'master has bid me fetch you without delay—Mrs. Warrington has put him in such a rage I believe he would have bid me fetch the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender, all three, if he thought 'twould spite her—thank Heaven for it!'

And between laughing and crying she made me put on my cloak, and so got me out of the house, bidding Alice 'send master Tom after us when he should come in, that all might be put on a good foot.'

I was glad of her strong arm to help me through the foul ways, and even to lead me into the parlour, where I found father and Jane sitting over against each other, Jane so much flushed and so tearful, I fear there had been many sharp words.

I trembled so I could scarce stand, but Wilkins, drawing me forward, said to father, 'Here I bring you the most loving child in the world, Master John, and glad I am to do it; but next time you drive her from you, fetch her home yourself, for I would ne'er move foot or hand in your service more.'

Father scarce seemed to hear her, but gazed piercingly at me; and when I saw how ill and wasted he looked it broke my heart, and I ran and clasped my arms about him, sobbing and praying to be forgiven for slighting his wishes. He put me from him a little, and held me at arm's length while he looked on me, saying:

'Thine seems a true face, Molly—I will believe thou'rt penitent if I can; but I sent for thee back because I learn from Jane's words that my usage of thee is talked of to my hurt and to thine, and because

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I will have no girl of mine teaching me my duty, as she sees fit to do. My goods are my own, Jenny,' he said, looking fiercely at her, 'and I shall do with them as I choose.'

''Tis a wicked injustice you are set on doing, father,' she said with fresh tears. I dropped at his feet then, and said:

'Father, father, let Jane have her just rights—I want not a penny of your money; I'd gladly serve as a maid in your kitchen, and ask no wages beyond your love but it kills me to have you take that from me.' Then he said:

'You shall have my love freely, lass, if I may have a promise from you—never to go near these Methodist meetings while I live'; and he drew me to him kindly; but now 'twas I who hung back, for I was sore perplexed. At last I said, 'I would promise him never to go without his knowledge;' and when he said, rather moodily, 'That's not enough,' I added, 'nor without his leave; but I hoped he would give it when 'twas reasonable.' 'Ay,' said he, laughing, 'thou'lt have my leave when 'tis reasonable, child—only thou and I may differ about reason, thou know'st; but I have thy word now, and see to it that thou keep'st it.' And then he kissed me, and seemed mightily pleased.

Jane also was soothed at last, and told me in private ere she went away that she saw I meant honestly.

Father is all kindness to me now; but I am a little troubled when I think of this promise, especially since Tom has told me he fears a hard use may be made of my rash words. But I hope patience and dutifulness on my part may yet prevail to change father's opinions.

You said nothing of Mrs. Durham in your last letters, dear madam. Hath anything yet come of my uncle's enquiry into her parentage? Perhaps, if you cannot afford the time, one of my cousins will write me word. 'Tis strange, that I could not choose but think much on this matter, even when my own trouble was sharpest.

I desire my best wishes, dear madam, to you and to my uncle and cousins; my father's attend you all; and I am always yours, with all imaginable respect and duty, M. Heywood.

Thomas Heywood, *Oakhurst*, *to* Stephen Wilson, *London*.

February 6th, 1745.

Honoured Sir,—It falls to my share to give you news very grievous to me, and which I make no doubt will trouble you also. My father was but sickly at the time of my sister's last writing; this we imputed chiefly to the concern he was under at his own harsh usage of her; I think the poor child writ all particulars of that affair to my good aunt.

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However, it seems his ailment was more serious than any one thought; and last Monday, which was but the third day after my sister returned home, he was suddenly taken for death. This befell in the night-time, when those in the house were abed; and though all imaginable haste was made in sending for me, my father was almost speechless when I got to the Manor, and was dead in half-an-hour thereafter. 'Twas the good Wilkins who ran through the deep snow to fetch me when it was long past midnight; and she gave me a few particulars of his seizure which you may like to hear.

'Master seemed more hearty than usual at supper-time,' she said. 'Mrs. Mary had helped to make it ready, and he praised her skill highly; and after supper as he smoked his pipe I heard him talking very kindly to her. She had been breaking her heart over some promise that she made him t'other day, and I heard him say, "Don't let that fret thee, child, we will not disagree over that"; and indeed I knew his love to her was more than he thought of: he could scarce sleep one night that the poor lamb was shut out of the house. And when or how he took ill I cannot justly say, but soon after it struck twelve Mrs. Mary heard him groaning heavily; she ran to him and found him sitting up, crying for mercy on his soul; such a pain had seized his heart he thought he was dying.

'She made up the fire in his room, and got him some hot drink, and as he still cried to God to save him, she prayed with him, sweet thing, and comforted him with Christ's mercy, as he told me—for he got worse and worse, and she was fain to call me.

'And then he would be up and dressed, but that made him sink down fainting on the floor, and we had no strength to raise him. So then Mrs. Mary cried out for you, and I called the foolish wenches up that one of them might fetch you; but neither of them would stir a foot, they were that frightened; so I was forced to come myself, and leave my poor lamb there, kneeling behind her father and holding his head on her lap, and he likely to die every moment.'

Just so I found the poor girl, by the fire, supporting father's head on her knees; and 'twas piteous to see what anguish of love was in her face, while death was so plainly written in father's look: he was ashy pale and his eyes glazed; and when I spoke to him he could not answer, except one word or two.

We fetched the men-servants and got him laid in bed, and I made Wilkins take Mary away; but she was not well out of the room when all was over.

My wife is here doing her best to comfort Molly; but as yet the poor thing is so drowned in grief that we have not acquainted her with a further affliction which I think 'tis well you should know.

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Among the neighbours who came to the house after father's death was Mr. Fields, who being told Mr. Heywood was gone, said, 'It is no more than what I looked for'—a strange phrase, which was not regarded as he had hoped. We arranged to have the funeral as to-day; but last night Fields sent for me, and asked me 'if I thought my father died a natural death?' to which, quite amazed, I answered readily, 'Yes, I know he did.' 'But I,' said Fields, 'am persuaded he did not; and twice to-day I have been setting out to fetch a surgeon to examine matters; but considering you are an officer of this parish I leave it to you; and I now bid you do your duty.' 'And how,' said I, 'do you think my father came to his end, if it was not natural?' and the wretch replied, 'I believe your sister poisoned him.'

I did my best to combat this vile accusation, but he still persisting, I returned with a heavy heart to my wife, who was not less distressed. After much anxious talk, we agreed to defer the funeral, and we have sent for a surgeon to view the body and question my sister and the servants as to the illness; we expect him hourly. When he comes, our poor girl must needs be made acquainted with this wicked slander, whose results I tremble to think of; who knows how her loving care in herself preparing father's last meal may be wrested to her injury? but as I know her spotless innocency, I trust she may escape both reproach and danger.

I must wish you could now be with us, dear Sir, and never did I so much repine at the distance that parts us. Before these few imperfect lines reach you we may perchance be happily past this strait, when I will not fail to write to you how all hath gone.

Mary desires her affectionate duty to you and to our good aunt and all your family; so doth my wife. I rest your humble servant to command,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

JULY 1st.—*I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.*—LUKE VII. 9.

Considering that it is by faith we live, anything that will help us to keep our ideas concerning faith clear and right, is of unspeakable importance. And here we have an example of greatest value, which we may adopt without misgiving; for the Master's own authority has stamped it as an accepted model.

What is the secret which it discloses of a faith that excited the

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Lord's astonishment, and won from Him strongly-expressed praise? Seeing that this centurion's faith is *great*, and that it is followed by such great result, we are prepared to find in it some subtle mystery, which untrained eyes would look for in vain. But any such notion would only lead us into error; for, verily, a plainer lesson was never taught. And concerning this whole matter of faith, there has been a great deal of learned and unprofitable digging, when, all the while, the treasure lay on the surface, covered up too often by the dust of the digging.

Now look closely at this Gentile in his process of believing. What is there added to his faith to lift it above the ordinary standard, and make it great? Nothing. Its greatness consists in this very fact, that it is mere believing, and nothing else. In the soldier's mind, obedience to the word of command is a thing of course. He does not reason about it, much less question about it or hesitate. If the order come from a superior officer to him; or if he himself command those below him, the possibility of there being any failure or delay of obedience never enters his thoughts. Of course the order will be carried out. He believes that Jesus has power to heal sickness; and that if He give the word of healing it will be done—that, whatever the distance may be, His *Go* will effectually cover it. That is all.

Yes, that is all: but it is to that direct simplicity of mere believing that we need to come. We suffer all manner of considerations, on this side and on that, to bend the straight line of our confidence; so that whatever may be our conviction, we, in actual effect, reason about God's truth as if it were not really true, and about His power as if it were not really almighty. Or it is to us as if the truth were true and the power almighty only until it touched our particular case of want and difficulty.

The words—*No, not in Israel*, breathed a most pathetic reproach. Does not the reproach reach us? Yet I can conceive that this Roman officer had an advantage in the matter of believing, in that the way of his faith, once opened, was wholly free from the perplexity and hindrance of those habits of mind, whereby better-instructed souls tamper with the truth. So far as he knew the truth, he had no secret reason of unfaithfulness to make him hold back from an entire consent to it. All through to-day, may my want and my trust keep undivided company.

JULY 8th.—*Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.*—MATTHEW XIII. 45, 46

The kingdom of heaven here is not represented by the merchant or by the pearl alone, but by the whole transaction which is described.

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Every feature is necessary. There must be the pearl-seeker, and the most excellent pearl found and appreciated, and then purchased at the full cost of all the seeker's property: then the kingdom comes, and not till then.

This merchant-man is not one who, like him of the foregoing parable, lights hap-hazard upon a treasure he was not thinking about: but is one who makes it his business to deal in pearls. On this day of worship, I may put myself in his place. And, as I know at starting that I am sure to have his good fortune in finding, so may I have his wisdom in making my own that which I find.

My business, especially to-day, is to seek religious truth, not idly as one who, having found it, should say, 'Here is the truth,' and so pass on and have done with it. But I am to deal in it—to seek it for the purpose of acquiring it, that I may become the richer thereby in that sort of property. Is it really so with me? Am I making it my business to day, to gain that which shall not only make my creed the fuller, but my life the better? If I thus seek, I shall surely find.

About the meaning of the *pearl of great price* there can be no doubt. It represents the truth concerning the kingdom of heaven: the truth about God's blessed rule being set up, and His will done, in me. But the meaning of this act of purchase is not, all at once, quite so clear. Even when used by our Lord Himself, a figure taken from human affairs cannot be perfect at every point. So here, the purchase cannot be so understood as if it meant that it was possible to gain the truth by giving something of equal value for it. That part of the figure fails, and must be left out of our consideration altogether. But in all other respects the figure holds good. Everything is to be given up for the sake of making the truth our own. Paul, who, all his life, was an earnest acquirer of religious truth, when he found the truth revealed in Jesus, said, *What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.* He had industriously gathered many small pearls of righteousness; but all were given up to obtain the one which was supremely perfect.

Am I ready thus to traffic to-day in the truth which I find?

JULY 18th.—*Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.*—HEBREWS X. 35, 36.

The key-word of this counsel is *patience*, that is, persistent steadfastness in faith and faithfulness. In order to such patience there must be a retaining of *confidence*, or boldness. So this advice to retain confidence, looks back to a time when it was unflinching in its boldness and endurance. *But call to remembrance the former days* (Verses 32–34).

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Herein there seems to be almost an exception to the great rule, that, in the progress of the life of faith, we must *leave the things which are behind.* Would it not sometimes be well if we could make our way back to the condition of *the former days?* In the first joy of the great enlightening, how ready we were to bear all, and to do all, for the sake of the truth in which we had found life. And this was because of our clear, unwavering certainty of hope: *Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.* Has anything happened since then to take away, or to weaken, the ground of that sure knowledge? Is the truth of God less true, less worthy of trust?

We ought not to need thus to go back to *the things which are behind.* Faith ought to be ever going on, ever building trust upon trust. Instead of that, we are made timid by the frown of *the things which are seen;* and we fall into the habit of so watching these things as, in effect, to enquire of them how far they will permit us to put faith in God. Now, it needs no argument to show that a habit like this takes the very heart out of all enduring steadfastness in doing *the will of God.* The casting away of our confidence is the striking of our colours, an acknowledgment to the enemy that henceforth we virtually take our orders from him.

I shall have brought to me to-day something of the truth of God, claiming my acceptance and trust, and bringing with it assurance of *great recompense of reward,* and divinely abundant *promise.* O for that boldness which, in its utter humility, accepts all that the Lord shall speak concerning me, taking, without hesitation, all He gives; setting itself, without delay, to do all that He requires—a faith as simple, as direct and uninfluenced by other considerations as when I first rejoiced in believing. This boldness not only sees the *recompense* but *hath* it, and exults in knowing that the way of finally receiving God's *promise,* is by steadily persisting to do His *will.*

Lord, if I have sinfully *cast away* any of my first, cheerful boldness of enduring faith, in pity to Thy repenting child, help me to lay hold on it again, that I may have courage to look for the whole accomplishment of Thy will in me, and to address myself to the doing of all Thy will, whatever it may require of me to endure for Thy sake.

JULY 22nd.—*As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.*—ISAIAH LXVI. 13.

There is a wonderfully pathetic meaning disclosed in these words of grace when they are literally translated. Thus they read: *As a man whom his mother comforteth.* Never does the immeasurable fulness of mother-love more reveal itself, than when grief and suffering restore

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to her fostering tenderness the strong man her son. Notwithstanding all her proud delight in watching him ripen into independence of life, there has been a hidden, jealous pain in feeling that he could do without her gentle offices of guardian care. And now, in his trouble, she can yield him a sympathy which no one else can give, as she sees that he needs her once more, and that the old spell of her comforting love remains unbroken. And for him, what a doubling back upon his own ways brings him for rest to the mother-bosom again! Not only his own manful self-trust fails him, but other trusts and other loves —he passes them all by now, to reach the pure love whose roots are deepest, the love that made the light of his first moments of consciousness; the love that stayed his first cry of want; that held him, kept him wholly, was in the very place of God to him. The tired and wounded life seeks, without doubt or misgiving, the shelter where it first began to be.

After this manner, then, the yearning of God's great goodness utters itself. The old house of almighty tenderness is still open. In the verse before, the lot of the accepted one is set forth as the babe's portion. But surely this goes further. This takes into account all that has come to pass since the comforted one was a nursling long ago. This means pardon for that which caused love's long pain of deserted waiting, and all the unkind wounds of jealous grief.

Needing, as I surely do to-day, the secure comfort of God's love, I will go to claim it with a contrite heart; for I would not at any time forget that which the great love forgives, and least of all when I come to seek the shelter of His goodness. While I walk, with grateful confidence, in the sanctuary of His favour, I will *go softly all my years* in the humble tenderness of my mindful heart, while He compassionately cures *the bitterness of my soul.* I will call to remembrance all the disgrace, as well as the misery, of my wandering; and so rest myself in Him Who alone knows the shameful history to its utmost secret, and, knowing all, forgives and comforts me still.

And in that secret record, known only to my gracious God and me, all my motives of grateful love and service shall root themselves; and I will show how I prize the mercy which so abundantly pardons, by carefully heeding that I never grieve it again.

JULY 29th.—*And He answered and said unto them, My mother and My brethren are these which hear the word of God, and do it.*—LUKE VIII. 21.

How shall I, with befitting meekness, and at the same time with all obedience of faith, claim a portion in this most gracious word?

The Son of Man refuses to be known within the narrow limits only of those merely human relationships which were but the temporary

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accidents of His being *made flesh*. Those limits were fixed, and could not expand; but the kindred which He recognises has no bound save the condition which He here lays down, the condition of loyal obedience to the *Word of God*.

Jesus Christ came into the world to carry out the fulfilment of the supreme will of God, and, in doing this, *to save sinners*—to save them both from the penalty of their rebellion, and from all that separation and depraved enmity which made it impossible for them to do the will of God. Thus the life of Christ can receive into kinship with itself nothing that is not in accord with this its one aim. But all that is in harmony therewith He does most lovingly receive and welcome. *To as many as received Him, to them gave He power* to share with Him all the blessedness of the Divine lineage and relationship; and every one of these He acknowledges as His very own.

I would, therefore, faithfully ask myself how far I may claim to be numbered in this high pedigree as it is here marked out. This day gives me special opportunity of applying the simple test. Is all my hearing of *the Word* quickened with the one purpose to *do it?* Those who only hear the Word cannot be of the kindred of Jesus. I would fain be known as of His brotherhood, by my life becoming a revelation of sin condemned, and the will of God done, in the flesh. It may not be my calling to preach *the word of God;* but there is apportioned to me an office of great moment, and blessed opportunity, which the pulpit cannot claim. I am called to show forth how it is possible to *do* the word. The teacher exhibits and distributes the seed, which, in the eyes of the multitude, is but seed and nothing more. It is for me, through oneness with Christ, to give to people an example of the seed sown, and bringing forth abundantly after its kind. The Word lived and done, is the family mark and likeness of those whom Jesus is not ashamed to call brethren; and to those who thus, by their faith and faithfulness, bring the knowledge of Jesus Christ into any heart or any home, it is given, in some measure, to partake of the Divine favour which rested upon her who said, *Be it unto me according to Thy word;* and now *all generations call her blessed.*

LESSONS FROM MOTHER EARTH.

BY THE REV. E. H. SUGDEN, B.A., B.Sc.

III.—Summer.

Have you ever read Sir John Maundeville's legend of the origin of roses? If not, here it is; in substance, at least, for there is no copy of his works just at hand. A Jewish maid of Bethlehem was beloved by a certain Hamnel, a brutish sot, whose tender

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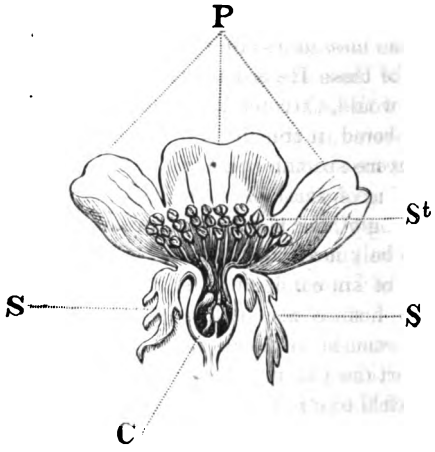
advances she summarily rejected. So Hamnel vowed vengeance. He gave out that Zillah (that was the maiden's name) was a demoniac, and she was condemned to be burnt alive. She was led out to the stake, and the fagots were kindled; but God averted the flames, and the stake budded into a glowing mass of fragrant white and red roses, then 'first seen on earth since Paradise was lost;' and in their midst the maiden stood unharmed. Science must reject the story, but she does not refuse its lesson; for there is no sweeter parable of self-sacrifice than may be read amongst the petals of the Queen of the Flowers. Everybody knows what a dog rose is like. Here is its picture, dissected down the middle, that its whole interior organization may be seen. Note the five delicate petals, with their tender tints of pink and purple (P); the numerous yellow-headed stamens (st) springing from the sepals (s), so that if you tear away one of the sepals, you will always find that you have brought away with it a number of stamens; the vase-shaped calyx tube, within which the seeds are developed, each in its separate carpel (C); and which in autumn will be found to have turned into a red and succulent 'hip;' the fruit of the rose. Now how is the garden rose, with its mass of petals and variety of colour, developed from this five-petaled progenitor? By no other law than the law of self-sacrifice. We saw in our last paper how the white petals of the daisy sacrificed their virility in order to serve the little flower-community around which their fence of snow is set; and in a similar way the gorgeous petals of the rose are the apotheosis of self-sacrificing stamens. For under cultivation, these stamens gradually expand into the blushing splendours of their new existence by surrendering their own natural right and power to produce pollen; and you may often find, deep down in the heart of a rose, some of them who have not fully made up their minds, and who are therefore a sort of miserable compromise between the one and the other, having neither the beauty of the petal nor the fruitfulness of the stamen; not inapt types of a numerous class of people who have just enough religion to make them uncomfortable



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in their worldliness, and just enough worldliness to make them resent their religion as a restraint hardly to be borne; lukewarm Laodiceans, unstable Reubens, neither one thing nor the other, unturned cakes, dough one side and charcoal the other, with never a wholesome mouthful in them. It is only full and unconditional self-surrender that can issue in 'the white rose of a blameless life.'

This instance of metamorphosis is one out of the many which especially characterize the Rose family. No other family possesses so great pliability under cultivation. The parent of the whole tribe was a flower something after the pattern of the wild rose; and from the abnormal development of its various parts, some of our most beautiful flowers, and most of our sweetest fruits, have been produced. The innumerable varieties of the white and red and yellow roses have all arisen, as has been stated; of course under the guiding influence of careful artificial selection. The hawthorn or May is a sort of tree-rose; and possesses both the fragrance and the power of developing additional petals of its more gorgeous sister. The rowan or mountain-ash, with its glowing clusters of scarlet berries, is another member of the family. And if we lost the rose family, we should miss from our hedgerows and lanes the fragrant meadow sweet, queen of the meadows, as the rose is of the gardens; the potentillas, the tormentil, the yellow avens, the bramble and their numerous relations. The list of the fruits which we owe to the roses almost makes one's mouth water to write down: raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, plums, apples, pears, quinces, cherries, almonds, peaches, nectarines, and apricots! The first form of all these luscious ministers to our pleasure is to be found in the crab-apple and the sloe, both bitter and nauseous enough. But care and cultivation have turned these roots of bitterness into fruits of sweetness: the crab being the father of the pears and apples, and the sloe of the plums and cherries. There are plenty of people about us as acid and griping as sloe or crab; but we must not forget that they have in them the possibilities of the peach and the quince, if we will but take the pains to cultivate them.

No rose without a thorn! But the thorns have their uses. Besides the ants, plants have larger enemies; the multitude of herbivorous animals are always on the look-out for toothsome, juicy leaves and stalks to devour; and so most plants have some means of defence against them. Some, like the daisy, are bitter, and therefore can lift their tender heads with a saucy smile in the meadow grass, knowing that they will be left alone; others provide external defences in the shape of thorns, and spines, and stings. The trees of this order, apples and pears and the like, have no need of such a coat of mail,

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being out of reach; but the smaller plants, the rose and bramble, and hawthorn, and others, sleep snugly within the prickly *chevaux de frise* with which they have girded themselves. It is pleasant to know, however, that there is no malice in the thorns of the roses: they prick and warn, but they do not, like the nettle, sting and poison the aggressor. 'Defence, not defiance,' is their motto; like the famous Quaker, they do not fight, but merely say, with some emphasis, to the intruder, 'Friend, thee isn't wanted here'!

THE CLOSED DOOR.

In the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
'Rise, and let Me in!'

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut;
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But He knows thee not.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe.

SEEKING THE FACE OF THE LORD.*

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

'Thy face, Lord, will I seek.'—PSALM XXVII. 8.

SWIFT and immediate as the thunder to the lightning, the answer follows the invitation. If the resolve to seek God's face be not made by us at the very moment when we become aware of His loving call, it is very unlikely to be made at all. The first notes of that low voice fall on the heart with more persuasive power than they retain after it has become familiar with them, even as the first heard song of the thrush in springtime, that breaks the long, wintry silence, has a sweetness all its own. The echo answers as soon as the mother voice ceases. But how many of us hesitate and delay, and content ourselves with intentions to answer, and so by lapse of time lose our very consciousness that God is speaking to us at all. Some of us are as dead to the perception of His gracious call, just because it has been sounding on uninterruptedly, as are the dwellers by the waterfall to its unremitting voice. It is always dangerous to delay for one moment the

* From *The Secret of Power, and other Sermons.* By the Rev. Alexander Maclaren.

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uprising of the heart in any resolution which we know to be right. Any unnecessary interval interposed between the perception of duty and the doing of duty, weakens the perception and the resolution as well, and lowers the whole tone of a man. So do not let us tolerate any lingering hesitation in ourselves in yielding to the Divine summons. The only safety, the only peace, lies in prompt obedience and an immediate answer.

There is also brought out here very plainly the *complete correspondence* between the Divine command and the devout man's resolve. Word for word the invitation is repeated in the answer. This man's obedience is no partial obedience. He does not take part of God's call and yield to that, leaving the rest to be dispersed in empty air, but all the breadth and depth of the message that comes to him from God is contained in his announcement of his purpose. Like the sailor at the tiller, he answers his captain's directions by repeating them. 'Port,' says the officer; 'Port it is,' says the steersman. 'Seek ye My face;' 'Thy face will I seek.' The correspondence in words means the correspondence in action. How unlike the half-and-half seeking, the languid search, as of people listlessly looking for something which they do not much expect to find, and do not much care whether they find or not, which characterizes so many so-called Christians! They are seekers after God, are they? Yes, with less eagerness than they would seek for a sovereign if it rolled from their fingers into the mud. And so need we wonder that so many of us have but little consciousness of a found God to brighten our lives?..

What a contrast that clear, self-conscious, firm resolution is to the hesitations and indecisions so common among us! How few of us could honestly crystallize the aims that guide our life into any single sentence! How far fewer there are who could do it in *that* sentence! We try the impossible feat of riding on two horses at once. We resolve and retract, and hesitate and compromise. The ship heads now one way, and now another;..because our hand is so weak on the helm that we drift wherever the wash of the waves and the buffets of the wind carry us.

God sows His invitations broadcast; we have to make them our own. He issues His commands to all; I have to make them the law for my life. The stream flows deep and broad from the throne of God;.... but I have to bring it into my own garden by my own trench, and to carry it to my own lip in my own cup. The Gospel tells us that Christ died for the world; I have to 'appropriate' that, as our fathers used to name it, by saying He gave Himself for *me*. So when that merciful voice comes to us there must be a personal response to it. Let us each reply, 'Thy face, Lord, will *I* seek.'

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Nothing in all the world is so blessed as to hear that wonderful beseeching call sounding in every Providence, travelling to us from every corner of the universe, speaking to us in the light of setting suns, and in the hush of midnight skies, sounding in the break of waves on the beach, and in the rustle of leaves in the forest depths. Everything assumes a new meaning and is apparelled in celestial light, when we are aware that everything is a messenger from God to guide us to Himself. And nothing is so joyous as to yield to that most tender summons; while, on the other hand, its non-acceptance breeds and brings discord and unrest into our whole being. To stifle it wholly is impossible; conscience will ever and again stir. When we feel most secure, and have deadened our ears most effectually as we think, some word or look, a chance line in a book, a sunset, a phrase in a sermon, the meeting of a funeral, some fleeting gladness, sets the chords vibrating again. So, there is constant inward strife; or, if not, so much the worse: for the man who has lost the capacity of discerning God's voice, has lost the most of what ennobles his nature. But that is heaven on earth, nobleness, peace, and power, to stand as at the point of some great ellipse, to which converge from all sides the music of God's manifold invitations, and listening to them, to say, 'I hear, and I obey. Thou dost call, and I answer, Lo, here am I.'

THE RACE FOR LIFE; OR, A MISSIONARY'S ADVENTURE.

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG.

'ALEC, I am afraid we are lost.'

'Yes, Missionary,' replied Alec, 'we are surely lost.'

Thus spake the Missionary, and thus answered his only companion, a faithful young Indian lad, who had accompanied him on a long trip in the wilds of the North-West. At the time when the above brief conversation occurred, we were far out on the frozen surface of Lake Winnipeg. The date was January, 1876. The thermometer, as we found out a few days after, when we reached a Hudson Bay fort, was forty-eight degrees below zero. A furious blizzard was raging, and the air was so full of blinding, drifting snow, that it was impossible to see many yards in any direction. The roar of the storm was like that beneath Niagara's overhanging cliffs.

The distant landmarks were hid from sight, and the Missionary and his comrade had become bewildered amidst the eddying storm, which seemed to come now from one quarter, and then from another; and they knew not which way to go.

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See page 324.

What were they doing out there in that fearful storm? you ask.

We had started on one of my long winter trips, to visit the few little bands of Indians who were struggling for an existence on the Eastern Coast of Lake Winnipeg, and who were always glad to welcome the Missionary, and to hear from him of the love of the Great Spirit, and of His Son Jesus Christ.

Their country is very wild and rough, and is very different from the beautiful prairie regions of the North-West. There are no rail-

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roads or any other kind of roads, and the only way of travel is by canoe in summer, and dog-train in winter.

To keep down expenses, which in those northern Missions are very heavy, I had started out on this long trip with only this young Indian lad as my companion. But as he was good and true, I thought we could succeed, as I had been several years in the country and had faced many a wintry storm and had slept many nights in the snow.

We had with us two splendid trains of dogs. My leader was a lively cunning Esquimo dog, as white as the snow. His name was *Koona*, which is the Indian word for 'snow,' and he was well named. The other three dogs of my train were my favourites from Ontario. Two of them were gifts from Mr. Sanford, of Hamilton; the other was kindly sent to me by Dr. Mark, of Ottawa.

The other train, driven by Alec, was composed of some sagacious St. Bernard's, obtained for me by the kindness of Mr. Ferrier, of Montreal. The largest and most enduring dog of the eight was Jack, from Hamilton, whose place was second in my train, and he is to be the hero of this adventure.

We had left our camp-fire in the woods early in the morning, and turning our faces towards the north, had hoped that ere the shadows of night had fallen around us, at least sixty miles of the frozen surface of Lake Winnipeg would have been travelled over. For a time we were able to push on very rapidly, keeping the distant points or headlands well in view for our guidance. Lake Winnipeg is very much indented with bays, and in travelling we do not follow the coast line, but strike out directly across these bays from point to point. Some of them run back many miles into the land, and several of them are from ten to thirty miles wide.

The dogs get so accustomed to these long trips and to their work, that they require no guide to run on ahead, but will, with wonderful intelligence, push on from point to point with great exactness. On and on we had travelled for hours; the cold was very great, but we did not mind it much, as we could easily jump off from our dog-sleds and run until we felt all the glow and warmth which such vigorous exercise will give. After a while, we noticed that the strong wind which had arisen was filling the air with the fine dry snow, and making travelling very difficult and unpleasant. Soon it increased to a gale, and we found ourselves in a real North-West blizzard, on stormy Lake Winnipeg, many miles from shore.

Perhaps our wisest and most prudent plan would have been at the commencement of the storm to have turned sharply to the east, and got into the shelter of the forest as quickly as possible, but the bay we

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were crossing was a very deep one, and the headland before us seemed as near as the other end of the bay, and so we thought it best to run the risk and push on.

That we might not get separated from each other, I fastened what we call the tail rope of my sled to the collar of the head dog of Alec's train.

One of the great dangers encountered in travelling in a blizzard, arises from the fact that often in these storms the wind veers so rapidly, that the unfortunate traveller caught in one, thinking the wind is constantly blowing from the same direction, and having lost sight of all landmarks, unconsciously changes his course with it, and thus often wanders away, very far indeed, from the point towards which he imagined he was tending. I knew a party of experienced travellers who, imagining they were going in a straight line, almost made a complete circuit within the hours of one short wintry day.

After Alec and I had travelled on for several hours, and no sign of any land appearing, we began to think that the blizzard was playing one of his fickle games with us, and that we had wandered far out into the lake. We stopped our dogs, and there, out in the storm, had a talk about our uncertain position, and what was best to do under the circumstances. The result of our deliberations was, that we could do no better than to trust in the good Providence above us, and in our dogs before us.

And so now we have got back to the short conversation with which our story commenced. As it was now long after noon, and the vigorous exercise of the last few hours had made us very hungry, we opened our provision-bags and taking out some frozen food made a pretty fair attempt to satisfy the keen demands of appetite. We missed very much the good cup of hot tea which we would have had if we had been fortunate enough to have reached the shore and found some wood with which to have made a fire.

After our hasty meal and a short consultation, in which the fact became very evident to us that our position was a very perilous one, as we had become so blinded and bewildered in the gale that we did not know east from west, or north from south, we decided to let the dogs take their own course, and go in whatever direction they pleased.

I had a good deal of confidence in the dogs, as I had, in the experiences of the years past, seen displays of sagacity that seemed to rival and even eclipse man's boasted wisdom and knowledge.

To Jack, the noblest of them all, I looked to lead us out of our difficulty, and he did not disappoint our expectations. I suppose I acted with and talked to my dog in a way that some of the folks who

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hate dogs would think was very foolish. When travelling, the dogs are generally only fed once a day, and that in the evening, when the day's work is done, and then they each receive two good fresh white fish. However, it was different that day as in the blinding gale we were trying to eat our dinner. As Jack and the others crowded around us they were not neglected, and were permitted to share with us the food we had; for there was great uncertainty whether another meal would ever be required by any one of us. As usual, Jack had crowded up as closely to me as possible, and while the dinner was being eaten I had a talk with him.

'Jack, my noble fellow,' I said, 'do you know we are lost, and that it is very doubtful whether we shall ever see the Mission-house again? The prospect is that the snow will soon be our winding-sheet, and that loving eyes will look in vain for our return. The chances are against your ever having the opportunity of stretching yourself out on the rug before the study fire, and taking, as in the past, your well-earned rest after the toils of the laborious trip. Rouse yourself up, old dog, for in your intelligence we are going to trust to lead us to a place of safety.'

The few arrangements necessary for the race were soon made: Alec wrapped himself up as comfortably as possible in his rabbit-skin robe, and lashed himself securely to his dog-sled. I straightened out the trains, and then wrapping myself up as well as I could, shouted 'Marche!' (the word for 'Go,') to the dogs.

Koona, my leader, looked back towards me, and in a bewildered way seemed to be waiting for the word, 'Chaw' or 'Yee;' that is, 'Right' or 'Left.' As I did not know myself, I shouted out, 'Go on, Jack, whichever way you like, and do the best you can, for I don't know anything about it.'

As Koona still hesitated, Jack, with all the confidence imaginable, dashed off in a certain direction, and Koona, with slackened traces, ran beside him, giving him all the honour of leadership.

For hours the dogs kept bravely to their work. The storm raged and howled around us, but not for one moment did Jack hesitate or seem to be at fault. Koona had nothing to do but run beside him; but the other two splendid dogs in the traces behind Jack seemed to catch his spirit and nobly aided him by the most unflagging effort and courage.

The cold was so intense that I had very grave fears that we would freeze to death. We were now so wrapped up that it was impossible to run with any comfort, or to keep up with the dogs who were going on at such a rapid rate. Frequently would I shout back to my comrade, 'Alec!' 'Yes, Sir,' he would reply. 'Don't go to sleep,

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Alec,' I would answer, 'if you do you may never wake up until the Judgment morning.' 'All right, Sir; then I'll try and keep awake,' he would shout back.

Thus on we travelled through that wintry storm. How cold, how relentless, how bitter were the continuous blasts of the north wind! After a while the shadows of night fell upon us, and we were enshrouded in the darkness.

Not a pleasant position was that in which we were situated; but there was no help for it, nor any use in giving way to despondency or despair. While there is life there is hope, and so with an occasional shout of warning to Alec, and a cheery call to the dogs, who required no special urging, so gallantly were they doing their work, we patiently awaited the result.

About three hours after dark the dogs quickened their pace into a gallop, and showed by their excitement that they had detected evidences of nearness to the shore and safety, of which we knew nothing. Soon after they dragged us on a large pile of broken ice and snow, the accumulations of ice cut out of the holes in the lake where the Indian families had for months obtained their supply of water for cooking and other purposes. Turning sharply on the trail towards the shore, our dogs dashed along for a couple of hundred yards more, then they dragged us up the steep bank into the forest, and in a few minutes more we found ourselves in the midst of a little collection of wigwams, and among a band of friendly Indians, who gave us a cordial welcome, and rejoiced with us at our escape from the storm which was the severest of that year.

We had religious services with them, and then when the storm ceased went on our way. After making all the visits we had arranged for, we returned to our home without anything unusual happening to us, unless we except the fact that one morning when we arose from our snow camp-bed in the forest we were so cold and our fingers so numb, that neither of us could hold a match with which to light our fire. We hurriedly put on our snow-shoes and gloves, and rushed about for awhile at a lively rate, and soon warmed ourselves up. The fire was quickly kindled, and as we were enjoying our breakfast with glorious appetites we laughed at our strange adventure.

MORE LEAVES FROM MY LOG.

BY T. C. GARLAND.

A SHOWER OF BLESSINGS.

A FEW years since I was invited to take part in some religious services in a town about sixty miles from London. The state of religion was very low, the congregations small, and indifference pre-

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vailed throughout the town. The Ministers felt and deplored this very much, and often met for conversation and prayer. At length it was resolved to call the leading friends of the various Churches together, and consult as to the best means to be adopted to bring about a better state of things spiritual, and unite the congregations to love and good works.

After some deliberation, it was decided to hold a week of special prayer, to invite two strangers to preach on the Sunday, and finally to hold a united tea-meeting in the Baptist school-room. As there were a large number of sailors and watermen living in the town, I was one of the Preachers to be invited. At first I felt a little hesitancy, but being told that much prayer had been offered up to that God Who has promised to hear and answer the cry of His children, I consented to go.

On my arrival I found that the Town Missionary had convened a meeting for prayer on the Saturday evening to implore the Divine blessing on the forthcoming services. I was much struck with the strong faith, confidence, and earnestness of both men and women.

The next morning (Sunday) they met for prayer at six o'clock, and as we returned home my host said, while tears ran down his face, 'Bless the Lord, we have received the earnest of what is to follow!' At 10·30 I preached in a full house to a most attentive congregation, and at 6·30 in the Wesleyan chapel.

My reception was somewhat unusual. On entering the vestry, one good friend said: 'You will have a good congregation, Sir, for the place is packed.' As I made no reply to him, his co-steward, thinking, I suppose, I had not heard him, said: 'Sir, the chapel is full, and we shall have souls converted to-night.' To this I replied, 'I hope we shall.'

Never shall I forget his look, as with much surprise he said: '*Hoping*, Sir, did you say? What, are you only *hoping?* If that is all, you can return to London, for we shall do better without you than with you. We are *believing*, yes, we are *believing;* and as sure as we have been asking so sure shall we receive.' Taking my hand, he whispered in my ear: 'Where is your faith? Only believe, and we shall see the salvation of God.'

At the close of the sermon I announced that we should hold a Prayer-meeting without concluding the service, and invited all to stay who could do so. Nearly the whole of the congregation remained. After singing, I gave an invitation to any that were seeking mercy to come at once to the Communion-rail, that we might pray with them and point them to the Saviour. After a little time one young woman accepted the invitation; she was indeed broken-hearted, but

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soon found 'deliverance' through faith in the atoning blood, and being filled with joy, stood up and testified that her sins were all forgiven.

One of the Leaders, sitting in the body of the chapel, came up to the front, and clasping his hands together, said: 'Bless God, the answer is come! now let us sing the Doxology and go home rejoicing.' At this I felt somewhat surprised and grieved, feeling certain there were many others deeply convinced of sin. While I was considering what it was best to do, as I was anxious not to give offence to the friends, a warm-hearted sailor, to my great relief, shouted out, 'The answer is not *fully* come—it's only the droppings of a blessed shower! God has told me we shall have many souls. Go a-head! Mr. Garland; and let those go home who choose. I for one say, you must not conclude. Why, just look in this pew, here are three penitents all on their knees—go a-head, Sir!'

Seeing this to be the feeling of the meeting, as it was also the conviction of my own mind, I decided to continue the service, and commenced singing:

'O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!'

As we sang, the Holy Ghost came down on the people in a most remarkable manner: tears and sobs were heard all over the chapel. I again invited penitents to come to the Communion-rail, and it was soon filled: some seeking pardon, others for the blessing of a clean heart. It was a grand sight to see teachers and scholars, husbands and wives, parents and children, seeking Jesus; and they did not seek in vain. This gracious answer to their prayers filled the hearts of both Ministers and people with joy and gladness.

But the most extraordinary manifestation of the Spirit was on the following evening. As already stated, it was decided to have a tea and public meeting in the Baptist School-room. But the numbers were so great that it was impossible to get them into the room at the same time; so after one party had taken tea, they made room for a second, till all had been accommodated.

And now came a grave difficulty: where should we hold the meeting? The school-room was much too small, so a request was made to the Minister for the use of the chapel. He was a young man, and had only lately been received as their Pastor, so felt a little hesitation in consenting, lest he should give offence to his people, as the school-room only had been asked for; but, seeing the necessity of the case, he gave us permission to go into the chapel, and this being announced

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to the friends, the place was filled some time before commencing the public meeting.

The platform was well filled with Ministers and friends from the various chapels, and from the commencement of the meeting we felt the presence of God amongst us. After some of the speakers had addressed the congregation, the Chairman, standing up, said: 'Before I call on the next speaker we will sing a hymn.' While the hymn was being sung, a lady (who was a Methodist Class-Leader, and known by all present for her piety, zeal, and devotedness to God) left her seat, and walking up to the front of the platform, beckoned me down. 'I have a request to make through you to the Chairman. It is that he will stop further speeches, and at once commence a Revival Prayer-meeting. If this be done many souls will be saved.' Having said this, she returned to her place, and closing her eyes, appeared to be in earnest prayer.

When the hymn had been sung, I said: 'Mr. Chairman, I have a request to make, if you please; perhaps it is a message from heaven. You saw that lady, whom you all know, come up and speak to me? It has been impressed on her heart that there should not be any more speeches made this evening, but she requests you at once to commence a Revival Prayer-meeting; and if so, the Spirit has told her many souls will be won for Christ.'

The Chairman was not at all prepared for this, and seemed a little annoyed. As soon as he could recover himself, he said, 'Well, Mr. Garland, you have taken me quite aback. I was never in a fix like this before in all my life. Will you please give out a hymn while I consult with the different Ministers on the platform?' I then gave out the grand old hymn beginning:

'Jesus! the Name high over all.'

During the singing I was wondering what the result of this ministerial consultation would be, for some were shaking their heads, and others looked very grave. The hymn being finished, the Chairman rose and said, 'Well, friends, we have had our consultation, but cannot agree to anything. This being the case, I shall ask the Ministers to speak for themselves.'

After a few moments one of them said: 'Dear Christian friends, this is a very solemn time—a very solemn subject.' He then paused. 'We have had a good time, and there is a blessed influence; my advice is to conclude the service, and let us all retire;' he then sat down. The next one said, 'Dear brethren, I have lived several years in this town, and always on good terms with my Baptist friends, and am not willing to offend them in this or any other matter; I must retire.' He having taken his seat, another rose up, saying, 'I am

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quite willing to stay, and quite willing to go, it shall be as the Chairman chooses.'

This brought the Chairman on his feet again, but only to say, 'I cannot take the responsibility—I shall retire.' The excitement among the people was very great, and at last the Chairman, addressing me, enquired, 'Will you take the responsibility of this meeting? You see the fix I am in?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'with pleasure; for I shall be out of the town to-morrow, and it will not matter what anybody says about me.' But after a moment's reflection I said, 'Sir, is it right to put it on any one man—let us put it to the people themselves, and with your permission I will do so.' To this he agreed. Addressing them, I said, 'Dear friends, I have three proposals to bring before you: 1st, Is it your wish to retire at once? 2nd, Is it your wish to listen to more speeches? 3rd, Is it your wish to remain and have a Prayer-meeting? The last proposal I put first. Now, all that are in favour of it hold up their hands.' A host of hands were held up, and shouts of 'Glory be to God!' rang through the building.

I then began to sing:

'There is a fountain filled with blood,' etc.

The Ministers had all left except one, and he had gone into the vestry for his hat and coat, when an invitation was given to any that felt their need of Jesus and a desire to flee from the wrath to come, to go into the vestry. Instantly a young man said, 'I will go, Sir;' then another followed, and another; the Minister was not expecting this, and enquired of the first, 'What do you want?' 'O, your prayers!' was the reply. 'I want to be made happy. Lord Jesus have mercy on me!' And, falling on his knees, he wept bitterly.

The Minister at once felt there was work for him in that room, and God made him the happy instrument in leading penitent souls to the Saviour. Not only was the vestry well filled, but penitents were crying for mercy in different parts of the chapel: some kneeling in the pews, others in the aisles, not able to walk further.

As it was getting rather late, I thought it wise to bring the service to an end, and pronounced the Benediction, but only a few went home: a large number remained, some of them on their knees, declaring they would remain there till they found Jesus. Seeing their determination, we commenced singing another hymn. As the penitents were scattered all over the chapel, I was anxious to get them together, but could not prevail upon them, their distress was so great; so we went round first to one, then to another, encouraging them to 'trust in Jesus.'

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About this time one of the deacons came in, and by his direction the chapel-keeper began to turn out the lights. At this I became much alarmed. I was in a pew kneeling beside a young woman who had been on her knees, for some time, weeping most profusely. Other persons were similarly engaged. When I saw the gaslights turned out, I began to fear lest our good would be evil spoken of; but when all the lights had been extinguished but three, God mercifully interposed.

Close to where the deacon was standing sat one of his workmen with his wife; they were supposed to be the greatest drunkards and blasphemers in the place. The man all of a sudden fell on his knees, and looking most piteously in his master's face, cried out, 'O, dear master, pray for me! I am such a sinner, I am afraid I shall be lost.' The deacon was so surprised at the request, that he knew not what to say, or what to do; and to add to this difficulty, the woman fell on her knees, and with tears requested, 'Master, if you are going to pray for John, do not forget me: offer a little prayer for me; for I am as great a sinner as my husband.'

The deacon's heart was touched, and he exclaimed, looking up, 'This is of God, and not of men; nothing but His Holy Spirit could accomplish what I now see.' Then kneeling down, he prayed that all who were seeking, might find the Pearl of Great Price. Soon after this I asked all who had that night been saved to stand up and testify to the power of grace; and, thank God! many did so, and amongst them the man and his wife just alluded to.

I am thankful to say that this wave of Gospel grace swept through the town: congregations increased; members were sanctified; and sinners saved on every hand; cottage Prayer-meetings instituted, and some were even held in public-houses on Sunday afternoons.

RELIGION IN LOWLY LIFE.

A BRIEF MEMOIR.

BY MISS H. GRINDROD.

ONE afternoon in March, 1881, several little groups of mourners left the church of a large cemetery in Liverpool. The first was a sorrowful party bearing a tiny burden. Close upon it followed one bearing a coffin from the workhouse; and then the funeral party who came with the remains of the dear old saint of whom we now write, who was carried to her resting-place 'in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.' She was born at the beginning of this century. Of her early days little is known: her parents were upright people and regular attendants at church, but quite in the dark as to vital godliness. In speaking of her first religious impressions, she

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said that one Good Friday when a child she attended a service held by the Methodists in the village, and that then her heart was so deeply touched by 'the old, old story' of the sufferings of Jesus, that it was with difficulty she restrained herself from crying aloud, 'They did that to Him, and He was *so good*.'

From that time the things unseen began to influence her, and she sought a place to pray, choosing the bottom of the garden, as far from the house as possible, being then under the impression that if she would be heard on high it would be needful to *shout*. But at least she was willing to make any effort; she sought and found; she knocked, and the door was opened to her.

She went to service as a little maid in a large house, amongst many other servants. There she saw the man of whom she said she knew that if ever she married any one it must be he. She remained there for some time, and then somewhat hastily left, taking service at another house where she became much attached to her mistress. Faithful to her convictions, she steadily attended the Methodist service on the Sunday night. With great plainness of speech she told her godless master, who occasionally objected, what might be expected to be the consequence if *he* did not begin to serve the Lord. Years afterwards that gentleman returning from abroad, sought out his old servant, bringing her a loving message from her former mistress, and the assurance that she had died in the faith; 'but,' he added, 'Mary, you *did* forget your place sometimes in speaking as you did to me;' to which she candidly replied, 'I have no doubt I *did*, Sir.'

After a time she married John Gilchrist, although she knew that he was not always steady. For a short time all went well, but soon her husband's companions, like himself the servants of gentlemen, banded together to tempt him to drink, and thus show his independence by making the wife he loved miserable. The temptation was successful, and for some time Mrs. Gilchrist bore in silence his ill manners, preparing his meals and attending to his comfort as usual. But at last it became intolerable, and she took her resolution. One night he came home much excited, saying, 'Now, Mary, we are going to fight.' 'Nay, John,' she said, 'we shall never do that. Thee may beat me if thee likes, but mind, *it's the last time*.' These words sobered him, and he went quietly to bed; not so his wife, who sat the whole night at the foot of the bed. In the morning she made his breakfast, but would not sit down with him; this made him uneasy, and he said, 'Mary, my lass, art thee not coming to breakfast?' 'No, John,' she replied, '*I leave thee to-day*.' This greatly distressed him, and he earnestly begged her to remain with him, promising amendment if she would. She yielded to his entreaties, agreeing to stay, but

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adding, 'If ever I see you drunk again, I go, and give you no warning.' And well he knew she would. From that day he was a sober man, and often spoke of the cruelty of his former companions, who would have broken up his home and destroyed his happiness. She did him good for the rest of his days; and, as far as in her lay, she did good to others also.

One day observing a young man who lodged in a house opposite to hers, coming slowly down the steps, while the door was quickly shut behind him, and knowing him to be out of work, she hastened out to speak to him, saying, 'Eh, Tom! have they turned thee out?' He sadly replied that so it was, for he had no money to pay his rent. 'Then,' said she, 'what art thou going to do?' Finding that he neither knew what to do, nor where to go, she quickly decided that he must remain with them. He made a slight resistance on the ground of having no work, and consequently no means. This she overruled by promising to find work for him, in which her husband helped her; but they soon found that the stranger whom they had thus befriended, was quiet unfit for rough work, and shrewdly guessed that he had not always lived amongst people like themselves. Time passed on, until one morning he bid his noble-minded hostess 'good-bye,' saying he was off to St. Helen's, hoping to meet with work; but adding, that whether he lived or died, she should be paid for his board and lodging. On enquiry, she found that he purposed walking there, being without money. With difficulty she persuaded him to take a little from her; and so he left, nor did she hear anything of him for twelve months. When, looking one day from the door of her little shop, she saw a carriage coming near, the plainness of which attracted her attention. To her astonishment it stopped at her door, and a lady, whose plain attire corresponded with the appearance of the carriage, alighted, and immediately enquired, 'Art thou Mary Gilchrist?' and then, 'Dost thou remember Thomas ——?' Remember him! Often had that poor young man been in her thoughts and prayers since he left, and she eagerly asked after his welfare, only to hear that he was dead! but that it had been his dying request that she should be paid, and be told that he had 'died happy;' for—'it would make her glad.' She also learned that when turned from his lodgings that weary day, he had fully purposed drowning himself in the pit behind their house.

Hers was a large, beneficent heart, and many were her acts of kindness. To a poor child, whom she knew—to use her own words—'was often clemmed,' as a punishment for his offences, she contrived to carry food; and many a time in the days of her old age and poverty did he come bringing her half-a-crown as he could spare it, and saying gratefully, 'You know how kind you were to me when I was a child.'

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After some years of happy married life her husband was suddenly taken from her. He went to work in the morning in his usual health, but before dinner-time was brought home upon a shutter. Days of toil and effort for her three children, who were still young, now followed, but she was very thankful that God gave her health and strength, and she cheerfully worked for them.

She often went for a day's work to the house of a well-known surgeon where Dr. M'Neile was a welcome visitor, and whenever he came they sang in the drawing-room after dinner, 'Crown Him Lord of all!' when she would hurry upstairs with all speed, that she might have the privilege of joining in the chorus, though outside the door. Now she worships no longer in the outer court, but has joined that ever-increasing company who sing 'to Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood,....be glory.' When obliged thus to leave her children, as of course she frequently had to do for a whole day, she would put the oldest in charge; and 'if I could do no better for them,' said she, 'I always left a pan of oatmeal porridge on the hob, and people would say how well my children looked.'

And now we come to later days—days of poverty and feebleness. For ten or twelve years she was unable to leave her own house. At best she could but get down the steps and into the narrow street; although, not many months before her death, she smilingly proposed a ride in an omnibus that had recently begun to pass the end of the street, in order to see once more the town and shipping. She eked out what many would have called a miserable living by means of a little shop in which she sold buns, herrings, 'sweeties,' chips, matches and such other things as her scanty funds would permit. The outlay required for even so small a stock was great for her; and more than once has the writer earned a loving 'God bless you!' by begging from one kind friend and another a few shillings to help to fill the empty 'sweetie' bottles; and well did the dirty little people in the street know when 'Granny's' bottles had something in. Though sorely tried, she ever hoped in God, and was sure in each difficulty that she should yet praise Him. She had almost invariably a cheerful word for those who visited her; and though, as we have seen, often 'pressed with poverty severe,' she was not so poor but that she could help others, even in temporal things, but still more in spiritual.

There was one poor family living near to her that had been dark indeed but for the light that shone so steadily in that little shop in Maynard-street. The poor old grandmother would come in the dark winter mornings, creeping up the steps to see if Mrs. Gilchrist's kettle boiled, and join her at an early cup of tea, and then stay while the dear old saint poured out her full heart in prayer. Time was when her visitor

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had been impatient of those prayers and the reading of the Scripture, but she was won for Christ in her old age by patient teaching and godly example, after a life as dark and dreary as the back streets and cellars in which it had been spent. It was a great gladness to her in these her later years that a public service and Class-meeting were held in her cellar (which was under her shop), a sacred spot—the house of God indeed; and great was her joy when some poor wanderer who would not venture in to church or chapel found his way in there.

Of the close of such a life little need be said; she went down into the valley that looked dark to the by-standers with a calm, unwavering confidence. Being asked, when very ill, if she was looking to Jesus and felt Him with her, she replied, almost as though surprised, '*Jesus! He is my all in all.*' Christ had become to her

> 'More intimately nigh
> Than e'en the dearest earthly friend;
> Bound by that strong, mysterious tie,
> Death cannot rend.'

So lived and died poor, but good, Mrs. Gilchrist. Her lot was a lowly and a hard one, but she lived a useful life. A godly, poor woman, she was a great blessing amongst others of her station. By patience, by steady obedience, by resolute resistance of evil; by showing how joyful religion can make even the poor, much may be done for the good of the careless and the thoughtless, many of whom seem to think that religion is only for 'gentlefolk.' And though none need the consolations of religion more than the poor, it is sad to think how many make their poverty an excuse for not seeking it. Mrs. Gilchrist's was a happy life, though a hard one. She loved her God, and rejoiced in His love to her; and she showed forth His praise from day to day by a pure, a lowly, and a blameless life.

ONE BIRD SETTING THE OTHERS CHIRPING.

'*It is of advantage to others when we use vocal prayer, for it quickens them to the same exercise, as one bird setteth all the rest a chirping.*'—Often one who has been in the spirit of prayer has stirred his friend out of a cold and lifeless frame, and set him all on a glow. Yea, and a whole company of believers have been roused to hearty devotion by the fervour of one man.

The simile used by our author is very beautiful. Ere the sun has risen, one bird awakes, and, with a clear, tuneful note, calls to his mate, whereupon another follows in the same manner, and a rivalry begins between the first two songsters. These bestir birds of every

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wing, and in a few minutes the whole grove is vocal, the air is full of music, and the sun rejoices to arise amid a concert of happy minstrels. Earth has nothing sweeter than its spring sonnets, which make that season of the year like the first creation, 'when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' Blessed is the bird which thus leads the choir, and happy is that praying or praising man whose holy expressions awaken his fellows to the like sacred exercise. It is well worth while to shake off natural timidity which would make a good man to be as though he were dumb, and deprive him of half his usefulness. To pray in private is essential, but to be able to pray in public is profitable. We are not to live unto ourselves in anything, and certainly not in those matters which are the crown and glory of our highest life: therein it is well to edify saints as well as to benefit ourselves.

'Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.'*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Illustrations and Meditations; or, Flowers from a Puritan's Garden. Distilled and Dispensed, by C. H. SPURGEON.—Mr. Spurgeon delights in the quaint sayings of the old Puritan divines. Here he has gathered a number of pithy sentences and apt illustrations from Manton's great work on Psalm cxix. Mr. Spurgeon's own comments are characteristically racy, and as full of common-sense and godly wisdom as they are of wit and force. This attractive little volume will be a valuable and cheap addition to the library of the preacher or teacher, and will be capital reading for all Christian people.

The West Indies, Enslaved and Free. By the REV. W. MOISTER. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-Street, City-Road —In this work the veteran Missionary gives a great amount of interesting information concerning the various islands of the West Indian archipelago, and the Continental colonies of Demerara, Honduras, etc. There is a great deal of valuable matter in the volume, which is well got-up, and contains several good pictures. Of course the religious history of the West Indies occupies the most prominent place in these sketches, and Mr. Moister tells some interesting stories of the zealous labours of the Missionaries, and of their negro converts. As in the case of his former books, the author will devote all the profits to the work in which he spent so many years of his long and active life.

* *Illustrations and Meditations; or, Flowers from a Puritan's Garden.* Distilled and Dispensed, by C. H. Spurgeon.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR JULY, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
June	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
30	3 46	8 20	2 43m	2 21m	1 11m	8 33a	1 52m
July						*Rises.*	
10	3 54	8 15	2 35	2 26	0 49	3 39m	1 16
20	4 6	8 6	3 5	2 39	0 29	3 11	0 40
			Sets.				
30	4 20	7 52	8 4a	3 0	0 11	2 43	0 4

PHASES OF THE MOON.

July 4th, New Moon . 3h. 4m. after. | „ 20th, Full Moon 3h. 31m. morn.
„ 12th, First Quarter 7h. 49m. morn. | „ 27th, Last Quarter 0h. 13m. „

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 12th. . . 3h. after., Apogee . . . 251,074 miles.
„ 25th. . . 1h. after., Perigee . . . 229,453 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 240,263 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 1st . . . . . 93,212,920 miles.
Aug. 1st . . . . . 93,031,080 „
Decrease of distance for the month . . 181,840 „

THE Earth is at its greatest distance from the Sun, 93,214,290 miles, on the 3rd, at 5h. in the afternoon, assuming the mean distance to be 91,677,410 miles. Using so many significant figures is calculated to give a wrong impression as to our knowledge of the actual distance. Till there be a more thorough discussion of the observations of the transits of Venus, and of other observations bearing on the question of the Sun's distance, all we can say is that the mean distance is somewhere about 92 millions of miles. The problem is a very difficult one; fortunately there are several means of arriving at a solution, and a comparison of the results will undoubtedly give the distance with considerable accuracy.

Mercury will be at its greatest elongation from the Sun, 21 degs. westward, on the 2nd, at 10h. in the morning. At the following midnight it will be very near the Moon: the angular distance of the centres, seen from the centre of the Earth, will be only 17 mins. Of course at the point on the Earth's surface, in the line joining the centres of the Earth and Moon, the planet will then appear to be quite close to the Moon's edge, and in regions not far distant will actually be occulted by the Moon: but the phenomenon takes place below our horizon. In the early part of the month this planet will keep quite close to Venus for some days. They will be actually in conjunction on the 4th, at 6h. in the morning, distance 2 deg.; and on the 8th, at 4h. in the afternoon, distant a little over one degree. Mercury will be within half a degree of Jupiter on the 20th, at 10h. in the morning; and on the evening of the 29th will be in superior conjunction with the Sun.

Venus is a morning star, rising about an hour and a-half before the Sun. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 2nd, and on the 26th at 1h. in the afternoon will be remarkably near Jupiter—the distance of the centres will be only ten minutes. On the morning of the 20th it crosses the ecliptic northward.

Mars is also a morning star. It will be near Saturn on the 20th, and near the Moon on the 29th.

Jupiter will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 5th; after that time it becomes a morning star, but is too near the Sun to be visible.

Saturn is a morning star. It will be near the Moon on the 29th, so near that it will be occulted in some parts of the southern hemisphere.

Uranus is an evening star. It sets on the 4th at 11h., and on the 20th at 10h. in the evening.

Neptune rises on the 3rd at 1h. in the morning, and on the 18th at midnight.

HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, PRINTERS, LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

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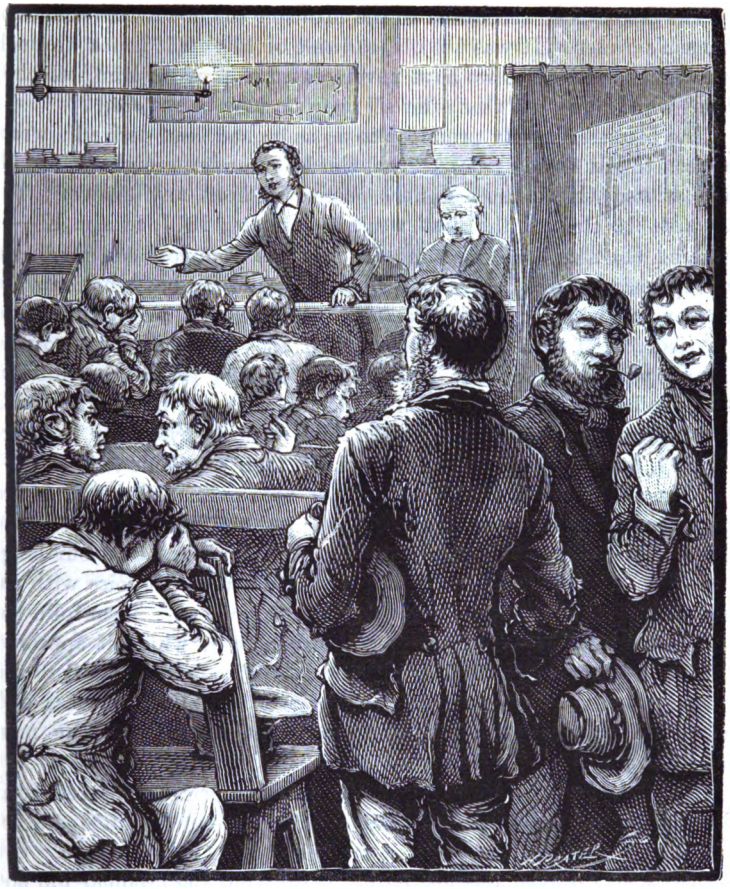

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THE LOST, FOUND.

EARLY in the summer of 1876, as a well-known Minister in Glasgow was walking down one of the streets of that city, he was accosted by a gentleman who had come in from the country on purpose to see him. This gentleman, whose name was K——, had a son whom he had lost sight of for years, but who, he had reason to believe, was leading a dissolute and wretched life somewhere in America.

'I understand,' said Mr. K——, 'that you know Mr. Moody, who is now at home in Chicago; and I have come to ask you to write to him about a son of mine who has broken his mother's heart, and who, I fear, will bring me down with sorrow to the grave.'

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The father then recounted to the Minister the downward stages of his son's career. It was the old, sad tale of blighted hopes through sin and shame. 'But we have never ceased to pray for him,' said he; 'and who knows but that after all even he may be restored?'

The Minister gladly promised to do as he had been desired; wrote at once to Mr. Moody; prayed that this lost wanderer might be found; and waited the issue. Months passed without any answer; but towards the close of the first week in January, 1877, as Mr. K—— entered his shop one morning, he saw his youngest son reading a newspaper, and weeping as he read. He asked the boy what was the matter, but he could not speak. He handed his father the paper, and hurriedly went out. It was more than the father could do to read the story at the time; but he had read enough to see that his lost treasure had at last been found. He ran with the newspaper in his hand to tell the tidings to his wife; and, with hearts filled to overflowing, both knelt down and poured out their gratitude to God.

Next morning the Glasgow Minister received from them a letter beginning: 'Words cannot express our joy and thankfulness at the news that has reached us by the mail from America about our long-lost son. Willie has at last been found and saved. Rejoice with us, and help us to praise God for answering our prayers.' Then followed the particulars reported in the newspaper, from which it appeared that on receiving the Minister's letter, Mr. Moody had read it to the congregation in the Tabernacle in Chicago at one of his services, and asked those present to join him in praying that the young man might be found.

Mr. Sawyer, who presided at the weekly meeting for reformed drunkards, and for those who were still the victims of intemperance, heard this request, and took a special interest in the case. For several weeks prayer was offered for Willie, but the prodigal did not return. Enquiries were made all over Chicago, and efforts were made in some other American towns to find a person answering to the description given; but all in vain.

It appears, however, that Willie was in Chicago all the time, and about the end of the second month of prayer, he happened to be passing the Hall on the day when the meetings for drunkards were held. He was moving on, but something seemed to hold him back. He felt that he must either hurry on or go in. A large placard caught his eye, and as he read the words,

'MEETING FOR DRUNKARDS TO DAY. COME AND WELCOME,'

he thought, 'Why, this suits me; I'll go in.'

He took a back seat, and being greatly interested, stayed to the

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last. At the close of the meeting, those who desired special prayer to be offered in their behalf were requested to stand up. But Willie seemed as if he had been rooted to the ground. He kept his seat, and buried his face in his hands for very shame at the life he had been leading, and feeling, as for years he had not felt before, his utter wretchedness and misery. The keen and practised eye of Mr. Sawyer soon perceived the young man's plight, and after kneeling by his side awhile, the good man asked his name.

'My name is William K——,' was the reply.

'Thank God!' said Mr. Sawyer, 'you're the very man I want. I have been looking out for you, and asking God to send you in here, for the last two months.'

'Looking out for me! why, how do you know me? What do you want with me?'

'I have seen a letter about you from Scotland. Your father and mother are praying for you.'

'A letter from Scotland! No, no, it cannot be. You must be mistaken. I'm an outcast. No one at home can think of me any more.'

'But they do; and now, I trust, their prayers and ours are answered, and you will give yourself to God.' Saying which Mr. Sawyer led the prodigal in tears to Mr. Moody's room. The scene which then ensued is best described in Willie's own words in a letter shortly afterwards sent to his father:

'Putting his arm in mine, he led me off to Mr. Moody, and when he heard who I was he burst into tears, and said: "O, God, I thank Thee for this answer to our prayers!" then, placing his hand upon my shoulder, he prayed—O, so fervently!—that God would accept and save me.'

A week afterwards Mr. Moody rose in the Tabernacle, and, amid breathless silence, said: 'Thank God! the wanderer for whom we so often prayed has not only been found for his parents in Scotland, but also for his Father in heaven. He is here to-day, and I wish him to say a few words.' Whereupon, Willie, with much fear and trembling, stood up before the vast assemblage, and gave the following account of his career: 'Twenty years ago I was a happy boy, just starting from my home in Scotland to a distant city-school. My father thought to make me a doctor; my mother's hope had always been that I should be a Minister. But at school I met with evil company, and, ever since, my life has been one long day of shame. The memory of my vices and my sins appalls and grieves me, and I would that they could be effaced for ever from my mind... When I was twenty years of age I went away to Australia and spent some years at the gold-diggings.

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Then, growing tired of that kind of life, I returned to Europe. My father met me at Amsterdam, and after a while obtained for me a situation in a dry-goods store. I married one of the best and kindest women that ever breathed, the daughter of a Minister, and she did all she could to save me from my dissolute habits; but, wretch that I was! I broke her heart, and in three years she died. As I shut down the coffin-lid over her white face, I felt that my last hope was gone. We had one child—a bonnie little girl; and when I took her in my arms, and bade her good-bye, to go out and wander over the face of the earth, she put her arms around my neck, and said, "Papa, will you be long away?" From that time I led a wild and reckless life, roaming about from place to place, from land to land, hungry, ragged, miserable—a blot upon the face of God's fair earth. When I first came to Chicago, I tried for a while to do better, got a situation in a house that sent me out to travel; but plenty sent me to my cups again. I lost my situation, lost my friends, lost all. On Friday last I went into the hall, feeling more wretched than words can tell, but never dreaming that that was to be the turning-point in my life. Yet so it was. My father's and my mother's love that had followed me here, touched my heart. I bitterly lamented my past life, wept over my ingratitude and folly, and was ashamed to think that my best years had all been wasted in the service of the devil. Never before did I feel what an awful sinner I had been in the sight of God. The friends were very kind, but I knew that they could not save me. Nor did they try. They led me to Christ. I fell at His feet. I cast myself on the mercy of God; and, after some time, I felt, while trusting in the merits of my Redeemer, that I had redemption in His blood, even the remission of sins. All that I had learned at my mother's knee and at the church came back to me, and helped me both to rest upon my Saviour, and to pour my praises out to Him. Now, I would rather live on crusts of bread moistened only by my tears, than go back to the life of sin and shame and misery from which in the great mercy of God I have been rescued. May He help me to be faithful unto Him.'

The effect of these few words was very marked and deep; and as Mr. Moody prayed with faltering voice that God would keep the young man, and make him, in some way, a preacher of the Gospel as his mother had desired, all hearts were moved; and many parents present no doubt also prayed for absent wanderers from their homes as they had never prayed before. T. A. S.

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POET-TOILERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CRABTREE-FOLD,' ETC.

IV.—JAMES CLERK MAXWELL: SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATOR.

It was a strong, original race that gave James Clerk Maxwell to the world: a plain, stanch folk with family roots in Aberdeenshire and the country on both sides of the Border, notable for homely sense, for keen mother-wit, for simple, pious ways, and no mean share of artistic and poetic faculty. There were artists and musicians, both men and women, amongst them; and lawyers of the old Scottish type, learned, witty, and plain-spoken. They wrote clever letters, enriched with pen-and-ink sketches; they dabbled in science, and were famous for a certain vigour and capacity which kept them always *making* and *doing*. One of them was that John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldin, a man of 'a grim, strong countenance and look of great sagacity,'—the essence of whose character was said to be 'a scorn of ornament,' and whose power of retort was famous.

John Clerk Maxwell, the father of James, was nephew to this Lord Eldin, and inherited in full measure the persistent interest in all useful processes which distinguished the family, and the scorn of ornament also. Nothing that had to be done was trivial to him; and in everything—from the building of his modest residence to the making of shoes and shirts—he planned every detail himself upon the principle of what was *best*, not what was *usual*.

Such, in brief, was the father of James Clerk Maxwell. His mother, a great-grand-daughter of Drummond the poet of Hawthornden, played well on the organ, composed some music, loved country life as much as her husband did, and was of a prompt, resolute nature well fitted to balance his. When they married, John Clerk Maxwell gave up such legal practice as he had in Edinburgh, and the pair 'set themselves resolutely to the work of making their inheritance of stony and mossy ground one of the habitable places of the earth.' 'Glen-lair' was the name they gave to the blue whinstone house which they built on a gentle slope above the Water of Urr, but in the Family Talk the place became known as 'The Happy Valley.' One son was born and died, but another came, and before he was three years old kept father, mother and nurse busy answering his questions. 'He has great work with doors, locks, keys, etc.,' writes his mother; 'and "Show me how it *doos*," is never out of his mouth. He investigates the way the water gets from the pond through the wall. He stands sentry in the kitchen and Mag runs through the house ringing the bells;....and then he drags papa all over to show him the holes where the wires go through.'

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The enquiring, active mind of his race was to bear its ripe fruit in this boy, and in very early childhood the future investigator of Light and Colours looked with open-eyed eagerness upon a world full of wonders. His first recollection was of lying upon the grass, looking up to the sun, and *wondering;* and as soon as he could talk his constant cry was, 'What's the *go* o' that?—What does it do?' Nor would he be put off with a vague reply. 'But what's the *particular* go of it?' was the pertinacious enquiry, and papa was ready enough to explain to the little scientist the 'go' of everything, and to show 'how it doos.' The task continued to be the chief pleasure of his life until the order was reversed, and the son took hardly less delight in explaining his colour-top, his theory of rolling curves, and the properties of elastic solids to his father. When he was in his third year, a present of a tin plate gave him great delight, because of the reflections of light it enabled him to flash across the room, and a little later he had lessons in astronomy from the pavement in front of the house, his father holding him in his arms well 'rowed' in a 'plaidie,' and the mother standing by. She had charge of his education, in the technical sense, until her fatal illness, and amongst other instruction gave him a great knowledge of Scripture. When he was eight years old he could repeat the whole of the 119th Psalm, and in after life continued able to give chapter and verse for almost any quotation from the Psalms. The lessons were varied by turns of basket-making, of 'making seals,' of trotting about Glen-lair with his father, helping to 'sort' things, prying into every mystery, and learning the habits of all the live creatures.

This peculiarly happy childhood was crossed by one great loss. When James was only eight years old his mother died, and the first word of the child when told that she was in heaven, is significant of her suffering and of his character: 'O, I am so glad! Now she'll have no more pain.' She had endured great suffering with heroic fortitude.

There is little doubt that he felt this loss all his life, despite the most intimate companionship with his genial and intelligent father. A tutor was engaged for a time, and then it was found necessary to send the boy into Edinburgh to stay with his aunt Wedderburn and attend the Academy. Accordingly there appeared one day among the young gentlemen of that establishment a curious new boy dressed in hodden gray tweed, and square-toed shoes fastened with brazen clasps; a boy who laughed a short, elfish laugh when he was teased, would never answer a question, looked at everybody and everything with keen dark eyes, and took every incident—even the tearing to rags of his tweed tunic—with amused philosophy; altogether a curious boy, yet not one to be despised, in spite of his shoes. As for

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him, he took with his usual reserved, old-fashioned philosophy and short laugh their epithet of 'Daftie' and the tricks they played him, told nobody what he really thought, and consoled himself by his father's company, or by writing to him long letters full of ingenious and extremely clever frolics in word and device. As the session went on his real nature and warmth of heart began to impress a few of his schoolfellows; he learned to speak up in his class, and to see some good in learning Latin, and found out that bathing and swimming gave opportunity for all sorts of agile feats and bold experiments which secured the respect of other boys. Above all, there came to him one day a vision of lovely forms existing in the world, within and below the surface-appearance of things—forms of perfect symmetry, the study of which was pure delight. Thus, at nine years of age, the child stepped into the wonderful fairy-land of science, and school was no longer an affliction. Then came the blessed summer, and he went back to Glen-lair full of life. The shadow of loss was softened, and The Happy Valley again answered to its name. Cousin Jemima (now Mrs. Hugh Blackburn, the artist) was there with her clever pencil, and was ready to take part in and immortalize any 'ploy,' from the manufacture of 'magic discs,' to competing for archery prizes or sailing on the stream in washing-tubs. Long afterwards, when asked by persons ignorant of Galloway, if there was boating on the Urr, Maxwell would reply with a grave reference to this incident! There were expeditions, besides, of all sorts: gymnastics with the stilts, raids upon wasps' nests, farming operations to share in, and the composition of serio-comic verses in honour of various incidents.

Wide and far he wandered during the summer holidays of the next few years, learning the deep secrets of the wild, with an eye for all he saw, in wood or water or living creature, and a spirit daring and strong enough for any emergency. As the years followed on, the advancing studies of each winter furnished new thoughts and recreations for holidays. Shy and reserved with mere acquaintances, James was eager and full of talk with intimates—talk which rushed on like a brook over stones, the stones being an inveterate trick of humming and hawing. 'From explaining some invention which I could not understand,' says one friend, 'he would start off to a joke of Martinus Scriblerus, or a quotation from Dryden, interspersing puns and such idiotisms as "used-to-could," "be-you-have-yourself." A butterfly was always a "flutterby." His replies to questions were indirect and enigmatical.....At table he often seemed abstracted from what was going on, being absorbed in observing the effects of refracted light in the finger-glasses, or in trying some experiment with his eyes—seeing round a corner, making invisible stereoscopes, and the like. "Jamsie,

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you're in a prop!" (mathematical proposition), his aunt would cry, for it was her business to soften his singularities. At church he always sat preternaturally still, with one hand lightly resting on the other, not moving a muscle, however long the sermon might be; and days afterwards he would show by some remark that the whole service, whether agreeable or otherwise, had been, as it were, photographed upon his mind.' All through life he showed this reverential spirit. The keen, buoyant mind was ever humble and devout. In after years his Sabbath reading was in the old divines, and his prayers in the daily worship of his household were 'most impressive and full of meaning.'

Early in the session of 1846, James became interested in the laws of Curves. In this, as in all his son's efforts, the laird took deep interest, and in his diary we have such simple, terse entries as these: 'Call on Prof. Forbes at the College and see about James' ovals and 3-foci figures. New to Prof. Forbes, and settle to give him the theory in writing to consider.'

'Went to the College and saw Prof. Forbes about James' ovals. Prof. Forbes much pleased with them; investigating in books to see what has been done or known in this subject.'

Then follow notes from Prof. Forbes praising the paper as very ingenious, as substantially new in science, and a most remarkable production for a boy of fifteen. Finally the paper is read to the Royal Society, and the distinction—first in a long series of scientific honours—is thus briefly and modestly chronicled: 'Royal Society with James. Prof. Forbes gave account of James' ovals. Met with very great attention and approbation generally.'

In 1847 Maxwell was entered at the University, and his originality got freer play. He made friends who delighted in his quaint humour and clever nonsense of all sorts; his studies were multifarious, and his summer recreations as varied. A laboratory was fitted up in a garret above the wash-house, where during holidays all sorts of experiments in galvanising, electro-typing, elastic solids and unannealed glass were carried on, varied by out-door exercise, reading, and the elucidation or manufacture of wonderful 'props.' In 1849 another paper of his—on Rolling Curves this time—was read before the Royal Society, and in 1850 one on the Equilibrium of Elastic Solids. His letters of this period, while full of light-hearted quips and querks and unworn interest in the marvels of Energy and Life, have nothing juvenile about them: there is plenty of fun, but no triviality. Meantime the father, with slow carefulness, was pondering his son's career. He had a desire himself that James should study law and become a member of the Scottish Bar. This

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would involve no serious break in the comradeship of the two, as there would be no need to go to an English University. James had not been altogether robust during these years, and besides, to the laird's stanch Presbyterianism 'English University' was a phrase that smacked of Puseyism and infidelity. In no sense was it agreeable to him. But other relatives and friends urged Cambridge as a most desirable training for Maxwell's genius, and finally the step was decided upon. A College was chosen, and the young man entered upon a fresh stage of life; which appeared at first like going back several years, for he found himself among the freshmen parsing Greek plays and going over Euclid, and his bits of magnetised steel, of gelatine, gutta-percha and glass seemed to average undergraduates 'matter in the wrong place.'

He soon had quite a troop of friends, and endeavoured always 'to make the highest use of social circumstance.' Apropos of reading books of various sorts—which he did voraciously from early childhood—Maxwell once said: 'The only safe way is to find out the facts first. With this precaution books are tolerably transparent.' This seems eminently applicable to his religious life. In that domain he had 'found out the facts first,' and the many voices of church and college were tolerably transparent. A friend says of him that he had 'an innate reverence for sacred things which was never much disturbed by scepticism,' and his eager investigation of Nature's secrets was ever blended with a longing to contemplate the whole of things, and see them in the unity of Divine purpose. No one could be more determined to bring every statement to the test of fact; but Maxwell's conception of fact was deep and clear, scientific in the truest sense. Where minds of feebler insight or of less absolute sincerity and unselfishness saw insuperable 'difficulties' to faith, Maxwell, with a profound reverence for the wonderful universe in which he found himself, and with his wide knowledge of the manifold relations of things and persons, went straight on, feeling God everywhere.

He distinguished himself, of course, in his College career, and shirked none of the teaching or examination work incidental to a Fellowship. He was just about to be appointed to the Natural Philosophy chair in Aberdeen, when his father, whose health had been gradually failing for two years, died rather suddenly. It was the son's care that everything on the estate should be managed, if possible, just as before, and the people tried to think for him and assist him. He went shortly afterwards to Aberdeen, and next year there came the terrible news of the Indian mutiny, and of the loss of a friend to whom he was greatly attached. From this time may be dated an

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increase of that inward soberness and earnestness of soul which deepened with the years, while it kept fresh and pure the inexhaustible spring of humorous mirth. He became sure that 'all problems are certain of solution,' went on with his work (dynamical top, experiments in colour, study of Saturn's rings, etc.), and drew near to what he called 'my greatest achievement in the way of discovery —how to convert esteem and friendship into something far better.' In June, 1858, he married Katherine Dewar, and took his wife to Glen-lair for the summer, where they experimented together in optics and other sciences.

Five years of a Professorship in King's College, London, followed, and investigation went on steadily. The famous colour-box was perfected, the nature of gases demonstrated, and wide, strong foundations laid for Maxwell's great work on Electricity and Magnetism. He had a large garret at the top of his London house, and Mrs. Maxwell acted as stoker of the furnace, and in other capacities. But Maxwell was never too busy to help a friend. His brother-in-law came to London to undergo a painful operation. The ground-floor of the house was given up to patient and nurse, and the Professor frequently acted as nurse himself, his steady flow of quiet humour being invaluable. Previously to this he had done the same for his friend Pomeroy and for his father: in a few years he was to do it for his wife. In 1860, and again in 1865, he was seriously ill himself. Meantime, as he had kept the 'vassals' of Glen-lair in mind at Cambridge, writing to them, and selecting books for them, so he kept Corsock Church and Manse in mind through these busy years, advising, and contributing largely in money.

After this period five years were spent for the most part at Glenlair, in writing books and carrying on research. He became an elder of the parish church, and used sometimes to visit sick persons and read and pray with them. As an incident of his deep attachment to and care for his wife, it may be noted that Cambridge Examinations were the only events allowed to separate them for more than two or three days at a time; and on these occasions, burdened as he was with examination papers, he wrote regular daily letters full of the same fun wherewith he had amused his father, yet passing frequently to comments on the portion of Scripture they were reading together, and meditations on life and duty. A beautiful story of his self-controlled tenderness and care may fitly come in here. During Mrs. Maxwell's long illness he went into her room one day to move her. A little terrier, keeping watch in its own faithful way, flew at him, and fastened on his nose. Not to alarm Mrs. Maxwell he went quietly out, holding his arm beneath the creature, which still clung to his face.

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In 1871 Maxwell accepted the new Chair of Experimental Physics in Cambridge, and the work of designing and arranging the Laboratory which the Duke of Devonshire was presenting to the University. For several years he spent himself enthusiastically in the many labours of this charge, besides private studies; and his own contribution of apparatus to the Laboratory was worth several hundreds of pounds. 'After it was opened, the most important work of the Chair was the superintendence of various courses of experiments by young scientific aspirants. With characteristic loyalty and humility, Maxwell seems often to have taken more pride in their researches than in his own. To enumerate the men who were thus favoured would be to name many of the most efficient teachers of science in the kingdom.'

To describe in detail the eminent scientific achievements of Clerk Maxwell would require one essay, worthily to depict his rich and striking character would occupy another, and a third might be crowded with brief selections from his prose and verse writings. Especially could one wish to give some lines at least from his admirable burlesque of Tyndall's famous Belfast Address to the British Association:

> 'That incarnation of wisdom, built up of our witless nobs,
> Which will carry on endless discussions, till I and probably you
> Have melted in infinite azure—in English—till all is blue.'

But all that can be done here is briefly to indicate some features of a very remarkable mind which, 'after ranging through the illimitable spaces of creation, and almost handling what he called "the foundation stones of the material universe," found its rest and happiness in the love and mercy of Him Whom the humblest Christian calls Father.'

This bright career closed early. Dyspeptic symptoms showed themselves in 1877, strength began to fail, and after two years of gallant struggle he was told that the severe disease of which his mother died had laid hold of him, and that he had only a month to live. From that day, all through the acute sufferings of the last few weeks, his one care was for the beloved companion, herself an invalid, whom he must leave behind. To the last, her comfort was his constant thought; his anxiety was for her, not for himself.

His own suffering was ministered to as far as it could be by devoted friends, one of whom says: 'He was calmly and serenely resigned to the will of God... I never saw a sign of impatience or fretfulness... It was grand to see him day by day girding himself calmly and resolutely... He knew the Bible and all our best sacred

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poets thoroughly.' One of his physicians said of him—and as written by one medical man to another the words are very weighty: 'He is one of the best men I ever met, and a greater merit than his scientific attainments is his being a most perfect example of a Christian gentleman.' Dr. Paget adds: 'No man ever met death more consciously or calmly... His mind never once wandered or wavered.'

A few minutes before his death he was sitting up in bed, struggling for breath, and supported by his relative, Colin Mackenzie. Presently he said, 'Lay me down lower, for I am very low myself, and it suits me to lie low.' Then, with a deep breath, and a long look at his wife, he was received into the Eternal Day.

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

AUGUST 5th.—*Now He that ministereth seed to the sower, both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness; being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.*—2 COR. IX. 10, 11.

IN this passage we have one of the many instances in which we receive unspeakably precious help from the Revised Version, where it reads correctly thus: *And He that supplieth seed to the sower and bread for food, shall supply and multiply your seed for sowing, and increase the fruits of your righteousness: ye being enriched in everything unto all liberality, which worketh through us thanksgiving to God.*

Here is distinctly pointed out the cure of that subtle and very prevalent disease, religious selfishness, against which we need to be watchfully on our guard. Of the abundance of the Lord's supply there is no room for question or doubt: but it is matter for grave concern, that we should so apply His gifts as to carry out His intentions in giving them. All the corn of His bounteous provision is not to be sent to the mill and to the oven; for some is seed-corn, to be faithfully and devotedly sown, that it may bring forth increase. We know, to our cost and to our shame, that we have often suffered and come into condemnation, through not accepting, and using for our own personal nourishment and delight, the benefits of God's grace and truth. But, on the other hand, to regard those benefits as for no other end than our own advantage and enjoyment, is a most mischievous mistake, and followed always by this evil result, not that we become overfed with good, but inevitably lose a healthy appetite

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for the things of God's promise. And it is none the less invariably true, that they who habitually carry their sower's basket to God, to get *seed for sowing*, are those whose own food-store is most abundantly replenished.

Let it be, then, our constant study to be faithful, in this respect, to the grace which is given to us; to be ever on the watch to drop, with careful hand, that which we have received into the furrows of opportunity. *Freely ye have received, freely give*, says our Lord to His disciples. Therefore let us at once, on this His day, examine ourselves concerning this matter. Why do I read His word; and why do I go to His house to-day? How far are my motives of worship affected by the desire to gain *seed for sowing?* How far are we made earnest by a holy avarice to become *enriched in everything unto all liberality?* How far are we now seeking to have a fruit-bearing *righteousness*, which shall be for the feeding and refreshment of others, and shall work *through us thanksgiving to God?* Especially on the Sabbath do we need to remind ourselves, that our souls never thrive on bread selfishly made from seed intended for sowing.

AUGUST 12th.—*And let us arise, and go up to Bethel; and I will make there an altar unto God, Who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went.*—GENESIS XXXV. 3.

It is but a poor and lifeless worship wherein memory is not a chief minister. For God's blessings to His children are never done with. The want which they supplied, and the difficulty they met, and the weakness they strengthened, may pass away; but each blessing still abides, a perennial source of quickening good. How exceeding precious, too, are the hallowed associations of thought, whereby certain objects and places become to us the lasting memorials of good; and the very sight of them is a counter-spell, breaking the stealthy charm which would lull us into listlessness, or entangle us in unbelief. Yielding, perhaps, to doubting fear, we look up, and are shamed into contrite trust, as we read the record of past deliverance.

Still, even in this direction there is need for wise watchfulness, lest memory become the gaoler of our faith, and not its minister: and lest we dwell so much amidst good which once was, as to fail in reaping the present, and sowing for the future. In this let the Patriarch be our teacher. *And I will make there*, said he, *an altar unto God.* Every remembered place of old good, should be the site of a new altar, thus gathering all the strength of recollected favours, to add earnestness to our belief for present help, and glowing fervour to every fresh act of worship. Bethel once is Bethel always. God, Who manifested Himself to Jacob there, faileth not nor changeth. But yet Bethel means more to Israel than once it did. There God

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answered him *in the day of his distress;* but he adds,—*and was with me in the way which I went.* Through the wonderful history of that *way* Israel looks back; and around the original promise of Bethel there now shine the glories of its manifold fulfilment in all the eventful *way* since.

And should it not be thus with each of us? Surely there are some sacred memories of blessing which will be brought vividly back to-day. Let us make each one the occasion of building *an altar* of renewed faith and service *unto God, Who answered* us *in the day of our distress;* and not only that, but *has been with us in the way which* we *went.* Great as the benefit then was to our redeemed souls, it never seemed so great as now, when we look at it in the interpreting light of all that has since come to pass. Thus we continually need new altars on the old sites; for every time we revisit them we find there fresh and larger cause for our praise and trust.

Ay, and thus it will be when we, who found Jesus in the Bethels here, shall *see Him as He is.* The recollections of His saving help will feed the flame of our eternal praise; and that first deliverance of His pardoning love shall gather to itself new affluence of meaning for ever and ever, as we join the new song in His presence, *Who* hath *redeemed us to God by His blood.*

AUGUST 19th.—*For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God.*—JOHN XII. 43.

In this comment the Evangelist shows how well he had come to understand the words of the Master recorded before (ch. v. 44). At first sight there may seem to be a want of agreement between the two passages, inasmuch as in this one those who are spoken of did believe in Jesus Christ. But a little thoughtful enquiry makes the harmony of the two perfectly and impressively clear. The belief of these *rulers* was simply one of conviction; but, inasmuch as it stopped short at confession of Christ, and actual acceptance of Him, it was practically no faith at all. There is no need here to explain, and insist upon, the fact that the faith which is not borne out, and acted upon, is utterly vain.

But there is great need that we should be on the alert concerning that pernicious hindrance to a thorough faith, which is here so plainly exposed; for there is not one of us who can declare that it has no danger for him. And there is a special fitness in this matter as a subject for Sabbath meditation; for on this day we expect to give up more of our time than on other days to the direct learning of the truth; and it ought to be a question of deep concern to us, how far we are prepared to meet with obedience of faith the truth which we shall

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newly-learn, or the well-known truth which will be once more brought directly before us.

St. John's way of describing this particular hindrance to faith may, perhaps, seem too strong to have any application to us. Put in this uncompromising way, there is something to us shocking in its being thought possible that we could love *the praise of men more than the praise of God.* Looking at the two loves separated from all circumstances, and put thus into hard contrast, there is something altogether revolting in the preference which is here affirmed. But it is just here that we face the simple truth, that the only love that is reckoned of any value is that which carries the will with it; and whatsoever shapes and directs our will, is that which actually has our affection.

Now let us bring all this to an honest test. Here is some truth concerning Christ as *a Prince and a Saviour*, which is distinctly set before me. I am convinced that it is truth. What then? Shall I openly confess my belief? Shall I go on to let my belief work itself out in my full obedience to Christ as my Lord, in my full yielding up of myself to Him to be saved just as He declares Himself ready to save me? That I ought to do nothing less than this, is beyond all question. If I hesitate, why do I hesitate? There are, no doubt, several answers to this: but what I want just now to find out is, how far I am held back from carrying out my belief by the consideration of man's approval. How far do I allow my regard for man's opinion —the prevailing tone, the fashion, of thought—to limit and to mould my religion, to prevent me from giving consistent effect to the truth, of which secretly I am fully convinced?

May the God Whose love I have often grieved, help me to be unsparingly faithful in bringing out all my motives into the light of this word.

AUGUST 26th.—*O how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men.*—PSALM XXXI. 19.

Looking to see who they are to whom this rich favour is shown, I find that they are described both as fearing God and as trusting in Him: and I note how the fear and the confidence not only exist side by side, but are blended in one condition of soul. It is in reverent obedience that we find fullest, most satisfying trust in God. Faith cannot dwell in unfaithfulness. Lord, bring my whole life under the discipline of this watchful fidelity, which is the fear of Thee: then shall every other fear lose its power to trouble my peace, which comes from trust in Thee.

The recollection of last Sunday's meditation, brings out much

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meaning in the description—*them that trust in Thee before the sons of men.* I will not make a parade of my faith in God, as if it did me any credit; but neither would I hide it as if I were ashamed of it. To the world, which *knoweth not God*, faith in Him is unintelligible; but in the presence of that ignorance, I am to live as God's witness. And how shall I manifest my trust in Him *before the sons of men*, but by showing forth that my portion in Him is a sufficient portion? However little they may comprehend it, I would let them have no reason to doubt, through any desponding fear of mine, or by my straying away into pastures of their godless delights, that God's love, and truth, and guidance are enough to fully satisfy me.

The more I thus make God my all, and entirely yield myself to Him, the more shall I have to declare of the riches of His *goodness* which He has *laid up* for me. What a wondrous rest there is in that word—*laid up.* Here is a store made ready against I want it. And what a store! All God's *goodness.* All along the way, where my needs come, there shall I find the prepared *goodness laid up* for me: for provident Love chooses my foreseen wants to be the storing-places of His blessing.

Then if the way of God's fear, which is another word for the way of righteousness, bring me sometimes into troublesome collision with the world, and require of me self-denial, and even bring me suffering for His sake, I must be beyond all calculation the gainer. Only let me take care that I freely live upon my great fortune; not keeping God's goodness, as men say, to fall back upon, when other things fail; not holding it in reserve as a last resource, but making it first and last, and all in all.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

MARY SOMERVILLE was born in Jedburgh, Scotland, December 26th, 1780. Her father was a naval captain, and, therefore, absent from home most of his time. The family lived on a restricted income, at Burnt Island, a small sea-port town on the coast of Fife, immediately opposite Edinburgh. Her mother had no special qualifications for the training of such an intellect as her child subsequently revealed. 'My mother,' she says, 'taught me to read the Bible and to say my prayers; otherwise she allowed me to grow up a wild creature.' When between eight and nine years old, she did not know how to write, and 'read very badly.' She had amused herself with the *Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress.* Her father, returning from sea, and mortified at her want of progress

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MARY SOMERVILLE.

during his absence, put her to advanced reading, but with slight advantage. If she was not an example of mental stupidity at this period of her life, she certainly showed no kind of mental precocity. The compulsory reading of a daily paper of the *Spectator* was such a task 'that,' she writes in her old age, 'I have never since opened the book. Hume's *History of England* was also a real penance to me. My father, at last, said to my mother, "This kind of life will never do; Mary must at least know how to write and keep accounts."' So at ten years of age she was sent to a boarding-school, where it is a wonder that the small amount of intellect she seemed to have was not entirely stultified by the absurd discipline to which she was subjected. 'The chief thing I had to do,' she says, 'was to learn by heart a page of Johnson's Dictionary; not only to spell the words, give their parts of speech and meaning, but, as an exercise of memory, to remember their order of succession.' On her return home, after a year of such training, she was reproached with having 'cost so much money in vain.' 'My mother said she would have been contented if I had only learned to write well and keep accounts, which were all a woman was expected to know. I was like a wild animal escaped out of a cage.' She complains of even an uncommonly defective memory: 'I could remember neither names nor dates.' Before she began to read algebra she had to re-study arithmetic, having forgotten much of it. 'I never

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was expert at addition,' she says; 'for in summing up a long column of pounds, shillings, and pence in the family account-book, it seldom came out twice in the same way.' In her later studies she, of course, used logarithms for the higher branches of science. Here was certainly no portentous sign of genius, nothing like that precocity which is usually supposed to presage a great intellectual career. An intellectual prodigy as a woman, she was apparently below mediocrity as a child. The fact affords a lesson which may well be remembered by parents who grieve over the supposed inferiority of their children.

It is a curious question, to say the least of it, how such a mind came at last to be awakened to higher aspirations and endeavours. It was not by parental remonstrances or compulsory studies, nor by any spasmodic impulse from within or from without. It was entirely by a slow and spontaneous process. After her return from school, 'my time,' she says, 'at Burnt Island was heavy on my hands. I did not know what to do with myself.' She spent hours on the sea-shore collecting shells—the beginning of her knowledge of natural history. Her sea-faring father had a passion for flowers, and brought home seeds and bulbs from other parts of the world. She soon shared his taste, and turned the garden of her home into a studio—the beginning of her knowledge of botany, afterward appreciated and directed by Candolle and similar *savants*.

She found a copy of Shakespeare, and the great master inspired her with a love of higher and more varied reading than she had hitherto cared for. There were two small globes in the house; they excited her curiosity, and she learned their use from the village schoolmaster, an evening guest in the family. They were the beginning of the studies which culminated in her immortal works *The Mechanism of the Heavens*, and *Physical Geography*. 'My bedroom,' she says, 'had a window to the south, and a small closet near had one to the north. At these I spent many hours, studying the stars by the aid of the celestial globe.' There was a piano in the house; she entertained herself with it until music became a passion with her; and notwithstanding her poor memory, she could at last 'play long pieces without the book.' Nasmyth, the artist, opened a school at Edinburgh for ladies; she attended it, hardly as a student, more as a looker-on or an amateur, but in time became an accomplished painter. She casually overheard Nasmyth say to a group of ladies: 'You should study *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*, the foundation not only of perspective, but of astronomy and all mechanical science.' Her curiosity was aroused by the prospect of such a range of enquiry, and she became the only woman in the world, as La Place affirmed, who understood his *Mécanique Céleste*.

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Thus gradually opened before her the intellectual career in which at last she stood foremost of all the women of her age in scientific fame; the highest example, perhaps—certainly the highest recorded example—of feminine scholarship in the history of the world. But, we repeat, it was without the encouragements or aids that usually prompt youthful genius; it was in the face of severe discouragements. Her love of knowledge soon became an irrepressible passion. 'I had to take part in the household affairs,' she writes, 'and to make and mend my own clothes. I rose early, played on the piano, and painted, during the time I could spare in the daylight hours; but I sat up very late reading Euclid. The servants, however, told my mother: "It is no wonder the stock of candles is soon exhausted, for Miss Mary sits up reading to a very late hour," whereupon an order was given to take away my candle as soon as I was in bed. I had, however, already gone through the first six books of Euclid; and now I was thrown on my memory, which I exercised by beginning with the first book, and demonstrating in my mind a certain number of problems every night, till I could nearly go through the whole. My father came home for a short time, and, somehow or other, finding out what I was about, said to my mother: "Reg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket some of these days. There was X., who went raving mad about the longitude."'

In the circle of her kindred she found but one generous mind which could sympathize with her. 'I spent four or five hours daily at the piano,' she says; 'and for the sake of having something to do, I taught myself Latin enough, from such books as we had, to read Cæsar's *Commentaries*. I went that summer on a visit to my aunt at Jedburgh, and, for the first time in my life, I met in my uncle, Dr. Somerville, a friend who approved of my taste for knowledge. During long walks with him in the early mornings he was so kind that I had the courage to tell him I had been trying to learn Latin, but feared it was in vain; for my brother and other boys, superior to me in talent, and with every assistance, spent years in learning it. He assured me, on the contrary, that in ancient times many women—some of them of the highest rank in England—had been very elegant scholars, and that he would read Virgil with me if I would come to his study for an hour or two every morning before breakfast, which I gladly did. I never was happier in my life than during the months I spent at Jedburgh.'

She was beautiful in person as well as in mind; 'extremely pretty' in her young womanhood, with 'a delicate beauty both of face and figure,' and was called the 'Rose of Jedburgh.' She was, therefore, not without early suitors; and, in 1804, was married to her cousin,

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Samuel Greig. They resided for some years in London, but she had few opportunities to avail herself of its advantages for her favourite studies. Her life was still a quiet, patient struggle for knowledge under difficulties. She says: 'I was alone the whole of the day; so I continued my mathematical and other pursuits, but under great disadvantages; for although my husband did not prevent me from studying, I met with no sympathy whatever from him, as he had a very low opinion of the capacity of my sex, and had neither knowledge of, nor interest in, science of any kind. I took lessons in French, and learned to speak it so as to be understood.'

After three years of married life she returned, a widow with two children, to her parental home at Burnt Island, where she resumed her studies with more diligence than ever.

Her second marriage with her cousin, Dr. William Somerville, in 1812, opened a new life before her. He was a man of considerable learning, but gratefully recognised the superiority of his wife. Their domestic life, though attended by the usual household trials, and at one time by an entire loss of fortune through the treachery of a trusted friend, was a scene of closest mutual sympathy, of joint culture, and the purest happiness.

Two facts are, then, apparent thus far in the intellectual history of this remarkable woman: first, that she had no precocious capacity for the success which distinguished her career; secondly, that she had not even the ordinary facilities and encouragements of such a career—that down to the time of her second marriage, she prosecuted her studies in the usual domestic circumstances of her sex. Hers was, in fine, a rare, a splendid example of self-education in ordinary life—education up to the loftiest, most erudite, and most difficult attainments of science, without a school, without teachers, without advantages for study. We know not where to find a similar example in all literary history.

A third fact is worthy of being emphasized, though it has been already indicated; namely, that there was no scientific 'hobbyism' in her pursuit of knowledge; no mere indulgence of a special intellectual proclivity, or display of a special mental capacity. She aimed at complete self-culture and universal knowledge. Her collection of shells and minerals in childhood was the nucleus of a cabinet of conchology and mineralogy which became one of the principal articles of her domestic furniture in maturer life; and while the mathematics, the abstract sciences, were the chief field of her fame, she was a technical and accomplished naturalist. It may well be doubted whether any woman of her age excelled her in this department alone. She was a thorough botanist. Geology came up as a science in her

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day; she began with it nearly at the beginning, and kept pace with it down to her ninety-second year. Faraday delighted to converse and to correspond with her, as an appreciative authority in his most recondite researches. La Place was proud to correspond with her, as one of the very few minds, in all the intellectual world, who could understand his treatise on the Celestial Mechanism; her reproduction and simplification of that matchless work, in her *Mechanism of the Heavens*, was itself, it is said, above the intellectual reach of all France, except a few—Poisson said twenty—mathematical scholars. Sir John Herschel read it with 'the highest admiration.' 'What a pity,' he exclaimed, 'that La Place did not live to see this illustration of his great work!' She was forthwith elected a member of most of the learned societies of Europe; the Royal Society of London ordered her bust, from Chantrey, to be placed in their great hall. To her womanhood, her chief joy, amid this universal outburst of applause, in which her kindred, who had hitherto ridiculed her, now enthusiastically joined, was in 'the warmth with which Somerville,' her husband, entered into her success. 'It deeply affected me,' she writes; 'for not one in ten thousand would have rejoiced at it as he did.'

The versatility of her knowledge, combined as it was with depth and accuracy, is among the wonders of her intellectual character. Her daughter says that, 'Although her favourite pursuit, and the one for which she had decidedly most aptitude, was mathematics, yet there were few subjects in which she did not take interest, whether in science or literature, philosophy or politics. She was passionately fond of poetry, her especial favourites being Shakespeare and Dante; also the great Greek dramatists, whose tragedies she read fluently in the original, being a good classical scholar. She was very fond of music, and devoted much time to it in her youth; and she painted from nature with considerable taste. All things fair were a joy to her. The flowers we brought to her from our rambles, the sea-weeds, the wild birds she saw, all interested and pleased her. Everything in nature spoke to her of that great God Who created all things, the grand and sublimely beautiful, as well as the exquisite loveliness of minute objects. Above all, in the laws which science unveils, step by step, she found ever-renewed motives for the love and adoration of their Author and Sustainer. This fervour of religious feeling accompanied her through life, and very early she shook off all that was dark and narrow in the creed of her first instructors for a purer and happier faith.'

A fourth fact, and one to be especially noted, is, that this high intellectual culture and labour—never equalled among women, so far

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as we know—in no wise interfered with her domestic life, or her duties as woman, wife, and mother. She had the good sense to guard her life not only against any perversion, but against any misconstruction, in this respect. She affected no eccentricities, claimed no exemptions on the score of her intellectual supremacy, but was of the simplest, purest, finest womanly nature. She brought up a considerable family, and her children blessed her memory. 'It would be almost incredible,' says one of them, 'how much my mother contrived to do in the course of the day. When my sister and I were small children, although busily engaged in writing for the press, she used to teach us for three hours every morning, besides managing her house carefully, reading the newspapers (for she always was a keen and, I must add, a liberal politician), and the most important new books on all subjects, grave and gay. In addition to all this, she freely visited and received her friends. She was, indeed, very fond of society; and did not look for transcendent talent in those with whom she associated, although no one appreciated it more when she found it. Gay and cheerful company was a pleasant relaxation after a hard day's work. My mother never introduced scientific or learned subjects into general conversation. When they were brought forward by others she talked simply and naturally about them, without the slightest pretension to superior knowledge. Finally, to complete the list of her accomplishments, I must add that she was a remarkably neat and skilful needlewoman. We still possess some elaborate specimens of her embroidery and lace-work.'

Mary Somerville had no morbid sensitiveness; she maintained her whole nature in a tranquil, vigorous, wholesome tone by always having something to do. When more than eighty years old, with a fame that filled the civilized world, she proposed still another great work, which would involve the most laborious details of study and research. It was a necessity of her being; one of those necessities which made her life beautiful and blessed.

'I was now,' she says, 'unoccupied, and felt the necessity of having something to do, desultory reading being insufficient to interest me; and as I had always considered the section on chemistry the weakest part of the *Connection of Physical Sciences*, I resolved to write it anew. My daughters strongly opposed this, saying, "Why not write a new book?" They were right; it would have been lost time. So I followed their advice, though it was a formidable undertaking at my age, considering that the general character of science had greatly changed. I was now an old woman, very deaf, and with shaking hands. I wrote regularly every morning from eight till twelve or one o'clock, before rising. I was not alone, for I had a mountain

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sparrow, a great pet, which sat, and, indeed, is sitting on my arm as I write these lines.'

When eighty-nine years old she says: 'I have still the habit of studying in bed from eight in the morning till twelve or one o'clock; but I am solitary, for I have lost my little bird, who was my constant companion for eight years.'

When about to step into the invisible world she says, with deep pathos as well as philosophy: 'We are told of the infinite glories of that state, and I believe in them, though it is incomprehensible to us; but as I do comprehend, in some degree at least, the exquisite loveliness of the visible world, I confess I shall be sorry to leave it. I shall regret the sky, the sea, with all the changes of their beautiful colouring; the earth, with its verdure and flowers; but far more shall I grieve to leave animals, who have followed our steps affectionately for years, without knowing for certainty their ultimate fate, though I firmly believe that the living principle is never extinguished.'

Her last record, in her last year, is worthy of her whole life: 'Though far advanced in years, I take as lively an interest as ever in passing events. The Blue Peter has been long flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. Deeply sensible of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator. I have every reason to be thankful that my intellect is still unimpaired; and although my strength is weakness, my daughters support my tottering steps, and, by incessant care and help, make the infirmities of age so light to me that I am perfectly happy.'

This enviable happiness, and also this notable longevity, could probably never have been attained but by such persistent, practical life—the habit of working on, which is, in the best sense, living on. Beyond a doubt this was true in respect to the continued integrity of her mental faculties and her enjoyment of life. She enjoyed life in extreme age, because it was filled with befitting occupation; she kept her faculties in their integrity, because she kept them in habitual exercise. Labour had become a luxury to her, as it does to all faithful workers. She kept it up to the day of her death, and her death itself was enviable. 'My mother,' writes her daughter, 'died in sleep on the morning of November 29th, 1872.'

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MORNING WORSHIP.

'My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.'—PSALM v. 3.

FATHER, while the shades of night
Fly before the crimson dawn,
Heavenward speeds my soul her flight,
Gladdened by the day new-born.

Nature, fresh enrobed and fair,
Greets me with her kindly smile,
And I breathe the fragrant air,
Drinking in Thy love the while.

All Thy works are full of Thee!
Glows my heart with living praise;
Lowly bends the reverent knee,
Upward waiting eyes I raise.

While from garden, field, and grove,
Morning carols wake around,
Swift my thoughts ascend, and rove
Where eternal songs resound.

With the wide creation's choir
My rapt soul would chant her hymn,
Kindling with the holy fire
Of the burning seraphim.

Son of God, Redeemer, Lord,
All Thy goodness none can tell;
When Thy gifts I would record,
High as heaven the numbers swell.

Through all labours of this day
Let Thy hand sustain me still;
Through all perils guard my way,
Make me strong to do Thy will.

Let my day dawn calm and bright
Where no eye for ever weeps;
Where for ever comes no night,
Where eternal sunshine sleeps.

EVENING WORSHIP.

'At evening time it shall be light.'—ZECHARIAH XIV. 7.

COME, Jesus, with the coming night,
Refresh and cheer my weary heart;
At evening-time it shall be light
If Thou art near, though day depart.

Welcome this shade that brings release
From hurrying labour's noise and strife;
That calls from restless thoughts to cease,
And calms the throbbing pulse of life.

From tedious toil, from anxious care,
Dear Lord, I turn again to Thee;
Thy presence and Thy smile to share
Makes every burden light to me.

With Thee, of all sad thoughts beguiled,
Peace nestles in my tranquil breast;
And, like a pleased and happy child,
In Thy kind arms I sink to rest.

Till night's dark watches all are gone,
O! faithful Shepherd, guard my sleep;
And when yon mountains greet the dawn,
Give strength my heavenward way to keep.

Ray Palmer.

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOMAS HEYWOOD, *Oakhurst*, TO STEPHEN WILSON, *London*.

Friday morning.

HONOURED SIR,—All that the malice of one man can do hath been attempted against my sister, but I rejoice to say in vain, and

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she is escaped so far. Not to trifle with your solicitude, I put this good news in the front of my letter, and will after write the particular circumstances as I find leisure.

As you might judge there was little rest for me that night I heard the black tidings I writ to you; but one under this roof slept more lightly than I: for as soon as 'twas light I went to the chamber where father was laid, to look on him again, and there I found my sister knelt by his pillow, wetting his gray locks with tears; she had been there an hour in prayer. As she lifted up her sorrowful looks to me, a kind of rage seized me to think how her innocence was belied; and catching her in my arms, in the hurry of my mind I let fall some such words as these:

'Thy false accusers should see thee now, dear child; sure 't would make them blush for their base suspicions;' and, having said so much, I soon had to say more, and to acquaint her with the true reason of our deferring the funeral. She heard me quietly, yet with a look of horror; and when I had done, laying her hand on father's, she said:

'Dost thou know, dear father, what they say of thy Molly? I hope not, for I think 't would grieve thee in heaven!' and she broke into weeping, but soon quieted herself, and began to urge me to have a full and free enquiry. She heard with great satisfaction that the surgeon would soon be here; and when he came ('t was Mr. Mason, whom you know), she answered all his questions with amazing composure and gentleness.

After Mr. Mason had viewed the body, and heard all we could tell of the illness, he took me aside and said:

'This hath been plainly a natural death; I see not the smallest cause for the charge of poisoning, which must have been made on some false account of the facts. Were it not well I should speak with the gentleman who makes this charge, and convince him of his error?'

I gladly consented. Mr. Mason then went to Mr. Fields and laboured long to move him from his professed belief, but 't was rooted, too deep in malice; so this good man returned, and informing us of his ill-success, said we must have a Coroner and Jury, and my sister instantly agreeing with him, and even urging it with tears, the inquest was fixed for the next day, and I had enough to do in settling for it.

My Alice saith she will now take the pen, to put in some matters with which she is better acquainted.

ALICE HEYWOOD TO HER UNCLE.

You will not much wonder at my presumption, dear Sir, knowing

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how my husband indulges me. 'Tis of poor Jane Warrington I want to write, who came to the Manor just after Mr. Mason, and an account of her conduct will show you there is no smooth path before our Molly. She came prepared for the funeral, all rustling in new black bombazine of the most modish cut, and her little rosy Lucy with her, also decked out in black hood, manteau, and petticoat, and fluttering with love-ribbons, like her mother.

The little darling looked half-amazed at Molly's pale face and sad looks, but soon ran into her arms, and Molly on her part seemed glad of the guileless creature's love; but Mrs. Warrington, sitting down and fanning herself with a monstrous black fan, began at once to open her anxieties:

'Poor dear father! his has been a sudden call—I little thought how short his time was when I was over here last, or I would have been something sharper with him. I hope, Molly, you acted up to your professions, and won upon him to make the proper changes in his will?'

'The matter was never named between us again,' said Molly, heavily.

'Never named!' cried Jane, her eyes flashing; 'why, why—what am I to think of you, Molly? you who said you wanted not a penny from father!'

''T was very true when I said it,' replied the poor girl; 'and now, could you give me back father, Jane, I would gladly give you all my share of his wealth. But 'twas not my place to meddle—and sure when he was so wroth at *your* interference, one might know he would not bear to have his youngest child setting his duty before him.'

'That's true, indeed,' said Jane, growing calmer. 'Well, I will speak with Tom; he will know more of the matter,' and she left us awhile with the little one, whose pretty prattle seemed wonderfully to soothe Molly, till the child began to say:

'Mammy says somebody has robbed me very wickedly, Molly dear. Is it a highwayman, and has he a sword and pistols? Will they put the robber in prison, and then hang him?'

''T is one who had no thought of robbing you, sweet one,' said Molly, smiling sadly; 'but very like that poor robber may be put in prison, and never come out alive. As for hanging, I don't know. They burn women for such crimes as are laid to me—don't they, Alice?' She must have been something distracted when she spoke these horrid words, but I had no time to tell her so; for Jane, hurrying just then into the room, snatched Lucy rudely out of Molly's arms, so that the child cried, while Jane said:

'I'll warrant you folks *have* been burnt for such doings, Mary

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Heywood, and may be again for aught I know. I would be loth to think you guilty, but till you are cleared you sha'n't touch my child. Fine ways your Methodist friends have taught you!'

'Are you taken with a frenzy, Mrs. Warrington?' I asked, in great disgust; but Molly rising up in a very stately way, said:

'God knows, Jane, and I call Him to witness my words, I am guiltless of murder as the babe in your arms. Who has put these vile thoughts into your mind?' She spoke with an air of such commanding innocence that Jane was daunted, and began to cry, and to say:

''Tis Fields, who has come about the will, and has told me what you are charged with, bidding me have a care how I trust my child with a poisoner. He says it will be found *petit* treason, and that 't will be a marvel if you escape burning.' The foolish inhumanity of her words struck me quite speechless; but luckily Tom coming in just then had heard her, and said to her with a stern look and voice:

'That wretch says more than he will stand to, sister Warrington; and the barbarities with which he seeks to frighten us would not be allowed at this day, did the worst come to the worst. I have rid the house of the villain, as I would have you rid your mind of his wicked hints. Your husband is in the next room, and would speak with you. He will teach her to practise outward decency at least,' added Tom, when Jane, very crestfallen, had gone as he bid her; and indeed, though Ned Warrington chose to look mighty stiff and sour on us all, his wife was not so outrageous after he had talked with her; but their company added much to our affliction. And now that I have shown you how great is my lack of charity to this tender, loving sister, I shall let Tom continue his story, which I cannot think would have been properly complete without my additions.

TOM HEYWOOD TO HIS UNCLE.

My Alice bids me not overlook the sheet she hath filled, but I dare safely trust her. I think, dear Sir, 't would have pleased you much could you have seen in what fashion our Molly met her strange trouble. I was something amazed, as the hours wore on, to find my sister's mind more taken up with anxious thoughts about our poor father's eternal safety and happiness than about her own peril.

She would be often repeating the words he had used in his dying moments, and asking first one and then another of us if he had not shown the truest penitence and trust in Divine mercy? which you may think none of us had the heart to speak against; but I—being

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at that time more concerned for the living who was yet alive than for the dead who had past beyond my help—was chiefly pleased that others should see such a proof of her anxious love for father.

When the jury came through the hall on their way upstairs to view the body, my sister Molly was sat by the fire with Alice beside her, and little Lucy Warrington had stolen to her, and was stood leaning against her knees. In her black gown, and with her white, mournful face and heavy eyes, our Molly was such an image of patient grief as must touch any heart, and so it was seen, for one or two of the jurymen stepping aside to her and taking her by the hand with tears running down their cheeks, said:

'Pray God be thy comfort; thou art as innocent as I am, I believe,' or such-like words; at which assurances from these simple, honest men, she looked up wonderfully comforted.

When they had viewed the body, I carried them to dine with me at Green Royd, having to entertain them as best I could without my wife, who would not be parted from Molly. After dinner they fell to business, and sent for Molly and all those who could speak as to the manner of the death. They would have begun by hearing what Fields had to say, but he was slow in coming when sent for; so Wilkins and the servants were first sworn.

The good Wilkins hath been like one quite distracted since this vile slander was set about, threatening so violently what she would do could she get at its author with her nails, that I was in some fear lest he should charge her as an accomplice; so 't was a mighty relief when it proved that being put on her oath sobered her, and she could tell her plain tale quietly.

When she had done, the vile wretch came unwillingly among us, and at once had the oath given him, and was bid to show the grounds on which he accused Molly of father's murder.

Whether 't was the near prospect of flat perjury that dismayed him, I know not, but I never saw the man so confused; he faltered in his speech, and could not look Molly in the face as she stood there in her undaunted gentleness. At last he stammered out a disjointed tale of her late differences with her father, of father's shutting her out o' doors, and of his death ensuing shortly after her return.

'All this is nothing to the matter in hand,' said the Coroner. 'What proofs can you bring against this young gentlewoman?' and to this Fields could answer nothing, except 'that it had a very ill look that Mr. Heywood should be taken for death so immediately after partaking with his daughter of a meal that she had prepared, and that he had no disorder which could account for the sudden death of so vigorous a man.'

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We will shortly hear the surgeon on that point,' said the Coroner; and so bade Fields stand by awhile; then he called on Molly.

She came modestly forward, a little colour rising in her cheek at so many eyes bent on her, but otherwise unmoved; and a sort of pitying murmur ran through the room. To all that was asked of her she made ready answers in a clear, steady voice, only it trembled sadly when she spoke of father's death; I saw many weeping to hear her. When she had done her relation, the Coroner, putting off a kind of forced sternness he had worn, said mildly:

'Sweet heart, I have no more to say to you;' and so at once called on me, and after on Mr. Mason, who telling all he knew of the disorder for which he had attended father, said that in his judgment there never was a clearer case of natural death; after hearing which the jury quickly agreed on a verdict in that sense.

Then the Coroner, coming up to Molly and taking her hand, expressed a tender pity for her fatherless youth, and said:

'Do not be daunted, sweet heart, God will yet recompense thee for these injuries, and thou must bless Him this man's malice broke out before thy father was buried;' and turning to Fields, he spoke a few sharp words in reproof of his slanders, saying: 'If you should spend your life in clearing the good name of this poor young gentlewoman, 't would hardly make her amends for the wrong you have done her;' but Fields listened with an evil look, and as he hastily went out, said a word aside to Molly—to this effect, she tells me:

'I have not done with you yet, madam, and you will not find me like these easy fools, who are gulled by a fair face and a few counterfeit tears;' and indeed we find he had not played the last of his tricks, for he hath now blown up a new tempest about my father's will, which was duly read on our return from the burying.

But I defer this account, as I find from your letter just received that you will soon be amongst us, in hope of which comfort I now break off my story. Our best wishes attend you, especially those of our patient, suffering sister, who is now feeling the ill effects of that noble exertion of spirit she lately made; she desires her grateful duty to our good aunt, as also doth your dutiful, loving nephew,

T. Heywood.

Mrs. Martha Wilson, *London*, to Mrs. Mary Heywood, *Oakhurst*.

February 20th.

You must have thought me a stock or a stone, dear little angel, all this time that I have refrained from writing one word to you of compassion for your undeserved sufferings. 'Tis not insensibility, how-

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ever, that has kept me silent, but a little too much of an opposite quality. I must own I was something hurt at your choosing mother for confidante and correspondent instead of one so near your own age as I. I felt it as too sharp a reproach to me as a trifling, giddy creature, not worth your affection.

I might not have overcome this pique now but for John, who has been saying to me, 'When you next write to cousin Mary, I will ask you to add a message to her from me.'

'I never write to her,' I said, something sullenly; at which you can't think, Molly, how his face glowed betwixt anger and surprise.

'Never write to her!' he said; 'and you knowing through what deep waters she is passing—her father dead, her spotless name blackened, and her very life threatened, and that because she hath chosen the better part! and at such a time you withhold the pity and love that might strengthen her heart! 'T is an inhumanity I could not have believed of you.'

Sure my conduct looked black enough in my own eyes as he spoke, yet I plucked up heart to say, 'She hath never chosen to write a word to me since she went North, so I could not guess a letter from me would please her. And how am I worse than you, Jack? I'll warrant it you have given Molly no sign either of all your fine feelings for her.'

'You must see, if you have your senses,' he said, reddening a little, 'that you are a fitter person than I to address our cousin by letter, I hope you will no longer stand on a vain point of ceremony, but will take the next chance of writing, when I will ask you, for sisterly charity, to convey a few words from me.'

I was so moved by his look and words—(sure, Molly, there were tears in his voice, though he contrived to keep them from his eyes,) that I fetched ink and paper, and bade him give me his message, I would set it down. Then, seemingly with great effort:

'Tell her,' he said, 'as from one who desires her soul's health and her bodily safety beyond all earthly comforts, that when I was in grievous trouble about her case, this Scripture was given me for her: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." I am assured,' said John, almost with a sob, 'that this promise is for *her*;' and then he broke away in great discomposure; and I, being left alone, fell crying—I own it fairly—and then began my penitent letter to you.

Indeed, Molly, since cousin Tom's letters apprised us of your new

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trials, I have not known an easy moment; I thought of your differences with Uncle Heywood only as of a kind of lover's quarrel; but that wretch's malice, in hunting you down in your grief, is so hideous a thing, that all day I am sick and shivering to think of it.

Here I was called down to hear father read the joyful news in his last Oakhurst letter, just arrived. Sure as we were that your innocence would be vindicated, we had not hoped to see the wicked enemy so quickly confounded before you. My poor words of comfort are a day behind the fair, Molly; yet I will not think them wasted, for it seems from cousin Tom's closing hints you are not quite out of the wood yet; and then father will be my postman, and he is a host of comforts in himself.

I wish I could now make you guess, and guess, and guess again vainly, who father's travelling companion will be! but you will know the word of the riddle before I have the chance of puzzling you with it: and so I will now say no more, but that I share in your triumph with all my heart, and am

Your truly loving and repentant

PAT.

ARACHNE.

BY THE REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK.

LONG ago there lived in the country of the Lydians, so says the ancient story, a certain dyer in purple (that purple which made the fortune of Paul's Philippian friend), whose daughter attained to great skill in the art of weaving. Proud of her attainments, the maiden had the temerity to challenge to a trial of skill Athena herself, the goddess who was supposed to teach men, and especially women, all useful arts in agriculture and trade.

Arachne wove a piece of cloth on which, in fair colours and with exquisite beauty, were pictured the loves of the gods. The work was done so perfectly that Athena could find no fault with it, nor could she hope, with all her skill, to produce anything more beautiful. So in her ruthless feminine rage she tore the lovely fabric to shreds, and Arachne, in her despair, hung herself. But Athena, touched with pity, or perhaps fearing to encounter the victim of her jealousy in that mystic world where so many wrongs were avenged, loosened the rope and saved the maiden's life. Yet after all, Athena, having fallen into a temper more girlish than divine, and having behaved as no lady ought to behave, had to suffer for her folly. For the loosened rope was turned into a cobweb, and Arachne herself into a spider; and if there was one creature on earth more hateful than another to the pure, clean, beautiful goddess it was the spider: and as for

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that horrid cobweb, whether hanging in its fluffy dirtiness from a palace ceiling, or filling up a dingy corner in an artisan's workshop, or, with its débris of dead flies, covering a garden shrub or hiding the beauty of a ripening cornstalk—was it not the very symbol of untidyness and idleness? Goddess though she was; sprung, as some people said, from the head of Zeus; patroness of all inventions which required profound thought; cleverer by far than any other goddess or even god in Olympus, how could *she* be supposed to understand that the spider was a knowing little creature, every bit as clean and tidy and orderly and, in its way and measure, as useful as herself? There was no 'Natural Science Society' on Olympus. The 'International Scientific Series' had not yet been dreamt of. Father Zeus could not have found a Science class for his daughter, or a Lecturer in Zoology, or a *Primer* or even a *Miscellany* if he had searched the world around. And I am sure if he could not have found these requisites to a polite education in *our* world, he could never have found them in *his* world. For marvellous as was that other world which Greek dreamers fashioned out of the dreams of more ancient races, it was never half so marvellous,—never half so full of force and truth and beauty and romance and mystery—as was this in which Lydian maidens spun their flax and silk, and wove their embroidered cloths, and in which spiders spun their webs, and wove their snares and nests. No; Athena had no chance of knowing that which you and I, if we keep our eyes and ears open, can scarcely help knowing, and therefore if Arachne, as a weaving woman, was hateful to her, she was, you may rest assured, far more hateful as a nasty, ugly, dirty, web-spinning spider.

One good thing, however, came of this sad tragedy. Both woman and goddess suffered; but the poor little spider was lifted into fame and won an imperishable and, as I think, a very pretty name. The Greeks called the spider 'Arachne;' and now all the spider's cousins and uncles and aunts, from the cheese-mite to the scorpion, share the name, and are called Arachnida. It is quite surprising that some enthusiastic naturalist has not given the name (he need not have told his wife its meaning) to one of his little daughters. 'Arachne, my dear, will you be good enough to mend the rent in my net, and put up a dozen chip-boxes, and ask your mother if she will kindly fill the small botanical case with sandwiches, and we will go into the forest together and see whether we cannot catch some specimens for our entomological collection.'

It is quite clear to me that Athena must either have been ignorant of the real nature of spiders, or else she must have been jealous of them. For she and they had much in common. Athena, for instance,

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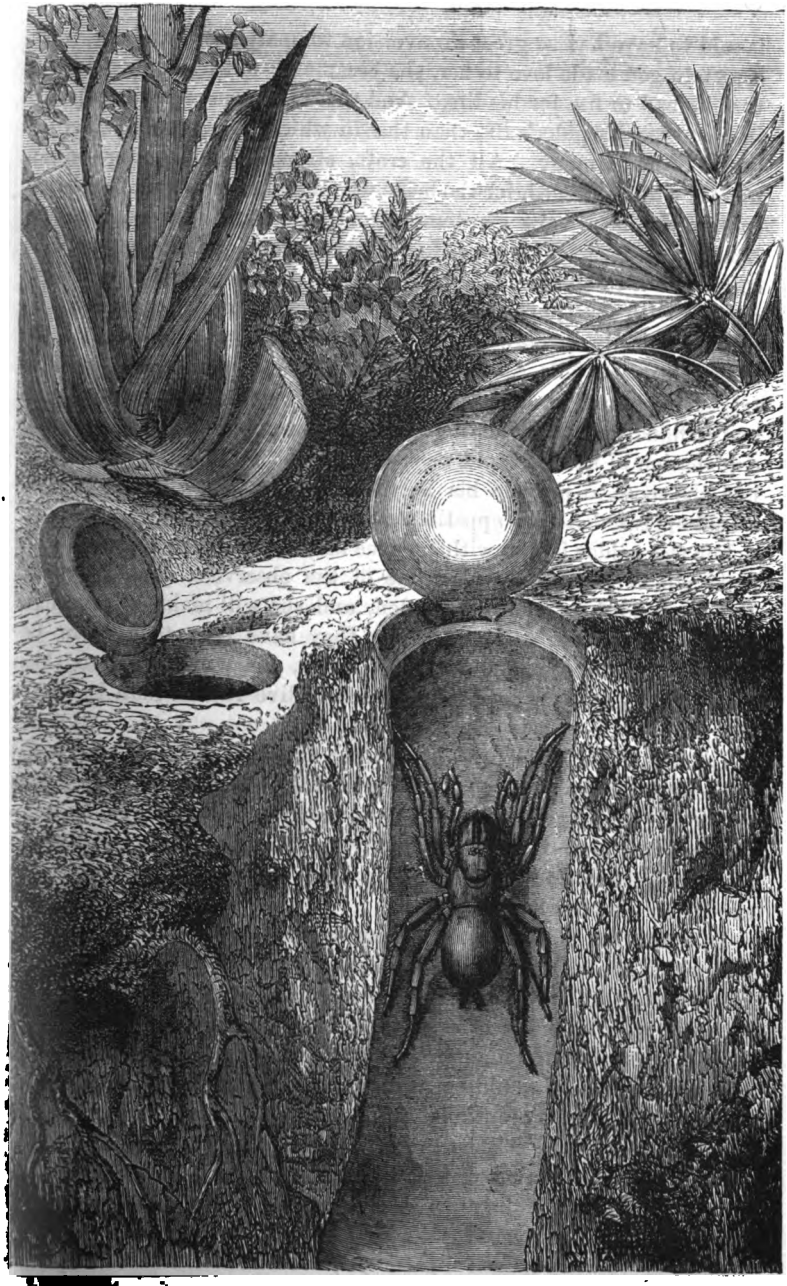

(The Trap-door Spider.)

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is said to have had so great an aversion to marriage that once, when a certain god made love to her, she became so outrageously ferocious that he had to flee for his life. And there is no more perilous period in a gentleman-spider's life than that in which he resolves to enter the bonds of matrimony. All the craft, strength and courage he can muster will be needed, for the bride whom he hopes to win, in relation to himself, is a very giantess—strong and cruel—with a ferocious temper and a voracious appetite. Ten chances to one if the would-be suitor is not caught in those terrible mandibles, pierced and poisoned, covered with the bonds of a web from which there is no escape, and cannibalistically devoured.

Mr. Darwin tells a story of a Frenchman who, beholding this tragical termination of a spider's courtship, was 'filled with horror and indignation.' Let us hope that hunger and not malice is the explanation of the lady-spider's ferocity, and that if her would-be lord had the sense to provide his lady-love with a nice little dinner, he would appease both her appetite and her wrath.

For the spider is not without true affection: throw her with her little silken bag of eggs, as one of the observers quoted by Mr. Romanes did, into an ant-lion's den, and she will make a brave fight for her little ones; and even after they have been torn from her and she has been removed from the den, she will return to them 'and choose to be dragged in and buried alive rather than leave her charge.'

In the Bible there are apparently three, in reality only two, references to the spider. The creature described in Prov. xxx. 28, as living in 'kings' palaces,' and taking 'hold with her hands,' is not a spider, but a kind of lizard commonly found in Eastern houses, which feeds on spiders and flies, capturing them by means of a venomous exudation secreted by the 'hands.'

In Isaiah lix. 6 there is an allusion to the flimsiness of the spider's web which can never 'become a garment.' This is still literally true. Many attempts have been made to utilize the spider's silk, but hitherto with no practical result. It has been calculated that 27,648 female spiders would be required to produce one pound of silk, whilst the same quantity would be spun by 2304 silkworms. And all this enormous multitude of spiders would have to be accommodated each one with a separate cell, or but few would be left behind to pursue their peaceful avocation of cocoon-weaving, and to tell the dreadful story of the battle of the arachnida. So alas! although the spider, if the Greek myth may be trusted, helped to teach the ancient Lydians the art of weaving beautiful garments, she herself can never aspire to a higher honour than that of weaving snares for her foes and cradles

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for her babies. After all the researches of science and the efforts of industrial art, she still ranks, as in the days of Isaiah, with the cockatrice and the viper, and her 'webs' can never 'become garments.' By a curious coincidence the spider, like the viper, has been credited with medicinal virtue. Its web has been used not only for the stanching of blood, but also as a medicine for the cure of intermittent fevers. And before now Arachne herself has been swallowed 'gently bruised and wrapped in a raisin, or spread upon bread and butter;' or she has been imprisoned 'in a nutshell, and suspended from the patient's neck and left to die.'

This last application of the spider as a remedial agent, if effectual, as some have testified, may probably be classed as one of a series of curious facts which go to prove that in certain nervous disorders anything which will create 'horror, disgust, sudden joy, terror,' or, I may add, implicit faith, is likely to be more or less efficacious. In Job viii. 13-15, the spider's house is used as an illustration of the instability, the perishableness of the godless man's hope: 'He shall lean upon his house, but it shall not stand: he shall hold it fast, but it shall not endure.'

Of course there is no reflection cast upon the sufficiency for all ordinary purposes of the spider's house. We know that, as a matter of fact, it will withstand much rough usage. But in relation to the force brought to bear upon it by higher creatures, it is necessarily a frail structure. So is the hypocrite's hope. Sooner or later, however skilfully and laboriously constructed, however persistently defended and strengthened, propped up by its owner, held fast by his despairing hands, it can no more stand against the touch of God's finger, than a spider's house can resist the foot of a bird, or the hand of man. A spider's house! have you ever examined one of the commonest? Have you ever looked across the outside snare, and down the round tube of the house-spider, and considered how wonderful the ingenuity displayed in the construction of that house-wife's abhorrence? And that is by no means the most wonderful home without hands. In the *Miscellany* for June the house of the water-spider was described. In the accompanying illustration you may see, in vertical section, and also from above, a house of very different construction, and almost as wonderful. The builder is only found in warm countries, but specimens of his house are now to be seen in most museums. A first cousin, *Atypus sulzeri*, lives in England. She is a little less than half an inch in length. Her colour is reddish-brown in front, deepening into a darker hue behind. She is queen of all the hunting spiders, and carries weapons larger, in proportion to her body, than any other English spider. Her eyes, eight in

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number, four large and four small, are mounted on a crescent-shaped projection behind her huge jaws. She is furnished with three pairs of spinnerets. Her legs are short and thick. Like her foreign cousin figured in the illustration, she 'forms a tunnel in damp earth, which she lines with a tube of close-textured white silk. At the end of this gallery, which runs in a horizontal direction at first but dips down afterwards, the spider remains crouching, waiting for its prey; the female there deposits her cocoon, which is guarded from the dampness of the earth by being placed on a cushion formed of silky flock and the fibres of plants.' If you find her, do not be deceived by her tricks. She will pretend to be dead, as do many other hunting creatures.

The Trap-door Spider differs from the English *Atypus*, so far as its house is concerned, in the curious device to which it is indebted for its popular name. There are several varieties of trap-doors constructed by as many species of *Mygale;* but the same species always constructs on precisely the same principle. One species makes a door which fits the mouth of the tube like a cork in a bottle. Another makes its door thin as a wafer. A third makes two doors, one a few inches below the other. A fourth, found only in the south of Europe, cuts a branch tube, fits a door to it, and so provides itself with an inner citadel in case the outworks should be stormed. The hinge of the door is simply a continuation of the silken texture which lines the tube. The materials of the outside door are always such as to make its resemblance to the surrounding surface so perfect that detection is almost impossible. Where a branch tube is constructed, the surface of the inner door is woven over with silk, so as to resemble the lining of the main tube. Many observers have declared that if an enemy attempts to lift the door, this spider, like the one referred to in Job, will 'seize hold of its internal surface, and, applying her legs to the walls of the tube, forcibly hold the trap-door shut.'

In one variety another curious contrivance is provided, in the form of a lever placed above the hinge and extending beyond it, by which the door may be opened. One would scarcely be surprised to hear that a spider-builder had been discovered clever enough to make a latch. Who knows! If Arachne should arrange her quarrel with Athena, she may some day invent a lock and key that may rival 'Chubb's Patent.'

A STORY OF THE PRISON MISSION.

ONE of the young women who had been brought under the power of Divine grace in the laundry, announced to us one day that she was about to be married. We confess that we heard the news with a sinking of heart, for the terrible snare of being 'unequally

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yoked' came into our minds; and we had little faith that a suitable husband for a young believer had turned up in our circle, where few remain after they have found the haven of mercy; and fewer still ever think of taking a wife from among those whose fall they have shared.

C—— insisted that 'it was the best thing she could do, and that she must know best what was good for her.'

Much prayer was made for guidance for her; and still her determination remained unaltered. She would marry F——!

'Had she known him long?'

'No; not at all.'

'Had he been in prison?'

'Yes, that was the truth, and she was resolved to tell nothing but the truth, but not all of the truth; so it was of no use to ask her any more questions.'

So we forbore, and the couple were married; C—— continuing to work as usual, and the husband finding some employment in the neighbourhood.

A few days after the wedding some festivities were indulged in, and they promoted the opposite of peace and good-will. The newly-married pair fought, and black eyes and bruised arms were shown in the Mission-Room as the result of the entertainment.

'In what state is your opponent? Have you marked him in the same way?' the bride was asked.

'*Me!*' she replied, indignantly; 'my temper was so raised I couldn't strike him. I was too much stunned. No; I called in a policeman, and gave him in charge, so he has got a month.'

The bride, during this month, mourned her severity, and sorely repented that she had been so hasty, for she said: 'I'm tied to the man, and now he'll revenge this on me; and I have brought a bad business on myself. I had no right to be so hard on him, for I gave many a bad blow to others that I had no right to beat, and he had, after all, a right to chastise his own wife. It done me good; for I was just giving him too much of my bad tongue, and he did what was quite proper—he stopped me at once. "We'll have no more of it," said he; "this is the way I'll settle it;" and then he struck me, and put an end to my talking. So I must not let him suffer for it, but try to be the better for what was well meant.'

She could not see the affair in any other light than as a needed correction; and her submission was intended to be humiliation of herself, for her sinful conduct in provoking him to wrath.

'Were you not all drunk at the time of the quarrel?'

'Not at all: we were only disputing about the name *he* chooses to

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be called. I don't like it. There is no reason if *he* wishes to alter *his* name into one to *his* fancy, that I should not take the name of his father, which he ought to be called, but he won't have it. That's how it came about.'

'And how have you decided the matter?'

'That I won't have either, or any one of his names, but just keep my own name, and that's what you'll please to call me, the same as ever, C——.'

We continued to do so; and made no remarks on the subject of names or of husbands, until one Sunday the two were seen to come together into the Mission Hall to the evening meeting, apparently on very friendly terms.

'You've made up your quarrel, friends, I see.'

The young man smiled, and said, 'It was all right now.'

The story of their reconciliation was very amusing. It seemed that C—— laboured hard to procure some garments of a respectable kind for him, and went to meet him at the gate of the prison, on his liberation, carrying them in her hand. She argued that 'Jacob made friends with his brother by giving him a present, and she would do the same with her husband.'

He was immensely pleased, and they went home happily together. 'That's the good of knowing your Bible,' she said, when we remarked on her wisdom. 'It was not my thought, but God's: Do good to them that "despitefully use you:" so I done it, and got my reward.'

F——, the husband, turned out to be a very 'handy man,' and employment was found for him in the many repairs and alterations continually required in the premises occupied by the Missions. Both he and C——were to be seen at every Gospel meeting in the Hall; and their conduct was much lauded by the former companions of C——, who remarked the great change in his manner and proceedings.

It is a characteristic of the criminal class to behave very considerately to those who truly and sincerely repent, and begin a new life in reality. Hypocrites do not deceive them. They have a keen perception of that which is false, and a false profession of religion is always stigmatized by them strongly, and the sham exposed. But when a true change is seen, and one of them is 'turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God,' they protect the new position that has been taken by anything in their power. It is only the undecided and wavering that they try to bring down again into their snares and temptations; and they succeed and triumph in their victory, protesting that 'they knew well it was all humbug, and wouldn't stand a drop of drink; which, if it was *the real thing*, could not shake it.'

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F—— and C—— were well done by, and their well-wishers were many. 'Mr. F——' was spoken of with the respect due to a 'mechanic,' which he seemed, by nature, to be.

All sorts of work came easy to him. He was bricklayer, plasterer, plumber, slater, painter, etc., alternately, about our houses; and when we were preparing one for occupation, and placing in the furniture, he turned cabinet-maker, upholsterer, gas-fitter, and gardener, as easily as if he had served an apprenticeship to them all!

'How is this, F——?' we enquired. 'Where were you trained?'

'In the F—— Reformatory,' he answered; 'and well for me too; but I went there too late to get all the good I wanted. I was after sixteen when I was sent, and kept there too short a time; and that's how I got took up, and had so much prison after it all. I was too old for school, and did not master the reading; but now she's teaching me, and I'm getting on with it. I'm quite ashamed not to be able to read my hymn-book at the meetings; but she tells me the words, and I keep singing em, and learns many of them very quick. I always could learn songs easily; and now I thank God that I have that trick, for I use it for the better songs, and they *are* better to me than anything! Those hymns tells all about religion, everything is in them, and you can remember them to their tunes. It is very nice —lovely, I think it is.'

The beauty of the songs of praise was dawning on the mind of the man; he was beginning to feel the light and warmth in his soul of the Divine life.

C—— took sick. Those who visited her were struck with her zeal for her husband's soul. The whole of her efforts were to teach him what she knew; and she had 'all knowledge;' and yet she said, 'I am nothing, for I only want to be saved from any more punishment, I'm sick and tired of sin. I've had prison, off and on, all my life, beginning at nine years old; but he, poor fellow, never learned good things until he was grown up too old to know them properly. In prison, and in school, I was taught all about Christ and the way to go to heaven, and I never tried to go. I'm more to be blamed than he.'

The man's face became day by day more child-like and simple, as he studied the Gospel story. The sick woman could not always join in prayer when one of the ladies called to see her; so F——, in homely words, used to tell their sorrows to Jesus. All this time the Mission-workers did not particularly notice the 'convict' who was employed about the premises; and, when they saw him at the meetings, regarded his attendance as that 'matter of course' to which they were accustomed. But it was apparent, after a time, that the man was under conviction of sin, and that he was burdened and sorrowful.

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At an after-meeting, when the penitents were invited to stand, he rose; but in answer to the question, 'Do you believe that Jesus died for you?' 'O, I *do*, I *do!*' he brightly said, and joined in the rejoicing song with hearty voice, and no hymn-book, but from memory, choosing 'Hallelujah! what a Saviour!'

This couple do us good. Their faith and love are witnesses every day of the blessing that the Lord gives in the Prison Mission.*

FROM EVENING TWILIGHT UNTIL DAWN.

BY T. P. GRAY, F.R.A.S.

(CONCLUDING PAPER.)

THE LUNAR CRATER, 'Archimedes,' consists of a nearly circular plain, about fifty miles in diameter, completely surrounded by a range of mountains varying in height from three thousand to seven thousand feet. The enclosed plain is termed the *floor*, or *interior*, and the mountain range the *wall*. Although nearly circular, on account of its position half-way toward the moon's northern edge, and being in consequence viewed obliquely, 'Archimedes' presents an oval appearance. Let us imagine that we are watching it through a telescope, the south being at the top, the north at the bottom, the east to our right, and the west to our left.

The moon is at her first quarter, and her inner edge is rendered rugged and uneven by portions of shadow lingering in the valleys and low plains, and here and there by a loftier mountain peak or broad plateau catching the sunlight and infringing on the darkness. The western portion of the wall of 'Archimedes,' a half-ring of light, covered with little chasms and ending at the south in a mountain mass, lies exactly on the morning terminator. The floor and the wall's eastern half are still in shadow, but as we watch, two or three brilliant specks of light appear; these are the highest peaks upon the wall. As sunrise proceeds the specks lengthen until they touch, and a slender thread of light, joining the broader half, completes the ring. The narrow thread grows wider and wider, yet still the floor is hidden, covered by the shadow of the western wall. But now near the southern mountain mass two tiny peaks protrude their heads above the sea of darkness, whose appearance bids us be prepared, for it is the signal for the veil of night to be lifted from the floor. A few ruddy rays seem to flash with quivering movement, soon followed by a steady glow, upon the north-east portion of the interior, and sunrise has commenced upon the floor. In an hour a third is visible, and the peaks of the western wall cast sharply-pointed shadows on the level interior; not perfectly level, however, for when the darkness

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has receded more we notice spots upon its dusky gray surface. Only after the closest scrutiny we discern four very small craters and six little mountains, casting minute, pointed shadows; a black dot, indicating a hole, on the summit of each of the mountains shows that they are crater-cones. Eight hours elapse, and the terminator having passed away, the shadow of the eastern wall presents a grand sight as its jagged outline falls upon the open plain, while still the western wall buries a sixth of the floor in darkness. A day passes and the aspect of the gray interior has undergone a change: two faint light streaks running from east to west have very gradually appeared, and a white spot has taken the place of each of the ten craters and crater-cones. We are now able to see that the wall is very steep on the inside, but slopes gently on the outside to the level of the plain. Day after day the streaks and spots grow brighter and more distinct, a fresh one constantly making its appearance until, at full moon, half the lunar day has passed. Now no shadows can be seen, and a curious indistinctness shrouds the whole formation. Within the bright ring formed by the wall, twenty-four light streaks are seen, of various sizes and lying in all directions, some bright and others very faint. On the streaks are more than fifty white spots, some of them very difficult to see, each perhaps indicating the position of a crater from several hundred feet to a mile and a-half in diameter. In a few days the streaks and spots begin to disappear, slowly, as they came. As the evening terminator approaches, shadows begin to show themselves to the *west*, not as at sunrise to the *east*, of the walls and mountains. This reversing of the illumination is very puzzling, and the details of the surface wear an aspect so different as to be almost unrecognisable by an inexperienced observer. In the summit of the eastern wall there is a break which produces a great gap in its shadow thrown on the interior. As sunset proceeds the lengthening shadows of the western peaks creep across the plain until they join the terminator; meanwhile, the floor is being slowly covered by the advancing darkness, until the walls alone remain free from shade. First the western wall is lost, and then the shadow, climbing the sides of the eastern wall, leaves visible nothing but the peaks. One by one these too disappear, and Archimedes is enveloped in the darkness of the long lunar night.

We find upon the moon craters innumerable, from the mighty circular plain whose walls are mountains, to the little hole only a few hundred feet across, and hardly visible in a powerful telescope. There are craters in craters, craters adjoining craters, and craters on the walls of craters. There are clusters of craters, and rows of craters. There are craters at the bottoms of the deepest valleys and on the summits of the highest mountain crests. In addition,

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we have reason to believe that for each one that can be seen through the telescope, there are many too minute to be discerned even with our most powerful instruments. These lunar craters are not of course burning volcanoes; they have been probably long, long extinct, and are, like everything around them, dead. Craters are divided into the following classes, the names being to some extent self-explaining: Walled-plains, Mountain-rings, Ring-plains, Crater-plains, Craters, Craterlets, Crater-pits, and Crater-cones; the Walled-plains being the largest formations, the Crater-cones the smallest and the most like the volcanoes of the earth. About five hundred of the principal craters have been named, and the smaller objects in the neighbourhood of each are called by the name of the chief formation with a Greek or Roman letter, and sometimes a number also affixed. An astronomer was once showing a map of the moon to a friend, who perhaps too anxious to appear interested to be careful in what he said, innocently asked, 'And how did you find out that the mountains had all those names?' That a similar doubt trouble not others, it may be advisable to state that the lunar formations were not discovered labelled, but received their titles from some of the earlier selenographers; they are chiefly the names of well-known astronomers or mathematicians. The idea of thus perpetuating the labours of the dead is not without beauty. Here, in the very field in which they toiled, are recorded the names of the chief lunar workers; here they to whom perhaps no lofty stones were raised on earth, have mightier and more lasting monuments. Let us wander amid these worthy memorials of the great, pausing now and again to recall some incident in the life of him who is commemorated, as well as to gaze upon the vast formation which will outlive the well-inscribed marble and the delicately-chiselled statue.

Not far from the south pole a white spot can just be discerned with the naked eye, and a telescope of very low power will distinctly show long, light streaks extending from this point all over the moon. This is Tycho, a formation fifty-four miles in diameter, with high walls rising one thousand seven hundred feet above the interior plain, which contains a central mountain considerably higher than Snowdon. The name of Tycho recalls a scene of success almost unparalleled in astronomical history: we must picture to ourselves a small Danish island where, with the silence of ocean cutting off the noises and vibrations of busy towns, with no sound but the peaceful and distant murmur of the lapping waves to disturb his labours, Tycho assiduously watches the stars, by his sovereign's favour surrounded with all the instrumental assistance that wealth can procure for his magnificent observatory, proudly called *Uraniberg*, 'The city of the heavens.'

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Somewhat to the north of Tycho is the wonderful Straight Wall. Where the Promontorium Œnarium protrudes its rugged and rocky outline into the pure gray surface of the Sea of Clouds, there is a small crater, and it is at a point immediately to the south-east of it that the Straight Wall commences. With an average height of five or six hundred feet, it extends southward for sixty miles, ending at a branching mountain which gives it near sunrise exactly the appearance of a huge, large-handled walking-stick lying upon the moon. The fine ring-plain 'Birt,' to the east, recalls to many an amateur astronomer the frequent help and kind encouragement of one who but very recently passed from our midst.

Near the south pole is a walled-plain which deserves our especial notice, not only because it is so deep that from some portions of the interior, neither earth nor sun are ever seen, but also because by its name we are reminded of an astronomer who was buried with royal honours, whose pall-bearers were peers, on whose monument was inscribed, 'Let mortals congratulate themselves that so great an ornament of the human race has existed,' of the world-famed, thrilling name of Newton,—a man whose absorption in science was so great that he would frequently, through abstraction, forget his meals, and if on rising in the morning he discovered a new thought, would remain for hours seated in the most oblivious manner on the side of his bed.

Enclosing a plain fifty-six miles in diameter, rises in terraces a circular and very complex range of fine and lofty mountains, abounding in clefts and chasms, with spur-like ridges jutting outwards in every direction. Beyond these ridges extend for an immense distance strange light streaks, like the spokes of a huge wheel, the circular plain being the centre. In the middle of the plain is a group of isolated peaks. This, the finest crater in the north-east portion of the moon, fitly keeps in remembrance the name of one over whose grave for nearly forty years no tomb was raised, and then by a kindly hand but a small, plain monument, which indeed was with difficulty discovered and disinterred when more than two hundred years afterwards his careless countrymen sought at length his resting-place. And well might they desire to honour the memory of Copernicus, for to him were not given the rewards of praise due to his mighty labour, until there had passed over those great powers of memory and reason filmy clouds of unconsciousness never in this life to be dispersed.

Not very far from 'Copernicus,' and near the centre of the moon, is the far-famed Hyginus Rill. A rill is a long and narrow cleft or chasm, looking like a crack in the surface; there are many of these inexplicable objects on the moon, and they are found equally in the level regions and in the most disturbed and rugged districts. This

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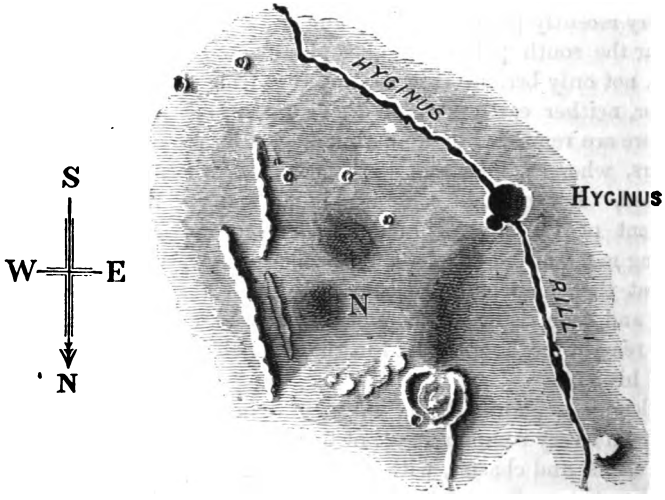
rill cuts without interruption through the walls and floor of Hyginus, the crater in its centre, and is one hundred and fifty miles in length, having an average width of about fifteen hundred yards. It is a spot that has been the centre of much interest, if not excitement, during the last few years. The real object of lunar observations is to discover any alterations which may take place, whether landslips or due to volcanic action, for the question of change on the moon is a much-vexed subject, still provoking lively discussion. A round black spot, nearly as large as and to the north-west of Hyginus, and near a



mountain-ridge, will be readily recognised. This crater is called Hyginus N.; pages and pages of notes and sketches have been made of this formation, giving us reason to believe that until recently it had no existence, and further, that its birth must have taken place during the years 1876-1877.

Bearing the more homely name of 'Birmingham,' there is near the north-pole a curiously square formation, on the east of which, also square, and of about the same dimensions, lies perhaps the strangest object on the moon. At intervals on the summit of the north-east wall are lofty, tower-like structures, while the square enclosure contains two very regular crosses, formed by ridges. We can easily understand that such a formation should have been attributed to the work of the moon's inhabitants, though it is now known that its construction would necessitate the existence of giants greater than the Brobdingnags, for the walls are 'about sixty-five miles in length, one in

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breadth, and from two hundred and fifty to three thousand feet in height.'

Amongst the names of the lunar mountains we also feel at home. Along the north-west border of the 'Sea of Rains' extend the Alps in varying grandeur, at one point completely cleft by a mighty fissure called The Great Alpine Valley, at another attaining to their highest point, twelve thousand feet, in a huge mass fittingly called after its somewhat higher namesake, Mt. Blanc. Some of the names of the lunar seas (really plains) are strange, and may be interesting; it is customary, however, to use Latin equivalents. Sea of Cold, Lake of Death, Sea of Quietness, Swamp of Mists, Sea of Vapours, Bay of Tossings, Bay of Rainbows, Ocean of Storms, Bay of Dew, Sea of Fruitfulness. In the lunar nomenclature we find the names of some who are still living; a small but fine crater, is called after the Rev. T. W. Webb, who, through his beautiful little work, *Celestial Objects*, is known to almost every possessor of a telescope.

We have said that our last lunar lesson must come from the earth, for with the largest telescope in the world it is manifestly impossible to learn much concerning the minute details of the moon's surface. We must travel in imagination to the western coast of North America. It is evening, and the mysterious lake of the Yellowstone,* with its peacefully sleeping waters cradled amid loftiest peaks, lies at our feet; as standing in thought on the range of the great Blue Mountains we solemnly watch, while the crimson hues, caught from the sun hurrying down in the beauteous western sky, fade from the face of the lake, which is bathing in coolness the pine-covered headlands at the feet of the hills that appear to touch the smooth edge of the water. Like gems are the islands scattered over the surface; like a large jewel is the lake in its setting of sparkling sand. This region is sacred to science, for beneath and amongst the calm foliage lurk the remnants of such mighty powers as have made our moon desolate. See how changed is the scene when, at the usual evening hour, the cold winds from yonder summits of snow rage through the narrow clefts of the mountains, and disturb into great waves and discoloured foam the smooth, blue lake. Under the angry and darkly-leaden clouds there is an air of the gloomiest desolation. The sand on the shore is composed of volcanic rocks, ground by the waves to shingle and powder, and is strewn with curiously-formed fragments of mud and clay, shaped like clubs, cups and strange images. In the chief centre of

* The following description is founded on an account of this region in a work called *Wonders of the Yellowstone*. By James Richardson; now out of print.

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volcanic action, twelve miles to the west of the lake, is a river, the banks of which are lined with boiling springs; on all sides may be seen clouds of steam issuing from the ground, and regularly-thrown jets of water, from three or four to twenty feet in diameter, rising sometimes nearly two hundred feet, and lasting from ten minutes to half an hour. On the sides of these geysers are accumulated the most beautiful and delicate incrustations, like finest lacework, beads and flowers tinted with the brightest hues. Here is a shallow basin, surrounded by a low, circular ridge, and reminding us of the walled plains of the moon. Now we stand on the terrace at the foot of the large cone of an extinct geyser, covered with a white deposit, contrasting strangely with the dark ground around, like a lunar white spot. Here again the earth is covered for a quarter of a mile in each direction with white silica, forming a tract which must correspond in some degree to the light streaks of the moon. On the side of yonder mountain, lined with the same snow-like deposit, is shown perhaps the most truthful representation of the lunar surface; were it not for the hot water which they contain, the multitude of hollows or basins, in terraces and with their rims adjoining each other, would well picture what we believe to be the true nature of the surface of the moon in those details which we are still unable to discern. Finally, to complete the resemblance, upon taking a bird's-eye view of the whole region, the Yellowstone Lake is seen to be surrounded by a circular range of high and almost impassable mountains, the whole formation being thus very similar to the huge lunar craters. So impenetrable is the barrier of peaks enclosing this wonderful district, that one of the early explorers having become separated from his companions, wandered for thirty-seven days in this natural prison. During this period, in addition to dangers from hunger, cold and the forest beasts, he suffered much from strange, but in one instance providential, hallucinations; he thought he met an old friend, who seemed to tell him to turn back and take an opposite course. This he did, the incident undoubtedly saving his life.

In the delineation of the moon's surface, celestial photography plays an important part; by means of a camera attached to the telescope, an image of the moon can be obtained about an inch in diameter; this being subsequently enlarged by photography we get lunar photographs from nine to eighteen inches in size, while in the library of the Royal Astronomical Society is a magnificent one several feet in length.

Concerning the future design and history of the moon the following account is perhaps the strangest ever recorded. Having read that very excellent work already referred to, Crampton's *Lunar World*,

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an old but very eccentric friend of the author gravely informed him that he had in consequence arrived at the conclusion that the moon must be 'the Heavenly Jerusalem' which was to come down from heaven to the earth at the last days. Upon Mr. Crampton's venturing to suggest that there seemed little resemblance between the present state of our satellite and the city described in the Apocalypse, he exclaimed loudly and with energy, 'No, my dear friend, that is the very point, that is the very reason why I have come to the conclusion. This side, it is true, is barren, but "the Heavenly Jerusalem" is on *the other side*,* purposely concealed from us till the time comes.' So great was the enthusiasm with which this was said, that Mr. Crampton, while far from being convinced, was compelled to silently submit.

But now our study ends. The brief summer night is over, and we watch the dawning of day. First fade in the eastern sky the lesser princes of heaven, whose light as a mighty flood left those realms unknown, but flashing and waving and fading, is reduced to a speck by an incomprehensible distance. In the east, stately clouds moving slowly await their king, while wind-borne, misty messengers fly towards the west. A glowing, gentle brightness fills the sky, gray to crimson growing, until in softer tints than deck the moth's fair wing the clouds are clothed to meet the sun. Crimson growing golden, golden beams ascending, the greater princes fade; there overhead the ruddy beam from earth-like Mars, that sparkling ruby on the dark robe of night, is failing; there lower we can scarcely see the fainter ray from far-off Saturn's wondrous ring-encircled orb; there lower still the strong and steady glow of the mighty planet-sun, that mass of Jovian splendour, gently dies. Yonder sinks the moon. The fair, silver-lighted west, no longer needed, pales in the presence of the golden east. The queen of night gives place once more to the king of day. The long-waited sun arises, bedimmed and with cloud-belted face, and then pursues a splendid course fore-traced upon a golden sea of mist, until forth bursting he scatters sparkling gems of light on all, and fills the blue expanse of heaven with glory. And the moon sinks and passes away.

* There is a theory, which has had not a few adherents, that to the side of the moon which is always turned from us, all the water, clouds, etc., have been attracted, because the centre of gravity is nearer that half of the surface, and that not only vegetation, but even people may exist there.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR AUGUST, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*
July	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
30	4 20	7 52	8 4a	3 0m	0 11m	2 43m	0 4m
Aug.							
9	4 35	7 35	8 6	3 27	11 53a	2 15	11 23a
19	4 51	7 15	7 53	3 57	11 39	1 47	10 46
29	5 7	6 5_4	7 28	4 28	11 26	1 18	10 9

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Aug. 3rd, New Moon . 1h. 26m. morn. | „ 18th, Full Moon 0h. 54m. after.
„ 11th, First Quarter 1h. 29m. morn. | „ 25th, Last Quarter 5h. 32m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Aug 9th . . . 10h. morn, Apogee . . . 251,284 miles.
„ 21st. . . 7h. morn., Perigee . . . 226,688 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 238,986 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Aug. 1st . . . . . 93,031,080 miles.
Sept. 1st . . . . . 92,482,820 „
Decrease of distance for the month . . 548,260 „

Mercury is an evening star, but too near the Sun and too far from the Earth to be seen this month without the aid of a powerful telescope. It will be at its greatest distance from the Earth, 124 millions of miles, on the 2nd. On the 24th, at 9h. in the morning, it will cross the ecliptic southward, and at 3h. on the afternoon of the same day it will be quite close to Uranus.

Venus is nearing the Sun, and will be lost in the morning twilight throughout the greater part of the month. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 2nd, and on the morning of the 22nd will be in perihelion.

Mars rises at midnight on the 5th. It crosses the ecliptic northward on the morning of the 14th. On the 23rd it will be in conjunction with the Moon, and on the 29th near a third-magnitude star in Gemini, marked *Mu*. It attains its greatest northern declination, 23 deg. 38 min., on the 29th, and after that it begins to descend.

Jupiter early in the month is nearly lost in the morning twilight, later on it becomes conspicuous as a morning star. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 1st at noon, and on the 29th at 6h. in the morning.

Saturn will be in conjunction with Aldebaran, distant 4 deg southward, on the 13th, one hour before noon. On the evening of the 25th it will be in conjunction with the Moon, sufficiently near to be occulted in some regions of the southern hemisphere.

Seen from Saturn the Earth is now elevated 26 deg., and the Sun 25 deg. southward, above the plane of the ring: so that the minor axis of the outer ring is 18 sec., the major being 41 sec. The diameter of the globe is only 16 sec.: consequently the outer edge of the ring extends beyond the globe, and the satellites, which move nearly in the plane of the ring, and are still farther away from the planet, will be neither occulted nor eclipsed during the year.

Uranus crosses the meridian on the 14th at 2h., and on the 30th at 1h. in the afternoon. It sets on the 4th at 9h., and on the 20th at 8h. in the evening.

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MR. JAMES BARLOW, J.P.

Mr. James Barlow was born, in 1821, at Hawkshaw, in the parish of Tottington. His father, a hand-loom weaver, was a Methodist of the good old type, a Class-leader of whom some still living speak with gratitude and affection. His attachment to Methodism was intense; and though for the greater part of his life he was in comparatively straitened circumstances, his penny a week and shilling a quarter were always forthcoming. Mr. Barlow's mother died when he was only four years of age; but notwithstanding this sad loss, the godly home-life of his father had a gracious influence upon the boy's mind. He early gave himself to God and to His cause, becoming a Sunday-school teacher when about sixteen years of age. He was for some years the superintendent of the Edgworth Sunday-school, and has in other ways frequently shown his special interest in that department of Christian work.

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Mr. Barlow early developed considerable business ability; and when his father started manufacturing on a small scale, by the employment of hand-loom weavers, at Hawkshaw, near Bolton, he was of great assistance to him. Subsequently, Mr. Barlow went into business on his own account, in Manchester; but was unfortunate in his partner, and the undertaking proved a total failure, leaving Mr. Barlow not only with the loss of all, but considerably in debt. With characteristic pluck, he started again, paid up all his liabilities in full, and in 1846 came to Bolton, and established the business which ultimately became one of the largest in Lancashire. Here he had full scope for enterprise, and was the first manufacturer in Bolton to successfully apply steam-power to the quilt trade. This innovation roused violent opposition, and Mr. Barlow was subjected to great annoyances and injuries. A number of valuable looms were destroyed, and he was himself threatened with personal violence: on one occasion he 'received a letter with a drawing of a coffin upon it, containing a threat of assassination, and counsel to prepare for his doom.' But he was not the man to yield to such threats, and persisted in the course he had taken. Some employers joined in the hostility of the hand-loom weavers, and an organized attempt was made to create disaffection among his own workpeople, but he defeated all the schemes of his enemies; and, by explaining to his employés the wisdom of the course he was taking, succeeded in preserving friendly relations with

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them. From this time the business steadily increased, and mill after mill was built or purchased. In 1874 Mr. Barlow and his partner resolved on making their business into a joint-stock company, under the name of Barlow and Jones, Limited. This change enabled them to take 'their workpeople generally into partnership with them:' for special facilities were given for the employés to become shareholders, a privilege of which many availed themselves, thus greatly increasing their own interest in their work, and making the possibility of misunderstanding between masters and 'hands' very small. The company have warehouses in Manchester and Bolton, and representatives in London, Glasgow, Paris, and New York. Mr. Barlow is also a director of various joint-stock companies, including the Union Bank of Manchester, and the Wesleyan-Methodist Trust Fire Insurance Company, in the formation of which he took an active part.

Mr. Barlow married, in 1843, Alice, daughter of Mr. James Barnes, of Edgworth, and has two sons and three daughters. His eldest son, Dr. Thomas Barlow, is a well-known London physician; the second, Mr. John Robert Barlow, J.P., is a director of the company and a member of the Bolton School Board.

Mr. Barlow's fellow-townsmen soon recognised his ability, and learnt to admire his sturdy adherence to his convictions on all points—social, political, or religious. He was elected a Town Councillor in 1853, and an Alderman in 1863. In 1867 he wished to retire from this post, but the Town Council declined to accept his resignation, and in the following November raised him to the Mayoralty, re-electing him at the close of the year by a unanimous vote. His second year of office was a stormy one: the town being in a state of political and religious ferment, which led to very serious riots and general disorder. All our large manufacturing towns have great possibilities of evil, and it was well for Bolton that at such a time its chief magistracy was held by a man who feared God, but did not fear the devil. Speaking of this period, the *Bolton Weekly Journal* says: 'Throughout the whole of these trying difficulties Mr. Barlow bore himself with great calmness and deliberation, and yet with great firmness and energy. By his own personal influence and exertions with excited crowds, he more than once preserved the public peace when it was in imminent danger of being broken, and thus furnished to all future mayors a memorable example of maintaining order without resort to force or calling in military aid.' At the close of his years of office, political friends and opponents vied with each other in bearing testimony to his worth; and one of the ablest and most determined of those who took opposite views on political subjects, seconded the vote of thanks passed by the Council, and spoke of 'the calm fearlessness with which

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Mr. Barlow had done that which was right, looking to that Higher Source from whence he derived his strength.'

During his Mayoralty Mr. Barlow was placed on the Commission of Peace for the Borough, and shortly afterwards was made a County Magistrate. But perhaps the most pleasing incident of this time was the presentation of his portrait to the Corporation. The whole cost—about £250—was defrayed by his own work-people, the subscriptions ranging from one penny upwards. This portrait now hangs in the Bolton Town Hall.

But Mr. Barlow's name will be most gratefully remembered for his labours amongst the poor. We have not space even to mention the many good works which have been aided by his sound judgment and generous support. His connection with the Bolton Workshops for the Blind, the Infirmary, the Poor Protection Society, etc., etc., must be passed over here; but we must speak of the practical philanthropy which kept his mills at work, as far as possible, in the worst times, that the operatives might not suffer; and the determination with which he insisted upon the local authorities making the dwellings of the poor such that decent and respectable lives *could* be lived in them.

Any sketch, however brief, of Mr. Barlow's career would be inadequate without some reference to his labours in connection with the Temperance Reformation. He is, we believe, himself a life-abstainer, and has always thrown his influence into the Total Abstinence movement. In the neighbourhood of Bolton he is the recognised head of the great body of teetotallers, and the first temperance Public-house opened in Bolton was appropriately designated *The Barlow Arms*. For several years he has been the President of the British Temperance League.

Like his father, Mr. Barlow is a thorough-going Methodist. He has held all the offices which a layman can hold in our Church, including that of Representative to the Conference from the time when laymen were admitted to that Body. He has been for many years a member of most of our Connexional Committees, and a liberal supporter of our various Funds.

We have purposely left till the last the story of Mr. Barlow's connection with The Children's Home, with which institution his name must always be honourably associated. When Dr. Stephenson founded the Home, Mr. Barlow was one of its earliest supporters. In 1871 he purchased an estate known as the Wheatsheaf Farm, near his own residence at Edgworth. On the estate was the old Wheatsheaf Inn—of evil memory,—and it was partly to prevent the continuance of the mischief that was being daily wrought by the public-house, that Mr.

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Barlow purchased the estate. He then offered it to Dr. Stephenson as a free gift to the Home, adding five thousand pounds in money to improve the estate. Here a thriving colony has been established; and the 'Wheatsheaf' has of late years yielded much grain of the sort that God's angels delight to gather into His garner. But Mr. Barlow has done more than give money; he has given much care and thought to the work, and to the children themselves. One story we cannot help relating. A rough lad, about seventeen years of age, was brought before Mr. Barlow at the Bolton Police Court charged with a robbery. Unwilling to send the lad—who had previously spent some years in a Reformatory—to the evil associations of prison-life, the kind-hearted magistrate offered to give him one more chance if he would go to the home at Edgworth. He gladly accepted the offer, and soon settled into his place in what was probably his first experience of a Christian home. In a few weeks he was 'before the magistrate' a second time, though under very different circumstances; for now he knelt as a penitent at the Communion-rail in Edgworth chapel, whilst Mr. Barlow stood on the other side pointing him to the Saviour. The boy, after a course of training on the farm, was sent to Canada, and is now earning an honest living, and writes to Mr. Barlow expressing his gratitude.

It is with an effort that the present writer forbears to speak of some of the many instances of what may be called Mr. Barlow's 'private beneficence:' of counsel, sympathy, and help given almost by stealth, which will be found in no printed list of subscriptions, but surely are not forgotten before God. Here we pause, only adding a passage of Scripture which has been constantly in our mind as we have written: 'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy...I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out.' *

EPEIRA.

BY THE REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK.

'"WILL you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy."'

QUITE true from the spider's point of view, and also entomologically considered; and even to the fly, until the fly walks in

* The writer has much pleasure in acknowledging the courtesy of the Editor of the *Bolton Weekly Journal*, who has kindly supplied him with very much of the material for the above sketch.

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and finds to its cost how hard it is to walk out again. And not a few human creatures, flitting hither and thither, and buzzing aimlessly in the happy sunshine of the morning of life, have been enticed and entranced by the delicate glitter of snare-weavers' parlours, and, long before nightfall, have proved, like the fly, that 'the end thereof is death.'

But just now we are concerned with *Epeira's* parlour—how it is built, out of what materials, and with what tools. Very likely you have often watched Epeira building her parlour. On any summer's evening you may do so, provided always that no storm is either raging or brewing. For Epeira is not only a first-rate geometrician, as her web testifies, but also a meteorologist worthy to rank with the most knowing Yankee that ever telegraphed a storm across the Atlantic. You know how cleverly she stretches her silken cords; how deftly she radiates the spokes of her wheel of death; how swiftly she links the spokes together with a filmy spiral thread; and then, with what calm, deadly majesty she sits 'at home' in her 'pretty little parlour,' to welcome such company as may come. Gently drive her away. Carefully lay a large glass slide under her web; sever the cables which bind it to the twigs; place the slide under a microscope, and examine the beams and stays of this gossamer parlour. The beams or radiating lines, like the retaining cables, are hard, smooth, dry, and non-elastic; the stays or spiral lines, or, in some species, concentric circles, are totally different. *They* are elastic, glutinous, and marked more or less regularly by minute globules of viscid gum. In some instances this marvel of marvels occurs: the globules are arranged with mathematical exactness at intervals,—one large and one small; or even—large, smallest, small, smallest, large, and so on in unbroken succession. Is it any wonder that when Epeira is constructing a web so elegantly, and filling it with so much that is curious and beautiful, she should expend her utmost ingenuity in order to preserve it from accidental injury, arranging the cables with a view to the equal distribution of storm-pressure, and sometimes even weighting the whole structure with bits of wood so as to enable it to resist the force of the winds; on the same principle upon which, in certain parts of the country, thatched roofs are protected against storms by cords cast across them, to the free ends of which heavy stones are fastened? You will commonly find, near to Epeira's web, a private dwelling-house, made of spun silk, in which the creature waits and watches. A telegraph line runs from the snare centre along one of the radiating lines to this retreat, by which news of a capture is instantly conveyed to the hunter. In one species—*Epeira calophylla*—this particular ray is left quite free, and the glutinous portion of the web, instead of being spiral, consists of separate circles,

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with a piece cut out of each one, and a triangular open space with a roadway (and its telegraph) running from the centre to the circumference.

From whence does Epeira get all the material for the construction of her web? Of course she reels it out from her own body. But how does it get there, and in what form is it stored? I verily believe that my childish notion was that inside the spider's body there was a sort of 'bobbin' (brought up among wool and cotton and silk mills, I naturally associated all threads with 'bobbins'), around which yards upon yards of fine silk were wound. But my philosophy never ventured to guess, even, how the bobbin with its store of silk got there. I must not attempt to explain the mystery; partly because I have never yet had an opportunity of seeing for myself that which any one accustomed to the delicate operation of microscopic dissection *may* see, and partly because the explanation, to be at all interesting, would require more illustrations than the Editor could afford space for. Suffice it to say, that a considerable portion of Epeira's abdomen is filled with an extremely complicated mass of silk-manufacturing machinery, in the form of glands, with tubes, pouches, ducts, etc., all under the control of the nerve-filaments which proceed from the ganglia.

The silk, before passing through the spinnerets, is simply fluid, like liquid gum; but it is of at least two distinct qualities, one of which hardens immediately on exposure to the air, and the other for a considerable time remains viscid. The amount of silk secreted by Epeira's glands, and the rapidity and unerring certainty with which the manufacturing process is conducted, may be guessed from the following fact, quoted by Mr. Gosse: 'Mr. Blackwall has estimated that as many as eighty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty pearly drops,' studding the spiral circles before mentioned, 'occurred in a net of average dimensions.' And all this in addition to the net itself, with all its stout cables, and radiating and spiral lines. 'And yet a spider will construct such a net, if uninterrupted, in less than three quarters of an hour.'

And now let me describe that which I *have* seen many times. Catch Epeira and imprison her between two sunk glass-cells. There will be just enough pressure to prevent much movement, and not enough to injure the little creature.

And here let me say that every Christian naturalist will regard even spiders as his friends, and will respect their feelings. Before I had the honour—and it is an honour—to be introduced to Epeira, I used to have a creeping horror of spiders, which went down with destructive malice to the soles of my boots; but now, if a spider pays me a visit, I

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'Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care.'

On two or three occasions a spider has gambolled about on the pulpit Bible under my very nose, or swung from 'the high embowered roof' before my face. But even under such circumstances, Epeira has not found her confidence misplaced. What would happen if a *Tarantula* appeared upon the scene, I do not know. But, happily, *Tarantulas* do not live in England, and no British spider has power really to injure any man, whether Preacher or otherwise.

But to return. Epeira is imprisoned. Now put her under the microscope, with a low power and top light. And, if she has been accommodating enough to arrange herself fittingly in her crystal prison, you will have no difficulty in seeing her spinning-machine, with a twisted silken cord hanging therefrom. You cannot see any thing like *all* the marvels of the apparatus. But you *will* see quite enough to make you eager to learn all that trained anatomists by diligent search have discovered concerning one of the most delicate and wonderful pieces of work that ever came from 'the fingers' of God. There are three pairs of spinnerets, varying in size, some two, others three-jointed, covered with hairs, and furnished, in this genus, with altogether about a thousand minute horny tubes, which are large and warty at the base, and pointed at the end. Through these tubes the silk fluid flows. The jointing of the spinnerets enables the spiders literally to *spin* hundreds of infinitesimally fine lines into a cord. No doubt the different pairs of spinnerets are used, partly for the distinct kinds of silk needed for the different purposes of web-weaving, and partly for the complicated operations involved in the spinning. The apparatus by which the caterpillar produces silk is entirely different, and much more simple, the reason being, that the caterpillar, unlike the spider, has no need for different qualities of silk, or for rapidity of work. It is calculated that there is an interval of about the tenth of an inch between the orifices of the tubes and the point at which the twisting commences. In that interval the atmosphere plays around each line, and quickly gives to it a certain consistency and strength. This, obviously, is of the utmost importance to the spider, especially when it is engaged in the work of swiftly weaving around the prey, which it does not wish at once to kill, a mesh which will effectually limit its struggles and prevent its escape. Moreover, a cord of silk, composed of *twisted strands*, is, bulk for bulk, stronger than an unspun cord.

If one may be unfashionable enough to entertain a belief in the argument 'from design'—a belief that 'God hath made everything,' and adapted every instrument entrusted to His creatures to its pur-

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pose and work,—then I venture to claim for Epeira's spinning-machine one of the highest places among the many delicately perfect pieces of animal mechanism which 'declare the glory of God,' and show forth His 'handywork.' That species have multiplied and that corresponding variations of adaptation have taken place; that natural selection has played an important part, as one among many means—this in no way militates against the credibility of the ancient belief. To exclude an intelligent Personality from 'the beginning,' and also from the long, slow, infinitely complex processes which tend towards the blessed end, when the groaning and travailing of the creation shall find its consummation in the glory of the liberty of the sons of God—to eliminate God, I say, from all this, is but to add enormously, and quite gratuitously, to the difficulties of the problem which men of science are trying to solve. The very facts and principles of reasoning which threaten to prove that evolution in some form or other has obtained, will, with even greater cogency, demonstrate the fact that a Supreme Being—All-wise and Almighty—has presided all along the line of creation, development and preservation. If any one should object to the use of the word 'development,' I would suggest that in nature, as in grace,—in the material world, as in the spiritual,—preservation involves development.

But when Epeira has spun her silken cord she has forthwith to weave it into a web. For this operation her Lord has supplied her with instruments so perfect, that no man living, by utmost effort of inventive ingenuity, could suggest an 'improvement.' She has eight seven-jointed legs, each leg is furnished with five combs—fifteen or seventeen-toothed—two cutting hooks, and spines or hairs—all ugly to repulsiveness when seen by the naked eye; but clean and fair when seen as they really are. For Nature turns out all her work in the highest style of art, and lavishes grace and beauty on the smallest details of every appliance which she supplies to her children. Watch Epeira running swiftly up and down her cords, stretching line after line from point to point, never ravelling her finest threads, never once allowing her work to tangle into confusion, keeping every part clean and true as the daintiest sampler. And all this she does by means of this complication of hooked feet with their arrangement of combs, brushes and knives. In the schoolmaster's garden behind the old Manor House at Fordingbridge I saw, not many weeks ago, a lovely collection of geometric webs with which Epeira (*Tetranatha extensa*) had laced the laurel bushes. They were so freshly woven that, even without a pocket lens, it was not difficult to detect the regularly-arranged and, in this instance, equal-sized globules of gum which adorned the concentric rings, and distinguished them from the

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radiating lines. And very pretty the little weavers looked, with their elongated and delicately-marked bodies and outstretched front legs, waiting for the brilliant, gauzy flies which were flitting amongst the shrubs. This spider is said to love moist situations, often building near streams of water, and possessing such perfect power of weather-prognostication, that when there is a probability that the stream is about to rise, she will desert her web, and weave a new one on higher ground beyond reach of the rising waters. It would be interesting to collect information as to the plants and situations affected by particular species of spiders. In this pleasant manor house garden every laurel bush had at least one *Epeira extensa*. No other species of spider could I by diligent search discover on the laurel; and no *Epeira extensa* could I find elsewhere. Yew and cypress trees abounded in another spider equally interesting, but totally distinct in character. *Linyphia* weaves a fine sheet fastened to twigs by a multitude of strong cables, and pulled down into a sack-like condition by about a dozen cords, each of which is attached to the under side of the sheet by several short threads. It is difficult to discover this spider: so cunningly is she hidden away in the recesses of the dark thick foliage.

Rambling in the early morning, with the members of our Natural Science Society, up the valley of the Bourne into the precious bit of bog which the woeful improvement rate has not yet touched, I found, last week, an Epeira whose engineering skill deserves to be chronicled. Our Commissioners have dignified 'the Bourne' into a river, and have provided it with miniature banks and weirs and bridges. But away beyond the decoy pond it is still a wild little brook, which 'winds about and in and out' through heather-clumps and tussocks of coarse grass, and masses of sphagnum with crimson disks of sundew embedded therein, and sheafs of asphodel, and white plumes of cotton-sedge, and shrubs of bog-myrtle, and rushes, sedges and grasses not to be found everywhere.

Here the bonnie streamlet divides and makes an island, and there it feeds a tiny lakelet, fringed with sphagnum and carpeted with delicate sprays of the lesser or intermediate bladder-wort. Here it 'babbles over stony ways in little sharps and trebles,' and there it maintains a slushy little swamp in which all manner of happy beasts live and thrive. If you have a fancy for snakes and green lizards and palmate newts this is the spot to come to. Only if you really mean to come, you must make haste; for the pleasure garden, like a long writhing dragon, with a whole Board of Commissioners astride it, and a rabble of speculative builders armed with scaffold poles on either flank, is crawling up the valley, cutting roads through the heather-

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braes, and draining the bog, and adding house to house, until there will be no place left for the creatures dear to us. Last Autumn Epeira wove a thick, white cocoon on the top of a long spike of grass which had shot up on the high bank of the eighteen-inch river. There, safe from the winter-swollen stream, she laid her eggs; and in some secure retreat hard by, sheltered from wind and frost, she went to sleep until the warm May-sun awoke her and hatched her brood.

Had we been there a fortnight earlier we should have seen two or three hundred baby-spiders, with fat, creamy bodies, cuddled up into a living ball on the top of the spike. If we had touched them, they would have vanished, each one at the end of a fine silken line, and then slowly they would all have come back again, tucking up their legs and reconstituting the original ball. But now they have gone forth to struggle into maturity, or to be gobbled up by birds and lizards. Their mother, however, has once more launched into the responsibilities of housekeeping. Right across the stream she has woven a magnificent geometric web. How did she cross the stream? By what exercise of ingenuity did she succeed in stretching the cable which binds the top of this long spike on the left bank to the top of a similar spike a little higher up on the opposite bank, so bending each spike that, by its natural elasticity, it keeps the cord taut? How did she contrive to utilize every blade of grass springing out of the shallows so as to secure her snare from the gusts of wind which sweep up the valley? Who told her that this particular bend in the stream was better for her purpose than the straight, unsheltered reaches? If Isaiah had led our morning walk, and we had asked him to explain to us the mystery, I doubt not he would have replied: 'Her God doth instruct her to discretion, He doth teach her.'

MORE LEAVES FROM MY LOG.

BY T. C. GARLAND.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

T—— W——, a native of Northumberland, had been living in London for several years. He had formerly been a promising young man, a Class-leader and Local-preacher in his native village; but like many others, when he came to London, he had failed to identify himself with the people of God. He did not at first altogether neglect public worship, but would go to hear those ministers with whose names he was familiar; but of this he soon began to be weary, and thought a walk in the park, or a ride on the water, necessary after

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being in the shop all the week. 'I can worship God,' he said to his wife, 'beholding the wonders of Creation, the trees of the forest, the birds in the air, and the ebbing and flowing of the tide.' The common result followed: he became indifferent to the claims of religion, and his duty to God and his family; fell into bad company, spent his evenings in the public-house, and became a violent blasphemer. At one time he left home with £50 in his pocket, closed his shop, leaving his wife and children almost without the necessaries of life, and did not return till his money was all spent. Another time, when under the influence of drink, he beat his wife with his heavy shoes, and some of the marks she will carry to the grave. Many efforts had been made to induce this poor drunkard to sign the temperance-pledge, and to attend God's house, but in vain. So dreadful was his language, that persons have been seen to stop their ears with their fingers till out of reach of his voice.

One morning his wife came to my house in great trouble, saying, 'O Mr. Garland, will you pray for me and my husband? he is like a madman; I am afraid he will murder me, or do some mischief to himself.' I was grieved to see her; for she not only looked ill herself, but was carrying a little sickly baby only a few months old. We knelt down, and prayed to that God Whom she served for strength and consolation in this hour of trial; afterwards I called on him, directing his wife to go to a neighbour's house. I found him in a sad state of excitement, walking about with a large stick. When I entered his yard, he shouted out, 'What do you want here?' I said, 'Put that stick down, and I will tell you.' 'Are you not afraid of me?' he cried. 'No,' I replied, 'not for a moment; *you* are not the man either to injure or frighten me.' He put the stick down and said, 'Well, what do you want?' 'I want you to sign this book,' I said; 'it is a temperance pledge-book. If you will do that for me, I will do something for you.' 'And what will you do?' he roared out at the top of his voice. I said, 'I will pray God to have mercy on your wicked soul. You are not only on the way to hell, but you are daily adding fuel to the fire. You had better stop, my friend, before it is too late.' The poor fellow sat down on a chair and burst into tears. At length he said, 'Fetch me one more pint, and then I will sign your book.'

'No; you have had too much already. Come, sign the pledge.'

But he would not. I then knelt down, and prayed that God would 'break' his heart, convince him of his sinfulness, and lead him to Calvary. Then I prayed for his wife and children, thanking God for taking one to glory (a little girl whom he had loved tenderly). Whilst I prayed the man fell on his knees, and cried, 'God be

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merciful to me a sinner!' In the evening of the same day the Spirit of God came down upon him mightily, and his wife said she thought he was 'took for death;' for he cried out, 'I am cold—an awful chill creeps over me. See, I tremble like a bush in a storm. I am lost —there is no hope for me!'

I was sent for at once. As I entered his house he raised his hands, saying, 'O, pray for me! I'm the vilest sinner on earth.'

I told him he must sign the pledge: for I knew there was little hope of him unless he gave up the drink.

'Give me the book!' he said. I placed it on the table. He signed his name, after which we prayed God to save his soul, and pardon all his sins. I took a Bible from the shelf and marked a few passages for him to read; such as 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon;' 'I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.'

But the devil was not willing to give him up so easily, and tempted him to believe that he was too bad to be saved. On leaving him I mentioned a Class that met at ten o'clock on Sunday mornings, and said I would call for him. He looked at me with amazement, and said, 'If you call it will be useless. I shall not go. I must wait a long time before I go to Class.'

According to promise, I called. He was having breakfast with his family. I said, 'Well, my friend, are you ready to go with me?' He answered, 'No. I told you not to call, did I not?' 'Yes, that's true; but I said that I should.' 'Then I sha'n't go,' he said; and pointing to the door, desired me to 'be off.' I said, 'Yes, it is Class-time;' and, shaking him by the hand, I left, saying, 'I shall call again next Sunday.'

For several weeks I continued to call for him without any success, and felt tempted to give him up as a hopeless case, when a circumstance occurred in his business which made him very angry, and yielding to his hasty temper, he threw down his hammer, broke his pledge, and went off for a drunken 'spree.' Hearing of this outbreak, I was indeed grieved for his wife and family, and could only bid her hope for brighter days. I continued to call. Sometimes he would see me, at others he would not. One evening I received a request to go at once to his house. I went. His wife informed me that her husband had been out drinking for several days, and was then in the stable, had locked himself in, and would neither admit her or the children. I resolved to go at once, when his wife tried to persuade me not to. Silently lifting my heart to God, I went to the stable.

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The door was locked. When I tried the door the man growled out, 'Who's that?'

I did not answer, but began to knock very gently. 'Who's there?' he cried. I answered, 'It's only me—your old friend. Come, open the door.' 'I won't.' 'Why not?' I enquired. 'If I were to open the door I should stab you.' 'O no! you would do no such thing.' Still he declared he would. 'Well, then,' said I, 'open the door at once, and I will give you the chance of doing it.' After a minute he said, 'Are you not afraid of me?' I laughingly said 'No;' but told him to open the door; but his answer was, 'No, I cannot trust myself; so get off home.'

'Well, let us have a little prayer together; I will kneel this side and you the other.' While thus engaged, I heard a slight noise within the stable, and thinking it possible the man was coming to unlock the door, I wished to be prepared for him; after a few moments I heard him sobbing, and, looking through the window, saw him on one knee, praying. Thinking it best to leave him in the hands of God, Whose Spirit was evidently at work on his heart, I wished him 'Good-night,' telling him I should call for him in the morning.

He cried out, 'How long do you intend carrying on this game with me?' '*Till you yield*,' was my answer. 'Then I may as well give in at once, and will be ready to-morrow morning.'

He was true to his promise; for when I knocked at his door he was ready and waiting. Little was said on our way to chapel, and after the Class-meeting was over I invited him into my pew. Shaking his head he answered, 'No, no; I have had as much this morning as I can carry for one day.' The following day I saw him again, and told him how God had laid his case on my heart, and that I was praying daily for his conversion.

He was deeply affected, and gave me a short account of his early life and conversion to God. ''Tis no use trying to be good now,' he exclaimed; 'for fifteen years I have been a vile, ungrateful backslider; Jesus Christ won't hear a sinner pray who has thus long broken His commandments.' I bade him look away to Calvary, and cling to the Cross.

The following evening his wife came to my house and entreated me to come at once. 'My husband is on his knees, and in a dreadful perspiration,' she said; 'and I am afraid he will have a fit.' 'Do not be alarmed,' I said; 'persons never go into fits while on their knees.'

'Bless God!' I cried out, when I saw him thus pleading for mercy through the blood of Christ. 'Only believe, and thou shalt see the salvation of God;' and repeating these lines:

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'See there my Lord upon the tree,' etc.,

he was enabled by faith to trust his all on the 'Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sin of the world;' he was indeed filled with joy and gladness. He again signed the pledge; but was soon to be severely tried. The following Saturday he had promised to attend a birthday supper at a public-house, with a number of his 'pot companions.' When this came to my hearing, I at once went to his house to remonstrate with him on such a foolish thing, and tried hard to persuade him not to go; but neither his wife's entreaties nor my persuasions had the least effect.

'Go I shall, my dear sir; I have given my word months ago, and I shall go. Cheer up, wife, and do not make such a long face; I tell you, lass, I shall be home soon after ten o'clock.' The poor woman could not answer a word; she thought of the past, and very naturally dreaded the 'Saturday-evening supper' with his old companions. Saturday came, and T— W— went to the birthday supper.

He was invited by several of his old companions to drink, but he would only drink water. 'Come,' said one, 'it will cheer you up, you are quite dull this evening.' Still he answered, 'No; water is best for me.' After a little time another said, 'Come, old fellow, you're down in the mouth, you must take a "bumper," for you make me feel as if I was at a funeral.' But he was immovable. 'Ah!' cried another, 'every man to his liking; when we drink the chairman's health you'll not come off so easily.' Supper being over, the chairman's health was proposed and drunk; when T— W— rose, saying, 'Mr. Chairman, I wish you very good health and long life, only I must at present drink it in water.' There was a slight murmur of disapprobation among some of his companions.

A little before ten o'clock T— W— rang the bell for the waiter. 'Bravo! bravo!' cried out several voices; 'we thought you'd soon give in; you're too good to lose from our ranks.' By this time the waiter had made his appearance, when T— W— said, 'Waiter, please bring my coat and hat.' These being brought to him, he stood up and said, 'Mr. Chairman, you, with my friends, have no doubt thought my conduct very strange since I have been in this room. I have two reasons for being here: first, I promised you some months back to make one of a party to congratulate you on your fiftieth birthday: that promise I have fulfilled. My other reason is, that I have resolved to turn over a new leaf, and lead a new life. Most of you know something of my past history, how I have almost starved my wife and children. I have been the dread and pest of the neighbourhood. Now I have done with the drink, done with it for ever. I beg and beseech you never to ask me to drink again, for

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God's sake do not tempt me. This is not all: I am here to tell you that I am a converted man, and have begun to pray. God in His great mercy has forgiven me all my sins, glory be to His holy name! I am a new man through faith in Jesus. I have family prayer, and my house is as the gate of heaven. I attend the House of God, and, by His grace, I will stick to it, come what may. I now give you an invitation to join me, for you will find a hearty welcome. I have been thinking what pleasure I should have in taking one of you with me to God's House to-morrow morning. I think perhaps Mr. W—, sitting in the corner of the room, is the worst man for drink and profane language. Now, Mr. W—, will you accompany me if I call for you?' After a long pause he continued: 'Mr. W—, I'm waiting for your answer. Will you go with me?' At length, the person addressed, with deep emotion, said, 'Yes, I will.' 'Then I shall call for you at half-past nine o'clock, and mind you do not keep me waiting.' Then, addressing the company, he said, 'Friends, my time's up, for I promised my wife I should be home early. I must now shake hands and say good-night, and if you persist in this course of life I must say good-bye.' Returning home he found his wife on her knees, and kneeling by her side he fell on her neck and kissed her.

'O!' said the poor woman, 'it's just like Him.' Her husband replied, 'What do you mean? just like *him*,' 'why, it's myself.' 'Ah!' she said, 'it is just like Jesus, because He always answers me in my distress.' After reading a portion of God's Word and praying together, they retired to rest. He told his wife they must be up in good time, for he had something to do for Jesus. Having breakfasted, he prepared himself for the duties of the day. On his way to chapel he called for his old companion, and both entered the house of prayer together. Soon afterwards this man was enabled to believe in Jesus as his Saviour. One day a person said to his neighbour, 'Is it true that T— W— is converted?' 'O yes!' was the reply; 'for before this change came about my wife often crammed old rags in the cracks of the boarding to deaden the sound of the blows he dealt his wife and children. She has pulled the rags out now, and begun to take down a few loose boards that divided our yards, that she may hear him sing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and engage in family prayer.'

I am thankful to state that both these men and their wives are members of the Christian Church, and that some of their children have also given their hearts to the Saviour.

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THE DANGER FLAG.

BY THE REV. JOHN COLWELL,

A CHARMING spot is Berrisford Dale! Not so large nor yet so noted as the more famous Dove Dale; but sweeter, softer, and more full of beauty. The two dales lie near together, and, as often

happens, the better known and more striking is visited and admired, while too frequently the gentler sister is passed by. But not so has it been with us. Again and yet again, during our short stay in the district, did we tread the 'sylvan glades' of Berrisford Dale. Its woods, its rocks, its rustic bridge over its silently flowing river, its

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old-world associations with dear, quaint Izaak Walton, its wonderful combinations of scenery, and the charm of silent peace and beauty that hung over it like the glow of a distant sunset, never ceased to soothe us; and the memory of it often comes to us amid the smoke and toil of the city, as a breath from the distant hills.

One summer day, as we mused by the banks of its clear river, we were startled by the cry of our Young Hopeful, who was a few paces ahead: 'O, father, I've found something!'

Master Hopeful would be five come next birthday, and was at that interesting age when a mania for spelling aloud every word that fortune throws in the way often enslaves the juvenile mind. And inasmuch as it was a full half-hour since he had exercised his gift, he had fallen with great avidity upon some rude lettering painted upon a rustic board. Yes, there it was: '*When the danger flag is up, please go on the other side.*' While the spelling was going forward, a peasant chanced to pass, who informed us that it was a caution to passengers against the balls of riflemen who practised close by. To give point to his explanations, he told a story of some unfortunate tourist who either did not see or did not heed the warning, and who, as he meandered slowly along with hope and happy thoughts for company, was struck by a stray ball, and thus finished his holiday tour and his earthly pilgrimage together. This gave a serious turn to our thoughts, and so while Young Hopeful spelt the text, Old Thoughtful preached a sermon upon it.

'WHEN THE DANGER FLAG IS UP, PLEASE GO ON THE OTHER SIDE.'

—So very serious, and so very courteous withal. The unknown writer might have contented himself with an abrupt cry of warning, '*Danger!*' That one word would have arrested attention and turned the careless foot away. But no; he will be civil, even kindly, as well as honest and truthful with thee, O passing stranger! and so he begs that it may '*please*' thee not to risk thy precious life or limb. How very much like the cautions we find in the Old Book we love so well!

In many of the dales and on many of the hills of life, the danger-flag is up; and if truth and justice were done it would unfurl itself in many more places than it does. When we find it, let us heed it; and in all places where we have a suspicion that it should be, though it is not, let us make a careful scrutiny, and then act as occasion may dictate.

As we stand and read the notice, we feel quite safe because just now the flag is *not* up; and we therefore proceed to illustrate and enforce our subject, while the old elm nods assent, and the little river sighs past us.

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Ah! the danger flag was up in the days of our boyhood, though some of us there were that heeded it not. Every house in our little village had its story of somebody wounded or somebody missing; every dell had a weeping ash within it; while the 'God's-acre,' in which the fathers of the hamlet slept so still, had more sorrows connected with its silent mounds than one would care to tell. What were these but danger flags? But the young and thoughtless heeded them not; just, for the most part, because they were young and thoughtless, and not because they were wilfully evil. And now some of them are silent in their turn, while the glad river of life flows on as aforetime—just as the Dove ripples past us in the sunlight.

One of the brightest of them, and yet one who made the saddest end, seems to stand before us now. We see him as of old; when he went forth a lad of fifteen to learn a business in the city hard by. His country home, so sweet and bonny, was left without a pang; so was his dear old mother, though she was pale as one of her own snowdrops at the thought of the loss of her boy. Parents and friends had held up the danger flag before Master Tom times without number. He did not fail for lack of warning; but fail he did, nevertheless. He rushed into company, and that not of the best. The young gentlemen with whom he consorted carried fine walking canes, spoilt the Queen's English by mixing evil words with it, were often thirsty, and could drink whether thirsty or not, smelt strongly of 'the weed,' and knew so very much of life that they were tired of it ere it had well begun. The young ladies of his acquaintance wore very fine clothing, had very gay ribbons and laces, enough and to spare; were on very good terms with themselves and each other, and seemed to lack nothing but modesty and grace. There was nothing very evil about them; but they were so fast themselves that they declared all other people to be very slow.

So Tom walked up and down by the side of life's river, but it was on the *wrong* side. The riflemen were practising on his side the stream, and their shots were flying about in a way that was cruel to see. Sometimes they took deliberate aim, and sometimes they fired at random, but by every shot somebody was hit. It was not very long ere Master Tom was struck, and once struck the blows became more frequent. A wounded man seemed to exercise a fascination over the shooters. First, he received a shot in the character, then a wound in the health, now a rent in the morals, and last a blow in the heart. So Tom fell. Some of his companions, not so badly wounded as himself, gathered up the fragments of his once bright life, and laid them, with subdued faces and hushed feet, upon his mother's bed.

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Then came a time of wail. Who shall comfort weeping Rachel when she wrings her hands over those that are not, but who *might have been?* Neither the neighbours, nor our white-haired old Minister, nor any one else in our village *could* comfort her. That was a sad day when Tom was 'put by;' and soon after his mother went down to the grave to her son mourning. Poor Tom!

And yet there was an unmistakable danger-flag flying aloft over the very spot where he fell. The notice was there, the flag was there, and yet this tourist through the vale of life perished. How could it have happened? All through not heeding. A very little care would have prevented a great deal of sorrow. Small pains make great gains; little crosses prevent great losses. If Tom had but looked and heeded! We once dropped in upon him in the midst of his fine company, and *we* could see the danger-flag. Master Jones, the leader of the band, was —from the toes of his fashionable boots to the tip of his red nose— a danger-flag himself, every inch of him. So was the entire company, for that matter. Who could look upon them without seeing danger, and hearing a voice begging the passer-by to *please* to go on the other side? But our young friend saw not, heeded not, and so passed on and was punished.

Ladies and gentlemen, *when the danger-flag is up,* PLEASE *go on the other side.*

What a happy thing it is when the warning is heeded! Not far from this sweet vale there stands a grassy knoll. Upon its summit there rises a modest house of prayer beneath whose shadow there lies some sacred dust. It is that of a man who heeded the danger-flag, and passed by in safety on the other side. His youth was rough and unhopeful, and was passed amidst temptations and evil surroundings. But one ray of light found its way into his dark life, and that came to him from the Sunday-school. The white-haired old patriarch who stood in the desk there Sabbath after Sabbath cast an alluring spell of goodness over the life of the little wanderer, and he was early folded by the Good Shepherd. From that happy day his path lay through the light. His humble village home became a temple, and his simple life a daily sacrifice. He grew up to love men and to labour for their good. A large number of the youths of the district sat at his feet every Lord's day, into whose hearts and lives he largely transfused the brightness that illumined his own. Apt scholars many of them were, and though their master's light has long grown dim, to earthly vision at least, their lamps still shine.

His earthly course was not long, but when it terminated devout men carried him to his resting-place, and as they did so vowed to follow his emancipated spirit to the fields of glory. In the keeping of the

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little church upon the hill his grave remains. Its summit is, as Richter says, 'the green mountain-top of a far, new world;' while as you gaze upon the landscape around you may well say,

'Kings have no such resting-place
As the ground which folds his grave.'

No sad thoughts are engendered by it; it lies under no shadow.

What a contrast to that other grave, lying in the deep valleys far away!

How good and how pleasant a thing it is to heed the danger-flag, and to walk in those fields of light that lie upon the safe side of life's river!

'Is not your sermon done?' cries Young Hopeful.

'No,' we reply. 'It is *said;* who will *do* it remains to be seen.'

A PRESENT HELP.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O! Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier.

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

CHAPTER IX.—MOLLY'S JOURNAL.

March 2nd, 1745.

I SEE 'tis many days since a word was written in this journal; sad days they have been; so many confused thoughts crowding in my poor head, with sorrow on sorrow, grief upon grief, have left me small courage to take up a pen. But now a little breathing-space being lent me, and my present troubles not being like some that are past, beyond all words, I can dare to write of them.

'Twas an ugly, yet I think a pitiful scene that opened on me after poor father's funeral. As soon as we had got home from the church where we were forced to leave him in that gloomy vault (sure our

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fashion of burying never struck so dreary on my soul before), I hurried up to my chamber to weep and pray freely. I had been there but a short space when Alice knocked at the door, saying: 'Are you ready to come down, my dear? we want your company in the great parlour,' and wondering at this I made haste down.

I had clean forgot what occasion they had to want me, till opening the room door I saw Tom sat in father's chair with the will in his hand ready to read; Jane in her deep mourning next him, wearing a look oddly mixed of tearfulness and importance, which Ned's solemn aspect repeated, a little magnified, as in an untrue looking-glass. Alice was placed apart, her arms clasped round little Lucy, who sat on her knee, and I dropt into a low chair beside her, feeling reproved for my thoughtlessness, and vexed that I had not stayed behind long enough to smooth my hair and compose my gown and 'kerchief, since the others were all neat and trim as for some great ceremony.

With such trifling thoughts my mind was busy, while Tom toiled through the long, hard law phrases which I did not understand one whit. But Jane seemed more practised in such matters; I saw she had much ado not to cry; but she held her tears in till the reading was done, and then they overflowed, she making no effort to wipe them off; it seemed she could not speak.

'Has no codicil been found,' Ned Warrington said, 'to set aside or alter this testament, which I perceive was executed a year ago?' and Jane looked up eager for the reply.

'I have looked well, but I cannot put my hand on it,' said Tom; 'nor can I find from the servants that any of them have been called to witness such a paper.'

''Tis strange! very strange!' says Ned, solemnly; 'you received a distinct intimation, did you not, my dear, that such a paper would be forthcoming?'

'I did,' cries Jane, sobbing; 'and from one who was like to know —to be sure he said it might be made away with; but if some folks had acted up to their words another would have been made. 'Tis a great shame of father, I shall wonder if he rest in his grave; and as for Molly!—I call it black hypocrisy. No wonder people who were knowing to this wicked will had strange thoughts about father's death. We will be gone within the hour, Tom,' she said,—getting up with an angry rustle of her black finery, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes,—'you'll be so good as to order our horses; I will not stay in a house where I have met such injuries; but you are much mistaken if you think we'll sit down with them tamely;' and she swept stately from the room, her husband following; neither cast a look on me.

I asked what was the matter? and Tom and Alice between them

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made me understand that the portion of father's goods bequeathed to me was thrice the value of Jane's, and was left to me freely to do with as I liked; whereas, she was much restricted as to her bequest, which at her death must pass undiminished to her little daughter, the will reciting that Jane had received a handsome portion at her marriage.

'Twas no such mighty sum,' said Tom, 'and I could not wonder at her feeling something aggrieved; but she hath no right to blame you, sweet sister; rather she should blame the designing rascal who got the will thus drawn for his own ends, and who in his malice and disappointment hath been tampering with her already, as I guess from what she let fall—I must try to show her what is his drift,' and he hurried after the offended couple.

But they would hear no more words about the business; only Tom's mildness so far wrought on them that they left little Lucy behind with Alice, for the benefit of country air. 'Twas a plan made some time since; but in the first heat of their anger they were for breaking with Tom as well as me, though they own *he* has nought but his rightful inheritance.

'Tis a frightful thing, this love of money; I must find some way of killing its first young risings in my heart.

Some days after Jane's return to Leeds there came a strange, formal letter from her husband to Tom, setting forth how 'the lawyer who drew Mr. Heywood's will' had been with them, expressing his willingness to point out a flaw in 'that unrighteous instrument,' by means of which it might be set aside; and showing them the draught of a new will 'Mr. Heywood had bidden him prepare, though his untimely death prevented its execution. You see,' writes Ned, 'what too just grounds F—— had for the suspicions he rashly expressed. I think of contesting the will, unless a fitting settlement be made by private agreement. If you will show this letter to Mary, it may decide her on making the only honest amends she can for former crooked ways, to which over-pious people of her sort are noted to be prone.'

These are stinging words. I found on reading them a frightful rising of bad human passions in me; my heart turned quite against the writer and his wife, our own poor Jane. 'Why should you make sacrifices for folks who think so ill of you, and will take them unthankfully at your hands?' were the words that rang in my ears, as if an ill spirit stood at my elbow and spoke them.

'Twas well for me that little Lucy ran in just then, clasping me round the knees, calling me 'Molly dear;' and so reminding me that this innocent creature would suffer wrong if I stood on the pride of my honesty and made a hard fight for worldly wealth.

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I carried Lucy to the garden as she wished, to hear the curious echo from the woody hill behind the house; 'tis amazingly plain. Lucy called to it often in her shrill, sweet voice, and it answered to her plainer than to me.

'Where does the echo build its nest?' she asked me; and I made out that she took it for a kind of bird. 'It has no nest any more than the cuckoo,' I said; and while she called 'Echo! Cuckoo!' and the airy voice sweetly mocked her, I vainly tried to recall the explanation of echoes John once gave me. 'Tis pity I am such a dunce; I am no fit company for him, and sure I am he thinks so. But my mind strayed on to thinking what he would do in my case: I felt sure his would be the nobler, self-denying way; and then like a flash came the thought of his Lord and mine, Who bade us resist not evil, and gave us those strange, Divine commands to meet our oppressors half-way, and yield more to them than they would exact. Now, I thought, He gives me a chance to prove myself His disciple; I will not let it slip; and so I felt at peace. But soon after came a piercing thought, which still torments me, that John has never yet testified the smallest concern for my troubles. I fear he may think of me as the wretched Fields only pretends to do.

Tuesday night.

I did him wrong. Here in Patty's letter I have proof that he has some kind thoughts to spend on me. It seems his soul is large enough to afford room for other loves beside the one best love; and I find I am humble enough to think a few crumbs from his table a sufficient feast. I shall try to repay him for his pious care for a poor oppressed kinswoman who has no great claim on his esteem; and I think a way is open.

Patty might well wish to set me guessing as to uncle's travelling companion; I should have guessed long without hitting on the truth. When I saw uncle and Tom getting off their horses at our gate, and uncle helping down a lady who had ridden pillion behind him, I did but wonder idly who it might be, so hooded and muffled. With a beaming face he led her towards me. '"Tis a new cousin for you, Molly,' he said; 'and a sweet one, whom you will much delight in.' I trembled a little as I advanced, saying, 'You are kindly welcome, madam,' and she put a little cold hand in mine, and like a child held up her face for a kiss.

'Twas the poor sweet Bab Durham, pale and red-eyed, yet smiling wistfully at me. But a great shock went through me, and I started back, saying, 'What, uncle, is John married already? Indeed you should have told me!' and instead of giving her the kiss of welcome she seemed to expect, I fell forward in a dead faint, uncle just

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running up in time to catch me. I am sure he and the others were vastly amazed at such folly; and, for my part, I could have whipt myself for it.

Coming round, I found myself laid on the settle in the oak parlour, Tom, Alice, and uncle all busy about me, and the poor, pretty Barbara watching me with looks full of kind distress. I was a little light-headed on reviving, and after staring awhile at her black mourning suit, her eyes swollen with weeping, and her sad, faint smiles, I began to say, 'You are a very young widow indeed, madam; and 'tis mighty sad for a fine young man, so newly married too, to be taken away in his prime;' and much more such idle stuff, for I had got it fixed in my crazy head that after a hasty marriage between her and John, some fatal accident had cut him off, and uncle had brought her down, out of pity and kindness, to do her health good. 'Twas a very complete story for me to frame in a few distracted moments.

She vainly assured me she was no one's wife, much less a widow. I broke in on her words, saying, ''Tis no use your deceiving me out of pity. I plainly heard uncle call you my new cousin—of course, having married John, you *are* my cousin; it signifies nothing that he died after, though 'tis very sad, very cruel;' and then, beginning to weep and talk still more idly, as I remember to my great vexation, they were fain to get me to bed and send for Mr. Mason to bleed me; by help of which, and of a large blister, I have got my senses back, though it seems I have had small benefit of them for two or three days at least.

They told me to-day the true story of Mrs. Durham's cousinship to us; 'tis not so strange as the tale my sick brain shaped for me, but yet strange enough.

The odd likeness between her and me had raised suspicions in uncle which, with some other circumstances, led him pretty near the truth; and I too had my guesses, caught from his enquiries; (though all such slight hints seemed to be driven out of my memory when I had my first sight of her here; but I have really been a little distracted since father's death.) A sad, fatal chance brought out the secret at last. Mrs. Grandison was coming home from the theatre late one night last month, when her coach being driven through a narrow street, was overturned on a great piece of timber laid across the way, and she received some dreadful hurts. 'Tis thought this was barbarously plotted by some of the wild young gentlemen who are the terror of the town for such practices; the poor lady had too many acquaintances of that sort.

She was carried home, and her hurts carefully seen to; but some which were inward were hopeless from the outset; and when this

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was made known to her, she fell into great despair, begging piteously for life; afterwards, growing calmer, she sent Barbara to fetch uncle Wilson, whom when he came she would see alone, and so imparted to him her whole sad story.

She was indeed my aunt Rachel, my father's youngest sister, who ran away from home to join some strolling players; one of these, named Durham, she soon married. Her marriage was never known at Oakhurst, my grandfather, who was of a violent, hasty temper burning every letter that came from her without opening it. He believed the worst things of her, and forbad her name to be spoken; yet it was thought the grief of losing her killed him.

My father had made aunt Rachel afraid of his stern temper; and news of grandfather's death reaching her, decided her to give up her own family, which was done the more easily as she greatly liked the unsettled life of an actress, and hated the country.

Our poor Barbara was the only surviving child of aunt Rachel's first marriage; but being reared up by a village nurse, and afterwards put to school, and never seeing her mother, she was easily wrought in after years to believe herself an orphan niece of Mrs. Grandison, who had married a second time, and did not choose to acknowledge her first match, it having turned out most wretchedly.

I know not what became of her second husband. William was still a schoolboy when his parents, upon the last of many furious quarrels, were parted for ever; but the unhappy wife went on in the life of outward gaiety and inward misery which had grieved poor Bab to the soul when at last she was brought home to share in it.

A false shame, joined with fondness for her careless, godless way of life, made Mrs. Grandison careful to shun all the Wilsons, whose kinship to us she knew; also she disliked uncle's character of piety; but in the near prospect of death 'twas that which drew her to him, and made her confide in him, hoping to bespeak his kindness for her children. 'Indeed,' she said, 'they are good children; they deserve a better mother;' and he promised her to care for them.

There was hope in her end, they say; I think there would be hope always where uncle came. He would have William and Barbara to his house; and Barbara expressing great concern for my troubles, he would bring her down to Oakhurst with him, hoping to give us both comfort. 'Twas a kind thought, and I hope good may yet come of it.

I broke off here, for Wilkins startled me very much, coming into my chamber in her riding-suit (having been to Leeds market), and throwing her arms about me while she mourned over me something in this way: 'Sweet, harmless thing! if they could get sixpence for every lie they tell, some folks would die as rich as Jews—unless they

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hang themselves first, like Judas—and serve them right!' And then she fell to kissing my hands and my gown, half sobbing, while I begged her to be quiet and tell me what ailed her. At last, getting her breath again:

'Twas that old foolish Susan Dickson,' she said; 'I never thought she could vex me so! she began it, coming to me at market with her long face, and "Was it true, then, that Mrs. Mary Heywood was gone distracted, and taken off to a madhouse, because the truth had come out about her father?" "Mrs. Mary is at home," I told her, "and has her senses much more perfect than some that are here." "Nay, sure!" says she, "folks are sore mista'en then; I've heard from a dozen at least that Mrs. Mary had gone raving mad, after owning that she poisoned the old man, and telling how she got the stuff to do it; and that Mr. Tom had put her into a madhouse, lest the officers should come to take her to a worse place." I could have beat the old thing!' said Wilkins; 'but I kept hands off her; and she promised to set folks right; but she'll have hard work, for the fond tale is spread everywhere, I found. What must be done about it, honey?'

'Some one will have heard of my late fever, dear nurse,' I said, 'and will have made this tale out of it. And I will go with you to market next week. I promised my cousin Bab to show her the town, and it will be seen that I am neither in a madhouse nor in a gaol. Will not that do?'

'You take it wonderful quiet,' says Wilkins, staring at me.

'I have more weighty matters than these poor falsehoods to think of,' said I; and 'twas true; for after much prayer I have got it fixed in my mind how I must dispose of the money unjustly left me. But I see with sorrow what a cleaving thing a slander is. I must wish that no blot had fallen on my poor name, though no one would now 'spend his life in making it clear;' and though to keep it fair for his wearing can no longer be my life's endeavour. Wilkins says this lie is in every one's mouth, and hints that F—— is at the bottom of it. I hope not; poor wretch, he has enough to answer for without it.

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

SEPTEMBER 2nd.—*Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*—MATTHEW v. 23, 24.

This precept of the Master, though cast in the mould of the Old

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Covenant ordinances, admonishes me that, on this His day, neither must I come before Him in worship with empty hands. Amongst the most sacred and the dearest privileges of my worship is the permission to present my *gift*.

It is true that nothing that I can offer will be worthy of the Lord's acceptance. But when was a loving heart, which brought all it could, ever frowned back because it gave too little? In the Lord's esteem, it is the motive of the gift that measures its worth; and, valued by this standard, the poorest and the simplest may bring as precious a sacrifice as those who abound in wealth or wisdom.

But the spirit of sacrifice must be consistent throughout. If the obedience be mixed with disobedience, all will be spoiled. If I am wronging any one, the Lord cannot accept my offering without seeming to sanction, or at least to condone, that wrong. As long as my brother has any cause of complaint against me, the best offering I can bring must be brought in vain, until I have done all I can to undo the cause of my brother's grievance. The hands that bring the service must be washed in innocency in all respects; for every transgression against my neighbour is a sin against God (Ps. li. 4); and one hand cannot be loyal while the other is a traitor.

But I must not suffer these considerations to be wrested to an ill use, as if I should say, then I will bring no offering at all. No: *Leave there thy gift before the altar.* It is a devoted thing, and must not be withdrawn. Let that dedicated service waiting to be presented, make thee hasten the reconciliation with thy brother. And as the actual process of removing the offence may take up much time, *go thy way* in spirit, and, before Him Who reads every secret of the heart, yield and give up all that has hurt thy brother, with full purpose to give effect to such decision; *and then come and offer thy gift.*

After all that I do, my brother may not be reconciled to me; but for this I am not answerable so long as I, in the sight of God, humble myself, and consent to all that righteousness and love require, to take away all blame on my part. It will have a hallowing influence on my whole life, if I thus keep in remembrance the connection between it and the service of God; until I come to transact every dealing with my brother as in the very front of the altar, and accustom myself to ask concerning every deed, not only, How will this benefit myself? but, How will this speed my worship when I come to make offering to the Lord?

SEPTEMBER 9th.—*Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly.*—JOHN XII. 3.

Last Sunday we learned how the presentation of our offerings to the Lord may be hindered. Let us now look well into the matter of their preparing. In Mary's sacrifice there are features, especially

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of circumstance, which seem to remove it out of the scope and possibility of all our life. Therefore this morning we stop short of the threshold of Simon's house, lest, in admiration of all that there happened, we should come away saying, We can do nothing like this. So, instead of looking just now at the service of the giving, we will consider the service of the preparation: for here really is the matter of greatest importance.

Although we cannot copy Mary in the manner of her service, yet we can be her fellows, if not, indeed, her rivals, in the motive of it. Her heart bore a great burden of debt as she kept in remembrance all the blessedness that had come to her at the feet of Jesus, and the wonder of His love and might at her brother's grave. And was not her gratitude the more urgent in its longing to give somewhat to the Lord, as she reproached herself with the impatience that had almost revolted into doubt of Him, in the days when she had said, *If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died?*

Let us also call to mind what Jesus has been to us, until the eager desire of thankful love shall seek its way to the altar, saying continually: *What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?* It is but a sorry love, and is hardly love at all, which is content ever to receive and never to give. And should not our impulse of worship be the stronger by reason of the contrite recollection of our unbelief, when, in times of distress, we silently upbraided Him because He did not use His power just in the way that we would have dictated? And now that we see how His love and truth never failed, what can we do to testify both our penitence and our thanks?

And this question, *What shall I render?* is not to be asked lightly or dismissed carelessly, but to have a clear and well-measured answer, so that we shall go into the Lord's presence bearing the determined and provided gift, not only knowing what it will be, but carrying it with us in prepared readiness. For this is a matter all too great to be left to the fitful impulse of the moment, and to be regulated by the hazard of an uncertain emotion.

Then took Mary:—think how much that simple statement means of deliberate thought, of much casting about for the fittest thing, of joy in the lavish cost, of jealous hoarding to encompass her desire.

Let me then, at this moment, pause, and ask myself, What is it that I am going to give to the Lord to-day? What gift have I prepared and got with me as I go to appear before Him? And shall I not further ask, what has it cost me?

SEPTEMBER 16th.—*And I said, O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.*—PSALM LV. 6.

There have been times when we needed to be reminded that this is

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not our rest, and the inactive comfort of the nest had to be rudely stirred in order that we might betake ourselves to necessary flight. Then it seemed hard to us that we might not stay as we were.

But in this sighing for wings there is expressed an altogether different mood, which also we have sometimes known. In this, instead of needing to be dislodged from the condition to which we clung, it seemed to us that there was no hope except in quitting our position and circumstances. For the position looked to us ill beyond mending; and the circumstances bewildered us by their seeming inconsistency with all that we thought ought to be; and the toil and burden consumed our strength into such utter weariness that we saw no deliverance but in a long flight—ay, not only out of the darkness, but through death itself.

O that I had wings like a dove! The wish is manifestly vain. But is that all? May it not be something much more than vain? This longing for impossible flight, has it not in it sometimes a complaint which goes nigh to murmuring, if not to rebellion? Instead of trusting God, it then, in effect, declares that things are so bad as to be beyond His resources of help; or it covers beneath the profitless wish for wings the unspoken reproach, 'Why hast Thou imprisoned me here, where my strength is brought low, and, whichever way I turn, my hopes are thwarted, and my purposes broken off, and all things are against me? I cannot be blest—Thou canst not bless me—here: I must get away from it all to *be at rest.*'

Nay, poor troubled one, do not resent this way of putting the matter, and say it is cruel dealing to put such words in thy mouth. If it were better for thee to have wings, thy God would give them to thee. And if thou hadst the pinions, whither wouldst thou fly? Wouldst thou seek a *wilderness* so remote from worry and strife, that in its sweet quietness thou shouldst have no need of thy God? Or is it that thou wouldst fain find a place where He rules just according to thy way; where there shall be no need for thee to endure or to suffer for Him, but only to lie still; where His perfect counsels shall all give way to thy *rest?*

O my gracious, faithful God, I need no flight save into Thy arms! Where Thou wilt, as Thou wilt, grant me this, that I may prove and show forth that Thy grace is sufficient for me.

SEPTEMBER 28rd.—*And He said unto them, Take heed what ye hear: with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you; and unto you that hear shall more be given.*—MARK IV. 24.

Let us seek to learn well this most seasonable lesson concerning hearing. It is plain, to begin with, that all the nourishment and growth of our spiritual life, and the fruitfulness of our outward life, must come from the Word of God, understood, accepted, obeyed. With

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this Divine diet there is no danger of being overfed; nor are we likely to be chidden for greediness in the seeking of it. Nay, our chief defect herein is want of appetite; and to remedy this, the Lord stimulates us to a greater eagerness, when He says, *Take heed what ye hear.*

Taking this counsel as it stands here connected, it evidently does not refer to the quality of the things we listen to, as if it said, Be careful in choosing the subjects to which you give attention. Certainly most necessary advice; but not the particular advice given just at this point. Here the lesson is upon How much, rather than upon What sort, and urges us to *take heed what* we *hear*, in this sense, that we should make the amount of our hearing a matter for very earnest consideration. And the Lord makes special use in this matter of a principle which has manifold application in His teachings. The *measure* of our own benefit really rests with ourselves, being made to depend upon the receptiveness of our faith. And this is not all; for every increase in Divine knowledge gathers to itself further increase; and with all such growth the very faculty of growing is enlarged and quickened. Have we not proved this to be true? Has not all gain of understanding of the Word been blessed with further gain? And can we not also bear witness to the reverse of this? Have we not found that when we ceased to add to our knowledge, our stock not only failed to increase, but began forthwith to become less. Through not getting more we lost what we had. The alternative of higher knowledge is deeper ignorance.

Now herein there is no time to be lost. On this day of sacred privilege, the lamp of God's truth is lit, not to be covered in jealous secrecy; His wisdom speaks, not in grudging whispers to a favoured few. It is left to us to fix the degree of our gain to-day. What we carry away with us will be determined by the empty vessel which we bring to the well. Then let our taking heed begin at this point. Let us pause on our way to the well, and ask, How large is the vessel I take to draw with? About the abundance of the supply there is no room for misgiving. But how much desire, how much expectation, how much obedient purpose do I carry with me? The gift may be boundless as an ocean; but my own personal share thereof will be according to my preparation for receiving it.

Of all thy gifts, O Lord, now give me this first of all, that, whatever else I lack, I may come to Thy Word with the blessing of those *who hunger and thirst after righteousness.*

SEPTEMBER 30th.—*I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.*—PSALM XVI. 8.

Here speak both faithfulness and faith; and the two together disclose the secret and the blessedness of a godly life.

Listen, then, to the voice of faithfulness; *I have set the Lord always*

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before me. This is a great deal more than a general persuasion, and a taking for granted, that God is my God,—a hopeful belief that when I want Him, He will be somewhere within reach. It means rather that I make it the habit of my life to order it all as before His face; that whatever motives or interests claim to be heard in the counsels of my soul, all are brought into the Presence; that every question that arises is decided there. It means that I not only believe that God sees me always, but that I am determined to let that fact have its supreme effect on all my life, and that I will, in the only way possible, continually see Him,—that I shall never look at anything without seeing Him.

Now it is manifest that only on one condition can this rule be possible, or, at least, tolerable. Unless the presence of God be a delight to me, the thought of it will be a burden and miserable restraint. But there is no tone of any such feeling in this declaration, which is full of the exulting sense of liberty and joy. What a greatness of such joy is ours who know God in Christ! To live in His presence *Who hath loved us*, and holds our hearts' best love, is to live in the light. But, while we count it thus our highest privilege to set Him *always before* us, it is none the less necessary that we should teach ourselves to make it our continual rule.

There is nothing in which the benignant working of this rule shows itself more beautifully than in our set times and acts of worship. Everything then depends upon its observance, and our worship, whether in prayer, or praise, or listening to the Word, soon becomes no worship at all if the Lord be not always before us.

Then hearken to the word of trust. *Because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.* My relation of faithful acknowledgment of Him is best described as my setting Him before me. The relation which He graciously takes towards me is told thus: He puts Himself *at my right hand.* If this be so, the assurance is well grounded,—*I shall not be moved.* No power shall be able to disturb my rest, or wreck my well-being. Thus to move me, it must first move Him.

The fidelity and the trust are inseparably joined. If I continually acknowledge the Lord, He will continually succour me, not from afar off, but close beside me, when I may hear the whisper, and feel the warm fostering, of His faithful love. If I, in watchful obedience and loyal confession, walk with Him, He will be at my side at every step.

POET-TOILERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CRABTREE-FOLD,' ETC.

V.—JOHN DUNCAN: WEAVER AND BOTANIST.

SOME eighty-three years ago a small, shoeless 'loon,' by name JOHN DUNCAN, went and came amongst the other boys of picturesque Stonehaven, gathering dulse on the wild rocks of its romantic shore,

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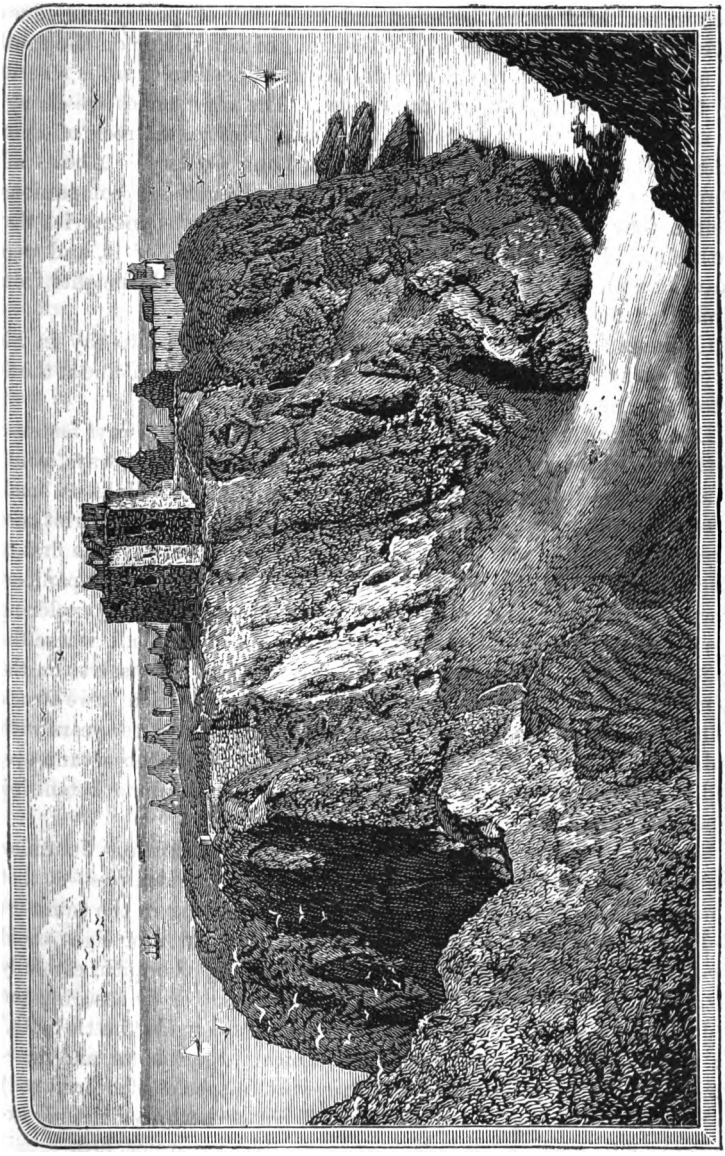

(DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

pattering after the liveried four-in-hand coach that ran daily between Edinburgh and Aberdeen, or climbing with sure-footed venturesomeness the stern, precipitous cliffs that stretch north and south of the

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little town. It is a splendid region for the nurturing of young life, rich in healthful ozone for mind and body, full of poetry and educative influences. From the magnificent pile of Dunnottar on the south to near Aberdeen on the north, the Kincardineshire coast is a series of frowning headlands and deep coves. The very names are enough to allure boys,—the Boar Stone, the Deil's Kettle, the rock of Dunnacair, the shelves of Dunnimail, the Long Gallery. Above all, Dunnottar drew John Duncan and his adventurous companions. Before they were old enough to know the deathless memories that gather round its lichened towers they felt the charm of it, and were drawn across the bay to scale the seemingly inaccessible heights from which it fronts the German Ocean.

'I had a terrible faculty o' climbing,' Duncan used to say in his strong vernacular. 'I was wonderfu' venturesome; awfu' fine at the fit (foot); an' fear never cam' on me.'

Disdaining the landward gateway—which indeed is always fastened—the boys would approach the once-dreaded fortress in other ways, would climb the precipitous cliffs, or clamber in at Wallace's Hole—a small window in the portal wall by means of which the Scottish patriot once wrested the castle from the English. Johnnie was always the first to reach this loophole, and would haul up his more timorous companions. Then they would 'range roond and roond aboot like cats,' exploring the dungeons where the Covenanters pined, and the hall where the Scottish crown and sceptre had lain; or, perching themselves on the topmost turrets, gaze downwards and outwards with awe-struck delight. 'Grand times' were those, to be recalled in after years with unfading interest; days when the sturdy spirit, the observant eye, and the 'fine foot' of one boy were trained for the long botanising rambles of after life.

Some of the excursions were for profit on a small scale. Johnnie's mother earned a very meagre living by knitting stockings—at that time a trade with the Continent—and by harvesting in the summer; and she needed even such help as the child of seven or eight could give in the way of gathering rushes and selling the pith, carefully extracted, in little penny bundles for lamp-wicks, or by scouring the hedgerows for young nettle-shoots, from which she made 'nettle broth.' In this pursuit John made his first botanical experiments, and sometimes brought home leaves of the mugwort (a species of wormwood) to be used for 'muggart kail,'—a diet of bitter herbs which only extreme poverty and sturdy independence could have stomached.

Of course he loved flowers; what child does not? But his was an observant, enquiring love, very uncommon. Even in those early years the laddie 'took a notion' to *know* the plants, as he said long

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afterwards: 'I never saw a plant but I lookit for the marrows o'd (the fellow of it); and as I had a guid memory, when I ance kent a flower I kent it aye.'

Beetling cliff, flowery brae, and hoary tower were the only school of the boy John Duncan, but they proved a true 'gymnasium,' or mind exerciser; and when at the age of ten he became a herd-boy in the neighbourhood of Dunnottar, his education was carried on by a more intimate acquaintance with the castle and its history. Though unable to read for himself the eventful story of those walls, he drank it in from the lips of the keeper on summer afternoons, or from the farm people gathered round the fireside in the long winter evenings. Then was the tale told of the brave Wallace, of the 'Whig's Vault,' where the Covenanters were immured and took turns in breathing opposite a crack in the wall which let in a little of the blessed sea air! of the perilous escape down the face of the rock, commemorated by that rough Covenanters' Stone in the old churchyard. Illiterate the child might be, but not uneducated, whose character was shaped by these inspiring stories of

> 'The stern, undaunted will,
> And the scorn to receive from a tyrant's decree
> What should flame up with power from the hearts of the free.'

They coloured his whole existence, gave to his mind an inspiring centre of knowledge, and to his piety an uncompromising glow, while the beloved flowers and plants opened a gateway into an enchanted land full of wonders, and full of poetry.

He soon began to dislike the thought of being a ploughman; and at sixteen, a lank, uncouth lad, with a simple, shy look, and a small bundle of poor clothes, he went to learn weaving in Drumlithie: a comfortable, pretty village, where every weaver had his workshop attached to his house, and held a garden at least, if not a croft; where that extinct official, the public cowherd, wound his horn night and morning; and the work of the loom was varied by the cultivation of the soil, the tending of cattle, and the cutting and carrying of peats. Some of the weavers possessed well-read books; and, like their brethren elsewhere, were keen thinkers and great talkers, busying themselves with theology and politics, and settling all the affairs of Church and nation with vigorous tongues. In this simple and prosperous community John spent five years, learning his trade with a master renowned far and wide for his violent temper, but finding nevertheless many compensations for what would otherwise have been intolerable ill-usage. His Nabal of a master had an Abigail for his wife; and when John was beat and oppressed by the one, he found sympathy and help from the other; her patient, pious endurance of her own share was in itself a most

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valuable lesson. She was an intelligent woman, possessing more books than most people in the village, and reckoned 'a terrible scholar.'

During the tyrant's absences from home—which were frequent—she and John had quiet, happy days together. Even when Pirie was at home there was a refuge for John in the kitchen of Mary Garvie, another intelligent and kindly woman, who was the first to put into his hands the key of knowledge by teaching him to read. So, toiling, sorrowing, yet rejoicing too, he stumbled on, 'terrible anxious' to conquer the difficulties that beset him: not the least of these being a short-sightedness that obliged him to hold a book close to his nose; and, in the botanical expeditions of after times, to go down often on hands and knees that he might, as he said, 'get his hands upon the plants.' A few evening hours during six weeks of one winter, were all that he ever spent inside a school; and he did not learn to write until his thirtieth year, when he got a copy-book, and with hardening fingers but harder will, set to work, determined to possess himself of this key also. After he was able to write letters to his friends, he continued to plod away at copy-book work for some time; and the same unwavering diligence made him acquainted by degrees with history, geography, etymology, and even the rudiments of Latin and Greek.

This was not all accomplished at Drumlithie; but while there he was introduced to Culpepper's *British Herbal;* and under the guidance of that quaint, humorous master made some way in medical botany, and began to lift his eyes to the stars, and to think of making dials.

He ended his apprenticeship—slow, reserved, much-enduring fellow as he was—by running away from a bondage which had always been cruel, and after the sudden death of good Mrs. Pirie was insupportable. Then came a few years of quiet work and study in his mother's house; during which, by almost incredible frugality and many months of close labour, he found means to purchase the indispensable Culpepper. It cost a whole pound! an enormous sum to a poor lad just out of his apprenticeship, and with a mother who needed help; yet it was but the beginning of a large and valuable library which the book-loving weaver acquired out of very small means. 'I canna want books,' he said at one time; that is to say, he could not do without them.

Other claims pressed upon him during the larger part of his life, and he did not neglect them. His marriage was a mistake, ending in bitter pain and disappointment. After five years of violence and neglect, his wife left her worthy, peaceable husband in the company of another; but that was by no means the last of her. For twenty

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years longer she haunted him like an evil spirit. He boarded out his girls—who lived, be it said, to do him credit; although the ill health of one kept her in needy circumstances,—and went from village to village in the Vale of Alford, living often in poor, comfortless lodgings, and bearing in heart-wrung silence the dread that his wife might at any time appear—a disreputable, shameless figure, craving money, and torturing him as only such a woman could. Not to his nearest friends did he ever speak of this trouble unless compelled; and when one sympathizer had occasion to say that he had long known of it, John quite broke down, as if stabbed to the heart. Later still, when more than thirty years of peace and increasing respect lay between him and the close of this painful experience, he was still reluctant to dwell upon it, saying, with tears in his eyes: 'Ye see, that's a' by, noo.'

The breaking up of Duncan's home drove him from Aberdeen and the factory work there, to the life of a country or 'customer' weaver. The class is now probably almost extinct, and John Duncan was one of the latest survivors. 'In olden days, when each parish or glen had to depend chiefly upon itself for food and clothing, the weaver was as necessary a person as the smith or the carpenter, the minister or the schoolmaster.' John Duncan entered this ancient order of rural 'wabsters,' and spent a long life in it. Moving from village to village in the varied country dominated by the fine crest of Ben-achie (pronounced Ben-ahee) as the prospect of work or other circumstances—say, the ever-following wife—directed, he received from thrifty housekeepers the thread spun by themselves and their maidens, wove it into cloth of the kind and pattern desired, and carried it home again, receiving his modest fee and a meal of some kind into the bargain. Then, during the autumn, he would get some healthful variety by 'gaein' to the hairst;' *i.e.*, harvesting in different parts of the country; and for many years he obtained the means of buying books by joining the militia, sometimes as a substitute.

Of the general estimation in which weavers were held by the agricultural class—who certainly did not excel them in wit or information—there are some amusing instances on record. A farmer near Stone-haven saw his stooks (sheaves) like to be blown into the sea by a high wind, 'Rin,' said he to one of his lads, 'rin to Stanehyve, an' get as mony men as ye can to help here; an' if ye canna get men, *get weyvers or onything!*' Again, one of John's employers, a miserly old farmer, who had a weaving-shop as well, was in the habit of serving his ploughmen with the sourest of buttermilk, and when it was so bad as to be refused by them in vigorous terms, his like-spirited housekeeper would say: 'We 'll better gae that butter-

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milk to the *weyvers*, for our men winna sup it.' 'Just sae!' the churl would reply; 'and if *they* winna tak' it, I'll sup it mysel!'

John had a good many stories, full of humour, with which he would enliven a fireside where he felt quite at home. With all his reserve, no one could be more pleased to bask in the kindly glow of appreciation, to read chapters from his dearly-won, carefully-kept books, to recount incidents of his varied wanderings, to discourse upon that history of Scotland which had been so vividly illustrated for him in the surroundings of his early days, and above all, to expound the nature and uses of the plants which rough, unimaginative people thought he was daft about. Besides these subjects of discourse, he was a keen politician and non-prelacy, non-intrusionist man. The fiery spirit of the old Covenanters burned in him, and in the ecclesiastical revolution of 1843, which created the Free Church of Scotland, he took an ardent, almost a fierce part, walking long distances to be present at some of the famous events of that struggle. 'If occasion had required, he would have taken to the moors and mountains, like his ancestors at Aird's Moss and Drumclog, to resist tyranny.' In the Disruption year he was one of a little band (Aberdeenshire adhering largely to the Establishment) who met in a barn under the ministry of Professor Robertson Smith's father, and his collecting book for the funds of the new Free congregation still exists, with fourpence a week opposite his own name. Out of such beginnings has the Free Church of Scotland risen.

Fourpence a week from a man whose personal expenses—board, bed, washing, and clothes—were limited, at that time, to four shillings a week; whose Sunday suit, woven by himself, was worn for a wilderness term—forty years; and whose bedchamber and study was a dark hole above a stable, or at best a corner of a weaving shop!

But about the botany, for that was the great fact of John Duncan's life. At first, as we have seen, Culpepper occupied him, along with the astronomy and dialing that earned for him such names as 'Johnnie Moon,' and 'the star-mannie;' his skill in decoctions and ointments being always at the service of any who would employ them. Meantime, there was living in the Vale of Alford a young man who had also begun life as a herd-boy, and 'amidst huge difficulties sedulously cultivated his intellect and character.' He had taken to gardening, and while apprenticed to that, succeeded in acquiring, at the cost of two pounds, *Macintosh's Practical Gardener*. Then, determined to know all about the plants with which he dealt, the young fellow set out, amidst jeers from his companions and many other difficulties, to teach himself scientific botany. Acquiring one book after another, and steadily ploughing his way

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through them, he had mastered the earlier and most 'sickening' stages of his labour by the time his apprenticeship ended, and after that went on rapidly. One evening in 1836, he was busy in his employer's garden, when a quaintly-dressed figure approached and handed him a letter of introduction. Charles Black, a vigorous, high-spirited young fellow, thought his new acquaintance 'a queer fish,' and was not sure but he was 'half daft.' Did he know much about plants? John rather thought so—as indeed he did; but presently discovered that there was a science called Botany, 'which opened up a bright vista of future knowledge.' With the modesty of a true student he at once made himself the pupil of the young man, twenty years his junior, and his enthusiasm for plants took a new and infinitely more absorbing shape. The story of this companionship and its results is intensely interesting. Charles speedily ascertained the mental vigour of the 'mortal queer man,' and the two wrought together in a most fervent scientific partnership. Charles had long hours and no holidays, yet the Vale of Alford and the valley of the Dee were scoured far and wide for plants. Their rambles extended sometimes for thirty or forty miles, right over the hills, and as Charles could not start until his day's work was done, the whole night was often spent in an expedition. With a provision of oatmeal, the enthusiastic pair would set out for some distant haunt of a much-desired plant, to return in the beautiful twilight of a northern summer's night, or perhaps not until dawn. John, who was pretty much his own master, made his errands to farmhouses opportunities for botanizing, and rarely was he seen anywhere without a bundle of plants or grasses. Many were his adventures on hill-side and quaking bog, some of them not without danger, and many a time was the strange figure groping on hands and knees taken for a madman.

During winter evenings the acquisitions of summer were classified and arranged in the kitchen of the mansion. At first a churlish housekeeper hindered the work, but after Charles's marriage he and his wife acted as winter 'care-takers' (their employers going into town), and there was plenty of room for spreading out and drying the sheets of the herbarium.

Altogether these also were 'grand times,' fruitful in a thousand delightful memories. Afterwards, when circumstances separated the friends, John, remaining in the same district, pursued his beloved science with unabated zeal, and did his best to kindle a like ardour in the young men of his acquaintance, some of whom went forth from that remote parish to positions of considerable honour. 'How he loved Botany,' says one of these. 'He was a most remarkable example of what the humblest student of nature may become. A

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visit to him was quite a treat. Of course you would find him weaving. Then he would go over pile after pile of his collection, every specimen in which had its history, noted in his memory; the man himself being perhaps a greater rarity than his rarest specimens.'

One of 'the rich and royal men' of the world was this poor, self-taught, nature-loving weaver. He said himself, in an essay written for a Mutual Improvement Society (one of his interests): 'There is a sort of spell or charm about flowers which tends to soothe the spirits and compose the mind.'

A clever and industrious workman—for if he rambled during the day he would weave on into the night,—and a perfect anchorite in matters of food and clothing, this remarkable man had to appeal to the parish at last. His trade was declining, and he could not live by it. Then friends came to his rescue: subscriptions flowed in from the Queen, the Duke of Argyll, and many others; newspapers drew attention to 'the brave old botanist,' and learned societies offered their respects. 'Man, it pays!' he said to James Black, in great glee at his deliverance from the parochial grant. His declining days were soothed by much kindly attention; and for it all he was touchingly grateful, saying often: 'Ye're makkin' me ower grand! Dinna be ower gude to me!'

He passed away in the eighty-seventh year of his age, calmly trusting in 'the God of Nature and of Grace;' and feeling, as all true students and Christians must, that he was only beginning to learn. He saw a great field of enquiry, he said, and God alone knew where it ended; he only saw that it was big. 'I hae tried hard, and done little. But O! I *am* glad o' what I ken, and glad o' what I now begin to learn.'

EVANGELISTIC WORK IN ASSAM.

BY THE REV. H. RYLANDS BROWN, OF DARJEELING.

AFTER attending the Missionary Conference in Calcutta, I went direct to Assam in connection with the work of the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society.

The first pleasing incident was the following. A baboo, to whom I had given a Bible and a copy of one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, was overheard the next day reading the sermon to his wife in a temporary zenana that had been put up on board the boat. On my asking afterwards if his wife understood English, he said, 'No; but as I read it in English I explain it to her in Bengali.'

The first service I conducted was on board one of the large river steamers. There being many passengers, I had a goodly congregation,

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consisting of the officers of the steamer, a number of tea-planters and others, including four ladies. As I was eight days on board, I was able to hold many religious conversations with my fellow-passengers, to whom I gave appropriate books.

My first stay was at a place called Jeypur; but I could not get the ear of the Europeans, for it was race week, a week of concentrated folly and worldly excitement. The chaplain on the preceding Sunday morning justified attendance upon what he called the innocent amusements by an appeal to Christ's attending the marriage-feast at Cana. However, I met here and spent some time with an aged Christian lady, a true mother in Israel, who deeply deplores the godlessness so rife among our own countrymen.

On board the next steamer I conducted a most interesting children's service. The service was held on the flat. (These steamers usually have a great double-storied barge called a flat in tow on either side.) The families of the captain of the steamer and the commander of the flat being at home for the holidays, no less than ten boys and girls, with their mothers, attended the service. It was very cheering to sing our Christian hymns under such strange circumstances. The banks of the river were clothed with thick jungle-grass or luxuriant tropical trees, the almost naked natives in places lining the bank to watch us as we steamed along.

In the evening the officers and passengers of another boat that was anchored alongside ours for the night joined us at our service, so that the saloon was crowded.

Having disembarked, and before riding sixteen miles inland, I spent some hours with a gentleman who has brought himself to a very deplorable condition through drink and profligate living. It was very affecting to behold how utterly broken in spirit he was when we were on our knees together. O that our prayer may prove the beginning of the prodigal's return! If it should be so, none on earth will rejoice more than the aged Christian father and mother and afflicted sister who are praying for him at home in Scotland.

My next service was on a Tuesday afternoon in the house of a doctor. The rest of the week was spent in travelling from bungalow to bungalow, sometimes on an elephant, at other times on horseback or driving. With great thankfulness to God I record that I was able to travel incessantly, seldom spending two nights in the same place, with scarcely a scratch through any accident, or half-an-hour's detention through sickness. In three months I travelled two thousand five hundred miles.

My third Sunday in Assam was spent with the Chaplain of the district which I had reached. He asked me to preach for him, which

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I gladly did. After the morning service I rode with him ten miles, and joined him in the afternoon service. On both occasions the Chaplain took the liturgical part of the service, and I preached the sermon. I heartily appreciated his fraternal feeling.

The next fortnight was spent in going from bungalow to bungalow. At one place I was in danger through a mad elephant: a few hours after I drove by he killed a number of men, women and children. To my disappointment, I was prevented reaching Makum,—a place where a number of English miners, just out from England, are employed. I was within twenty miles of it, but the way lay through dense jungle, and my time was too limited.

At Debrughur, in Upper Assam, I carried on some most gratifying work among a company of British workmen and their wives, who are there in connection with the construction of a railway in that far-away district. Night after night I held meetings, and the interest was very marked. On my coming away they pleaded with me to stay. 'Why do you leave us?' they said. 'If you stay we will subscribe among ourselves to support you.' One said, 'As long as we have a bit to eat you shall share it.' These dear friends are just out from home, with their religious associations fresh in their minds; but they are now indeed as sheep without a shepherd.

My interest in them moved the Chaplain, who said to me one day: 'I have done nothing for those men yet. I think of getting up some cricket for them on Sunday afternoons (!). I saw our views about them were widely divergent, and took the opportunity that evening of urging the men to 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy.'

On my return journey I held several meetings, which I hope were the means of permanent good, at a place where I found a Christian brother whom I had met last year and in other circumstances. Then I was the means of rescuing him from a backsliding condition, now I found him fully rejoicing in the Lord, and laying himself out for the salvation of souls.*

In the neat little American Mission chapel used by the native Christians we held three services. The Sunday evening service was attended by nearly all the Europeans in the place—a large number, besides many educated natives. Another evening a meeting for young men was held. Here I heard of a Welsh woman who was married to a native, and was consequently wholly neglected by the European and Eurasian population. I sought her out in a native quarter of the town. It must have seemed like a dream my dropping in upon her,

* An account of this man's conversion is given in this *Miscellany* for August 1882: 'Evangelistic Work on the Banks of the Brahmaputra.'

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and in kind and loving tones inviting her to Jesus. When we rose from our knees she looked like one dazed by the strangeness of the circumstance. She was deeply grateful, and took with pleasure the book I gave her.

On leaving Assam I visited a town in Eastern Bengal into which I had last year much difficulty in getting. This year I received a ready welcome. Three meetings were held with the Europeans and two with the natives. A Prayer-meeting one afternoon with two Scotchmen was a memorable feature of my visit. Since giving a lecture last year to the baboos, I received numerous applications for copies of the Scriptures. This led to my lecturing this year upon 'How to read the Bible to profit.' A request was made, to which I responded, to give a second lecture showing the necessity of a Mediator for the salvation of mankind. A Mohammedan supplied the building, and spent the day in getting it ready. The audience comprised Mohammedans, Hindoos, members of the Brahmo Somaj and Europeans. It was certainly remarkable to find a young Englishman proclaiming Christ Jesus as the only Saviour to such an audience, just as freely as he would have done if preaching to an audience at home.

Without further comment I leave these facts with the reader, in the hope that he will digest them. But I cannot put down my pen without pleading with those who read this to remember continually in prayer their fellow-countrymen in India. Their position is one of trial and temptation, without the helps and checks which surround young men at home. If the reader will just ponder this last statement, he will see the need of more prayer, and of the tenfold multiplication of the work described above.

OUR TRACT SOCIETY, AND HOW WE WORK IT.

One of the most effective means of reaching the masses is by tract-distribution, or the systematic circulation of Gospel truth presented in a style adapted to the poor and ignorant. Tract-distributers emphatically fulfil the Saviour's injunction to go out into the highways, and into the streets and lanes of the city. This is not popular work; for it is necessary to 'endure hardness,' and the harvest seems often long delayed. Yet much blessing to our Churches and our neighbours must result from steady, plodding labour in this field. But for success here, as in every other department of work in the Church, we need beside prayer and faith, system and perseverance.

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It has been the writer's privilege to be connected for twenty years with a well-organized and well-worked Tract Society in connection with the Whitefield-Road Wesleyan Chapel, Liverpool, and though only a humble lay worker, he may be able to offer a few suggestions that shall be helpful to others.

One of the first essentials of a successful Tract Society is an efficient Secretary. He should be a man of unfailing energy and tact. He must be ever on the watch for likely persons to cooperate in the work, and not depend upon spontaneous offers of help, or invitations from the pulpit. Many, in response to a courteous and earnest invitation, have been induced to begin work from which they naturally shrunk, and have accomplished what they never imagined themselves able to attempt. Some of the best Evangelistic workers are those to whom speaking for Jesus was at first a heavy cross. The Secretary and distributers, and whenever possible one of the Ministers, should meet monthly or quarterly for mutual counsel and prayer. These meetings must be warm, lively, and hearty; and the distributers should be encouraged to speak of their successes and their difficulties. It is advisable that some report of the working of the various districts should be sent to the Secretary before these meetings. We have adopted a quarterly report containing the following questions, which each distributer is expected to answer briefly in the blank space left opposite each question:

'WHITEFIELD-ROAD WESLEYAN TRACT SOCIETY.

1. Have the tracts been distributed every week, or if not, how often?
2. How many families are visited weekly?
3. How many houses are there in your district?
4. Have any persons been induced to attend any place of public worship, or to join any Church?
5. Have any persons been led to send their children to Sunday or day-schools?
6. Has any case of sickness been specially visited?
7. Have any cases of distress been reported to a visitor of the Benevolent Society, or otherwise aided?
8. Is there any opening for a Cottage Prayer-meeting?
9. Are there any houses without a Bible?
10. State any particular instances of good resulting from this agency, or offer any general remarks.'

In order that the neighbourhood may be thoroughly worked, it has been mapped out into divisions. Each division contains about nine or ten streets and as many distributers, and is under the charge of a Superintendent, whose duties are, 'To initiate the distributers into their work, supply the tracts, enquire monthly if the distribution is regularly carried on, and take notes of the same.'

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For fourteen years our work was carried on steadily and silently. At length one of our Ministers suggested that we should have a public meeting. The experiment was tried. We got on the right lines, gave a good tea, to which many poor people from the districts were invited, as well as friends from the Society. After tea we adjourned to the chapel. Short lively addresses were given, interspersed with singing, and a most pleasant and profitable evening was spent.

We have a small library in connection with our association which supplies little books and tractates; these are often found useful, not only to the distributers, but to Class-Leaders. Our humble tract library contains such books as *Advice to Beginners; Can I Be Saved; Guidance to the Newly Pardoned*, etc. The distributers are also supplied with numbers of *Early Days* and other children's periodicals for gratuitous distribution. Once a year, too, a suitable book for the young, such as *Jesus Blessing the Children*, by Rev. W. Crook, is sent to the children of our congregations. We have recently added to our stock a number of most suitable cards for sailors, printed in German. We have also sent one pound's worth of Rev. M. G. Pearse's tracts to our chaplain in Cairo.

We have recently formed a new branch of our Association for the distribution of the excellent *Monthly Greeting*, published by our Book-Room. This work is principally done by ladies, who cannot spare time every week, but are glad to give up one afternoon a month to help the cause. Our services are advertised on the blank space left for the purpose. These papers are given in the more respectable neighbourhoods; and thus our chapel becomes more widely known, and invitations to God's House are given to all classes of people.

We will conclude with a few words of practical counsel to those who have the most toilsome part of the work—the distributers themselves:

1. Read the tracts, so that you may be able to make a suitable selection, and to talk with the people about the contents; this will help you towards what is often felt to be such a difficult matter, beginning to talk about spiritual things.

2. Pray over the tracts. Ask God to bless the Word at each house before entering.

3. Be very regular in attending the Tract-Distributers' Prayer-meeting. This Prayer-meeting should be an institution in every Church. Expect prayer to be answered.

4. Try quietly to gain the love and confidence of those living in your district, by evidencing a genuine interest in their temporal as

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well as spiritual welfare; but do not be afraid nor ashamed to let them see that your chief concern is for their souls.

5. Do not grow weary of inviting them to the House of God. If they refuse the forty-ninth invitation, they may accept the fiftieth. We have repeatedly had as many as fifty out of one street at our services.

We often hear it said that to work a Tract District is most trying to the health, especially for delicate persons; but, by a little exercise of prudence and common sense, many difficulties may be obviated. A few simple precautions should be observed; such as, the removal of overcoat or jacket on entering a warm room on a cold day, and the changing of damp boots immediately on returning home.

Finally, faint not nor be discouraged; claim and expect God's blessing on your work, and it will be given. Some of the fruit you will be permitted to see, but much will await you as a glad surprise in the day when the King shall say to you, 'Ye did it unto Me.'

J. A. T.

BED-TIME.

THE clock strikes eight, the child must go to bed,
Must leave the talk, the music, and the light,
The pleasant drawing-room so warm, so bright;
What wonder she is filled with childish dread?
She thinks with terror of the darksome stair,
The dusky passage she must tread alone,
Where her small shadow in the corner thrown
Seems some fierce monster lurking in its lair.
But one among our number knows her fear,
He sees her ling'ring step, her wistful eyes,
So as she leaves the room—O, glad surprise!—
A strong, kind hand clasps hers—a friend is near.
No longer fear she has, all shadows flee,
She knows no terror in such company.

We all are children—bed-time comes to each
In God's good time. Yet oft we sadly think
Of death's dark river, and in terror shrink
From passing hence *alone*, going out of reach
Of all we know—our friends, the blessèd light.
So, like the little child, we fearful stand,
Longing to clasp some loving human hand
In that dark path which fills us with affright
Yet did we but remember One dear Friend
Who knoweth all about us, He hath said,

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'Lo, I am with you alway; when you tread
The shadowy valley—even to the end.'
His strong right hand holds ours—the shadows flee,
Who can know terror in such company?

LENA TYACK.

DRINK IN THE COLONIES.

A RECENT number of *The Christian Weekly and Methodist Journal*, Adelaide, contains the following paragraph which shows how sadly the drink demon is doing his old work amongst new communities:

'Two events of the past week suggest a lesson which we desire to indicate with the utmost consideration for the feelings of those who are in any way connected with them. Last Sunday morning, a man, who had amassed considerable property in the vilest manner, laid violent hands upon himself, and rushed unbidden into the presence of his Maker. Since then a case has been heard, the details of which were such that the presiding judge ventured on the extraordinary step of excluding the public, reporters and all. In the one case, the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of unsoundness of mind; and in the other, mania, or dementia of some kind, is suggested as a partial excuse. Drunkenness was in both cases the primary cause of the crimes that are so terrible, and the conduct that is so revolting.'

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Seven Years' Pioneer Mission-Work in Cardiff. By W. F. JAMES. Second Edition. London: Bible Christian Book-Room.—When the first edition of this book appeared we called our readers' attention to it, and are glad to welcome the second edition, which tells, in an added chapter, of continued progress. The Bible Christians of Cardiff have fought a hard battle, and won a well-deserved success. May they still go on and prosper.

History of Julius Cæsar. By JACOB ABBOTT. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road.—This is the third volume in the series of 'Abbott's Histories for the Young,' which is now being re-issued after careful and competent revision. The book is attractively got up and pleasantly written. The whole series should be a popular one.

The Christian Commonwealth. S. W. Partridge and Co.—We are glad again to call attention to this useful and interesting weekly. It is faithful to its avowed advocacy of 'good and right and truth;' and many of the articles display considerable ability. The series of portraits, now being issued, are well-executed, and marvels of cheapness. The accompanying biographical sketches are also good.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*
Aug.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
29	5 7	6 54	7 28a	4 28m	11 26a	1 18m	10 9a
Sept.							
8	5 23	6 32	7 0	5 0	11 15	0 49	9 30
18	5 39	6 9	6 28	5 32	11 5	0 19	8 52
				Sets.			
28	5 55	5 46	5 48	5 55a	10 54	11 45a	8 13

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Sept. 1st, New Moon . 2h. 14m. after. | Sept. 16th, Full Moon 9h. 41m. after.
„ 9th, First Quarter 6h. 38m. after. | „ 23rd, Last Quarter 0h. 51m. „

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Sept. 6th . . . 4h. morn., Apogee . . . 251,886 miles.
„ 18th. . . 7h. morn., Perigee . . . 223,699 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 237,792 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Sept. 1st . . . . . 92,482,820 miles.
Oct. 1st . . . . . 91,736,930 „
Decrease of distance for the month . . 745,890 „

The *Sun* crosses the Equator southward on the 23rd, at 10h. in the morning, when the autumn quarter commences.

Mercury will be at its greatest actual distance from the Sun on the 3rd, at 2h. in the afternoon; and at 10h. in the evening will be in conjunction with the Moon, so near as to be occulted in the southern hemisphere. On the morning of the 11th it will be at its greatest angular distance from the Sun, 27 deg. eastward. It will be at its greatest distance from the Ecliptic southward on the 23rd; next day its apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde.

Venus is very near the Sun, and will be in superior conjunction on the 20th.

Mars, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn* are conspicuous as morning stars. Mars is in Gemini, below Castor and Pollux; Jupiter is in Cancer, eastward of Mars; Saturn is in Taurus, north-east of Aldebaran. Mars will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 25th, at 1h. in the morning; Jupiter at 9h. on the evening of the same day; and Saturn on the 22nd, at 2h. in the morning. Saturn will be occulted at this conjunction in some regions of the southern hemisphere. Its apparent motion changes on the same day from direct to retrograde.

An eclipse of Jupiter's first satellite: disappearance in the shadow of the primary may be witnessed on the 6th at 2h. 18m. 52s.; 13th, at 4h. 12m. 15s.; and 29th, at 2h. 27m. 3s. in the morning: the second satellite disappears on the 4th, at 2h. 58m. 58s.; and the third on the 27th, at 0h. 58m. 27s. in the morning. On the 8th, at 3h. in the morning, all the satellites will be on the eastern side of the primary, in the order of their actual distances.

Uranus will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 16th.

Neptune is in Taurus, south-west of the Pleiades. It rises on the 1st at 9h., and on the 17th at 8h. in the evening.

HASELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, PRINTERS, LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

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THE LATE MR. T. B. SMITHIES.

BY THE REV. W. H. GROVES, M.A.

But few men have made a more enduring impression for good upon the present generation than Thomas Bywater Smithies, the well-known and much-beloved founder and editor of *The British Workman* and the *Band of Hope Review*.

His first thirty-three years were spent in York, where he was born, August 27th, 1817. He then removed to London; and there, in his charming residence, Earlham Grove, Wood Green, famous as a meeting-place of the leaders of all sorts of beneficent enterprises, he closed his busy and useful life on Friday evening, July 20th, 1883, in his sixty-sixth year.

When about fifteen years of age, he cheered the hearts of his godly parents by giving himself to God, and straightway devoted all the energies of his intensely sympathetic and earnest nature to the work of his Divine Master.

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His duties as clerk in the office of the York Insurance Society afforded him many leisure hours, and these he employed for the benefit of others with all possible earnestness, and the unerring instinct of a wise and noble social reformer. The temperance reformation, in which he was one of the most distinguished pioneers, and in the interests of which he toiled so hard and so successfully to the end of his life, had in those days a large share of his attention; and in connection with that work it was that he first showed his special appreciation of well-arranged type. He was accustomed to advertise his temperance meetings in an economic but most telling way by constructing notices with letters cut out of old placards, diligently collected by himself and others. With his own hand he put up these notices in the most conspicuous places available, and they were so artistically arranged as invariably to attract much attention.

As time passed on and his passion to benefit mankind increased, he became more and more deeply convinced of the great value of impressing the mind through the medium of the eye. He observed that even the poor pictures of the scanty periodical literature of that day were deeply interesting to many, and resolved not to rest until

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he had provided more attractive pictures as well as a more attractive literature in the service of temperance and godliness, and especially for children and the working classes.

It was under the inspiration of this resolve that, in 1851, having removed to London, and while engaged as managing clerk in the Gutta Percha Works, Wharf-Road, City-Road, N., he commenced the *Band of Hope Review*. This little paper was at once popular, and soon proved to be not only useful but remunerative. He was thus emboldened to commence *The British Workman*, which he did after much prayerful thought in January, 1855, and in 1856 he gave himself entirely to literary work.

In course of time his indefatigable energy and editorial skill produced *The Children's Friend*, *The Infant's Magazine*, *The Family Friend*, *The Friendly Visitor*, *The Welcome*, and *The Band of Mercy Advocate*, the last-named being under the auspices of his excellent mother, the founder of *The Band of Mercy*, and given over shortly before his death to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Many interesting books for children and others were also published under his care, together with a great variety of illustrated wall-papers and tracts, upon which he bestowed very special attention. Among these may be mentioned the well-known large type Illustrated Fly-leaf Series, the Starlight Temperance Series, the Earlham Temperance Series, the Earlham Rest Day Series, the Church of England Temperance Series, made over to the Church of England Temperance Society a few days before his death, and the Earlham Envelope Series, consisting of one hundred and twenty tracts, which he compiled during his last illness. It may be said of these publications not only that they are remarkable for their excellence of type and engraving and artistic arrangement, so pleasing to the eye, and for their well-sustained interest, but that they have been useful in a marvellous manner, both at home and abroad, in propagating 'the fruit of the Spirit:..love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' Portions of them have been published not only in Continental languages, but in Tamil, Hindustani and Persian.

It must also be noted that the beginning of his editorial work was the beginning of a new era in that kind of literature. Other editors and tract societies were stimulated by his example, and could not but follow his leadership. And so to Mr. Smithies belongs the high honour of leading the way in the transformation of illustrated moral and religious periodicals and tracts, and especially in cheapening and popularizing healthy illustrated literature for the homes of the working-classes.

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This achievement alone sufficed to make his life in a preeminent degree distinguished. It was not only, however, as an editor, but by personal, self-denying labour in many other ways that he conspicuously blessed his fellow men. By able platform advocacy in every department of social reform, by special usefulness among the criminal classes, the intemperate and the deserving poor, by labours of love among postmen, policemen, cabmen, sweeps, soldiers, sailors and railway employés of all kinds; by practical sympathy with young men, many of whom he helped into good positions in life; by constant efforts to gladden the hearts of children, whom he intensely loved; and notably by persistent labour for the preservation of the sanctity of the Lord's Day and the prevention of cruelty to animals, in which departments he was excelled by none, he did immense good. There was scarcely a religious or philanthropic movement to which he did not give his aid, and his pecuniary gifts were most generous and incessant. The inspiration of his noble example, too, and especially of his personal presence, was a means of great blessing to many. To be in fellowship with him even for a short time was to receive a stimulus for good in one's whole nature. Intensely in earnest himself, he did not fail to communicate the spirit of earnestness to others, and in this way he set many an idle man to work; whilst by his kind and thoughtful sympathy, his pleasant words of good cheer, and the prayerful and thankful spirit which pervaded his whole life, he cheered many a discouraged worker and strengthened him for renewed toil.

While thus 'instant in season, out of season,' he was 'clothed with humility.' He edited his periodicals anonymously; and nothing was more foreign to his nature than to make a parade of the work he did. Moreover, he always gave without ostentation and by preference in secret. 'I have often observed,' says one who knew him well, 'that in giving a sovereign he placed it between two shillings that it might not be seen.'

His many-sided and widespread usefulness is accounted for to a great extent by the fact that he not only took the greatest pains to do everything he did in the best possible way, but that he possessed the invaluable faculty of doing everything in the least possible time. One of his oft-quoted mottoes was this: 'Call on a business man in business hours *only* on business. Transact your business, and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish *his* business.' He constantly impressed those about him with the thought that no time must be lost.

But an ardent and undying devotion to Jesus Christ was doubtless the mainspring of his useful and noble life, and the secret of its

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purity and power. To do all he could for his Saviour was his supreme ambition; and hence his constant anxiety to help on the true and best welfare of others. Of himself he thought but little.

Among his most striking characteristics was that of an instinctive dread of tampering in the least with conscience. Because he feared that if he sold his engraved wood blocks they might be used for base purposes, he has left behind him an immense collection, perhaps the largest in the world. He was, in the strictest sense, a total abstainer, because his conscience bade him to be such; nor could he tolerate even the slightest infringement on the sanctity of the Sabbath.

This extreme tenderness of conscience not only, as a matter of course, laid him open to adverse criticism, but combined with his great decision and force of character to make it sometimes difficult for others to work with him, especially for those who were not living up to his rare standard of Christian simplicity and thoroughness. But those who best understood his character honoured him even when they could not agree with him; and it is the testimony of all who knew him that his faults were thrown completely into the shade by his excellencies.

From the beginning of his Christian life to its close, Mr. Smithies was a loyal Wesleyan Methodist. As secretary of a Sunday-school and Leader of a large Society-class of young men when himself a young man in York, he is gratefully and lovingly remembered by many. The arduous labour of what he believed to be his special providential calling did not permit of his taking up a position as a prominent Connexional worker, nevertheless he always evidenced the most lively and painstaking interest in all the affairs of Wesleyan Methodism, and was never tired of cheering the hearts of its Ministers and people by his liberal contributions.

He was, however, no sectarian, nor was it possible for him to confine his loving zeal within the limits of his own Church. It is sometimes a matter of regret that hard workers, especially in Methodism, where so much is found to do, are so absorbed in the labours of their own denomination, that they are but little known in the Christian world beyond it. It would be strange, however, if among Methodists, 'the friends of all, and the enemies of none,' there were not found notable examples of an opposite character. Mr. Smithies was such an example; and probably it is not too much to say that no Methodist layman has ever been so greatly admired and honoured and beloved beyond the limits of his own Church as he. The venerable Earl of Shaftesbury said with deep emotion at the

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close of his funeral service in Abney Park cemetery: 'I have loved Mr. Smithies more than any other man I have ever known.' There are scores of well known men in other Churches who think of him with kindred feelings.

Such was T. B. Smithies by the grace of God, and such in brief was his life-work, a work by which many millions of people have been influenced for good in almost every conceivable way, and the beneficial results of which, direct and indirect, are beyond all calculation, but can never be lost.

Mr. Smithies was never married; and yet it was his good fortune always to enjoy the comforts of home-life, and the sanctity of home affection. After leaving the home of his birth, one of his five sisters was his housekeeper until her marriage. Her place was then taken by his youngest sister. In her he found for more than twenty years a kindred spirit, an invaluable helper in his literary toil, and one to whom he never looked in vain for wise counsel and loving care. Their widowed mother, during the declining years of her life, completed their family circle. For her Mr. Smithies, her only surviving son, in common with his sister, entertained the most dutiful and ardent affection, and when she died at the ripe age of eighty-two, it was a terrible blow to them both. About then his sister became a confirmed invalid; and but a comparatively short time passed before he himself entered upon his last long and painful illness, of which disease of the heart was the principal symptom, and which was no doubt induced by unremitting and excessive toil.

During that long illness, which lasted for nearly two years, none could restrain him from his much-loved labour; and, with a staff of assistants at hand, he was still ever scheming and working for the welfare of others. But every day was spent prayerfully and with thanksgiving, and by the grace of God his soul was kept in perfect peace. Many were the precious testimonies given during that time of his rest and hope and joy in the Lord; many were the expressions of patient and cheerful resignation even in the midst of much pain. Meanwhile, the brother and sister vied with each other in mutual ministrations of the most tender and touching affection. And so the end drew nigh. On the Wednesday before his death he lost the power of speech and fell into a state of almost complete unconsciousness, in which he remained to the last. During that time, however, he was evidently aware of the comforting and sustaining presence of his dearly-loved sister, and seemed to have no anxiety except that she should not leave his side. With his hand clasped in hers, hour after hour he lay. It was hard to part, he from her, she from him. But at length the last moment came.

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'Ready winged for their flight
To the regions of light,
The horses were come,
The chariot of Israel to carry him home.'

And his strong and gentle spirit passed sweetly and triumphantly away to be 'for ever with the Lord.'

'SELF-EMPLOYMENT IN SECRET.'

BY THE REV. GEORGE OSBORN, D.D.

It is admitted on all hands that religious retirement is essential to religious prosperity, and that those whose circumstances will allow it do well to cultivate the habit of retiring statedly and frequently. No uniform rule can be laid down; but the Lord clearly supposes that His disciples will need seasons of privacy, and His own example in this respect is full of instruction. Rather than not be alone He denied Himself of sleep; nor would He allow His want of a home to prevent His solitary converse with His Father and God. He went into the mountain apart and was there alone; He withdrew to a solitary place in the wilderness; and in a season of great pressure took His disciples also into a desert place that they might rest awhile. On more than one occasion He chose one or two to be the companions of His retirement; at other times His seclusion was entire. We naturally ask ourselves, If this was needful for Him Who knew no sin, and could know none, how much more for us?

But the circumstances of most British Christians to-day are very unfavourable to devout solitude. Extensive, if not unjust, competition makes the claims of business urgent. Civil society is highly organized, and makes demands upon our time and energies of which our fathers knew little or nothing; while the increased activity of all Christian Churches seeks to provide every member with work, and taxes most heavily those of proved ability. The whole world is daily thrust under our notice, and there is a perpetual effort to bring the most distant and difficult matters within the reach of general readers. The sphere of knowledge is constantly enlarging, the area of effort is constantly widening, and the diversified wants and conflicting interests of men constantly present new claims upon our thought and care.

Yet all this while our individual interests are not less weighty than before this surrounding pressure began. The claims of God are undiminished, the value of the soul is still incalculable, the nearness of eternity undeniable, 'As the Lord liveth'—it may still be said by every one,—'and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death.' The man who is unready—who has to buy his oil when

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he ought to be burning it—will as surely be excluded from the feast to-day as any of those to whom the Saviour spoke the awful parable eighteen hundred years ago. It is still 'appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.'

What, then, is to be done? Shall we allow secular duties to engross all our time and thoughts, and take the risk? or shall we keep that first which God has put first, and 'seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,' expecting all other needful things to 'be added unto' us? The consistent Christian cannot hesitate. He counts all things but loss, and suffers the loss of all things if called to do so, that he may 'win Christ, and be found in Him.' 'Better,' he says, 'to deny myself of anything than of my closet opportunities; better to grieve any friend than my best Friend; better to miss any company than the company of my Saviour. If, therefore, I cannot remain alone, so long alone as my father or grandfather did, I will try to go alone the oftener, and to make the best of my time while I am by myself.'

This wise and good purpose the present series of publications* is designed to foster, and to assist in carrying it out. The precious opportunities so hardly obtained must not be wasted in empty wanderings of mind or distracting speculations. A prompt supply of profitable and suggestive thoughts, or of holy breathings after God, may help many to economise the priceless moments, may prevent wanderings, and fan the spark of desire into a flame. Some of those who would decline the use of forms in public worship have found them really helpful in private, not as superseding but assisting their endeavours to draw nigh unto God.

Christianity claims both our minds and hearts, and the complete Christian serves God with both, and we are so constituted that both departments of our nature help each other. Feeling stimulates and clears our thoughts: thought sustains and regulates feeling. Speech turns both to good account. 'While I was musing the fire burned; and at last I spake with my tongue.'

Meditation, self-examination, and prayer, are all in turn indispensable to those who wish to yield fruit thirty, sixty, or an hundred fold; and for want of these things pious feeling is often dissipated, and good resolutions come to nothing. The 'deepness of earth' which is to cover the seed and nourish it is wanting because these private ordinances are neglected, and so the fair promise is never realized.

* The series of *Devotional Manuals* now being issued by the Book-Room, from the first of which this admirable paper is extracted. It forms a general introduction to the series.—EDITOR.

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'MEMORIES OF THE PAST.'

ANY intelligent man who has lived for many years in this eventful world has something to tell which is worth the hearing; and if his life has been passed amongst well-known men and stirring events, the story is generally well worth the writing too. The Rev. James Griffin, of Hastings, has lately published a volume of reminiscences which no one can read without interest.* He tells his tale like a kindly, genial old man talking of the former days to children and children's children; and though his own life would seem to have been singularly peaceful and happy, it has not been without many striking incidents and memorable friendships.

Let us first trace Mr. Griffin's personal history as it is modestly narrated by him. He is the son of the late Rev. J. Griffin, for many years the beloved pastor of the Independent Church at Portsea, a man of some note in his day, to whose personal character and high intellectual power his son quotes several testimonies from the lips of the ablest men of the time—Dr. Bunting being one.

Mr. Griffin having studied for a time at Highbury College, was engaged to 'supply' for a month at Rusholme Road Independent Chapel, Manchester. But the impression made was such that he was invited to become the pastor—a post which he held to the mutual joy and edification of himself and his people for many years. At his Ordination the Charge was given by the young pastor's father, the 'Introductory Discourse' by Dr. Raffles, and the Charge to the Church and congregation by Dr. M'All.

At the time of Mr. Griffin's settlement in Manchester, in 1829, the Rusholme-road Church numbered only thirty-six members, and the congregation was proportionately small, most of them being well-to-do and a few wealthy. But with the true shepherd's heart, Mr. Griffin resolved to seek the poor and the sinful. He did not say, as some do, 'With such a Church and congregation as ours it is not to be expected that we shall attract the poor;' but felt rather that it would be 'the crown of his honour and his joy to be able to say, as his Master said before him, "And the poor have the Gospel preached to them."' 'Our Lord,' he says, 'did not institute two Churches: one for the rich and another for the poor, or one for the learned and another for the illiterate; nor intend that the one Church should be divided by class feeling and class arrangements into two parties.'

His first effort on behalf of the poorer classes was the establishment of a Sunday afternoon service for domestic servants, which was very

* *Memories of the Past: Records of a Ministerial Life.* By JAMES GRIFFIN, Hastings. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

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largely attended and highly appreciated, not only by those who were at first invited, but also by the working people of the neighbourhood. Mr. Griffin also sought to make his ordinary ministry specially suitable for the poor, and was abundantly rewarded. He tells many interesting stories of this period, a few of which we must quote.

One Whitsuntide when he was preaching in Dr. M'All's chapel in Mosley-street, 'just as he was commencing the service he observed three females standing on the threshold of the chapel as if hesitating to enter. He immediately stretched out his hand, and beckoning to them said, "Come in, my friends, come in: no doubt we can find room for you: come in." The women paused for a moment, and then whispering together, all three came in, and were soon accommodated with seats. Their utterly irreligious character may be judged of from the fact that they had just come from the dram-shop, where it had been their wretched custom to get what they sadly called "a little comfort." They stayed during the service, and listened while the young minister spoke from the words, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord" (Psalm xxxiv. 11; Proverbs viii. 32).'

In one way or another each of these poor souls was led to God, and died rejoicing in His salvation; and each attributed her conversion to that unexpected and kindly invitation, 'Come in, my friends, come in.'

At the same service, a young mother, a Mrs. Turner, who had come with her children to the service, was brought to the Saviour, and from that time led a beautifully consistent Christian life. In the Sunday afternoon service at Rusholme-road, a poor family were all led to Christ, and joined the Church. The story of their loving zeal for the prosperity of God's cause is worthy of a permanent memorial in the annals of Christian liberality. The family consisted of three sisters, two of whom were widows, and a brother, who was subject to epileptic fits. The moving spirit amongst them appears to have been the eldest sister, Betsy Taylor. But Mr. Griffin shall tell the story in his own words:

'Mrs. Turner and Betsy Taylor were great friends, and were accustomed to talk over all their concerns together. It happened that a rather heavy debt was remaining on the chapel. I had been from home some weeks to recruit my health. Mrs. Turner, who got a scanty livelihood by mangling, called one day on her friend, in low spirits. "Betsy," she said, "I have had something on my mind that I want to speak to you about. You see, Minister has been away some time in bad health, but I have been thinking it is not so much his health, but that there is something weighing on his mind." "Do you; why,

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what can it be? I have not heard of anything; and all things, as far as I know, are comfortable in the Church." "Why, you know, they say there is a great debt on the chapel, and perhaps it is a burden on Mr. Griffin's heart, and that makes him ill." "Indeed! I never thought of that," said her friend; "but what can such poor bodies as we do in it? I am told it is a great deal; how can we be of any use?" "I can't say," answered Mrs. Turner, sadly; "but I have been reading in the forty-first of Isaiah, where it says, 'They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil.' You see," said she, "they were working people, so I have been thinking that working folks like us ought to try and do something." Mrs. Turner had thought that the passage referred to the building of the Temple, not having noticed the end of the verse. But it had suggested a principle, and she ran away at once with that to her friend Elizabeth. Betsy was silent a while, and Mrs. Turner, too, for both were downcast. At last she looked up and replied, "I tell you what; you go home and make it a matter of prayer for a week, I will do so too; and then we can meet after that, and talk over it again." So they parted, and at the end of the week they returned to the subject.

'"I have been thinking what to do," said Betsy. "I will put my name down for a shilling a week; Henry shall put his name down for a shilling a week; Mrs. Jones"—the widowed sister—"shall do the same. You put your name down for the same." And then mentioning the names of others of their friends, of the same class, who were members of the Church, she added, "I am sure they will do so, too." They accordingly set about it at once. But after a short time it reached the ears of the deacons, and one of them called on Elizabeth. "We understand, Betsy," said the good deacon, "that you are trying to do something for the chapel debt. It is very good of you and your friends, but surely you cannot know how large it is. We never heard of Mr. Griffin being anxious about it; you had better give it up, and at the proper time we will attend to it." Poor Betsy and her friends were woefully discouraged. It happened, however, that about this time she was engaged with some work at the house of a generous friend, Mr. Edward Wood, a member of the Church. Passing through the room where she was at work, he saw that she looked dejected, and seemed hardly inclined to speak. "Why, Betsy, you seem down in the mouth this morning; is anything the matter?" "Well, I suppose, I must out with it;" and then, telling what she and Mrs. Turner and the friends were wishing to do, she added, "But deacons have throw'd cold water on it,

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and stopped it." "Why, Betsy, I didn't think you were such a chicken-hearted woman. Put my name down for £50, and go on." Looking up with amazement, she said, "But do you mean it?" "Did you ever know me to say anything of the sort without meaning it?" "No, that I never did; then blessed be God," she cried, clapping her hands, while the tears streamed down her face, "the work is done!"

'And done it soon was. Those two poor women brought into the deacons £750; for "their zeal had provoked very many," and all liked to give their contributions by the hands of these generous women. In a short time a list of subscriptions was sent to me at Clifton, by the deacons, amounting to more than £1,100; and by-and-by the whole debt of nearly £3,000 was cleared off; and so the good women had a rich answer to their prayers, and a full reward of their self-denying love to the "house of their God."'

After Mr. Griffin's removal to Hastings these godly poor people collected £16 towards the payment of the debt on his chapel there. And this liberality was shown out of deep poverty: for one of the poor widows tells how she went one morning to chapel, having had no food at all. The sermon was from the text Isaiah xxix. 19. 'While you were preaching,' she said, 'I quite forgot that I had had no breakfast, my soul was so lifted up; I felt no want of food, and the kind of faintness I had when I entered the chapel had entirely passed away. The Lord indeed *increased* "*my joy*" at that time. But that was not all. As soon as the service was over, a man who had always sat in the next pew, but who had never spoken to me and whose face I had never seen, put his hand over, and put something into my hand, and then got up at once and left without speaking; and I was astonished to find he had given me half-a-sovereign. I don't know who he is, or where to find him.' Thus the Lord thinks on those who think on Him.

The success of Mr. Griffin's ministry was not, however, confined to the poorer members of his flock, though he gives but comparatively slight notices of his work amongst wealthier people. Amongst those who thus benefited by his preaching and counsel was Mrs. Burnett, sister of Charles Dickens, whose little deformed son Henry was the original of 'Paul Dombey.' Mrs. Burnett and her husband came to Manchester soon after Mr. Griffin settled there. Their first visit to Rusholme Road Chapel was a casual one, but Mrs. Burnett was so much impressed by the service that she begged her husband to attend there regularly. This he very gladly consented to do, as he had been for some time under strong religious influences, and was anxious for his wife's conversion. He had been employed for some years as an opera singer, and had many offers of theatrical engagements in London

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and the provinces, but he gave all up that he might serve Christ. Erelong they were at their own request admitted to membership with the Church. They immediately sought to consecrate their special gifts to the Lord; and, declining several advantageous proposals from Episcopalian and other Churches, they begged to be allowed to join Mr. Griffin's choir, saying, 'It was at Rusholme Road Chapel that the Lord met us in His mercy, and there we wish to devote ourselves to Him in aid of His worship, if He shall be pleased to permit us.'

Mrs. Burnett lived a most beautiful and humble Christian life for a few years, and then died in great peace. Charles Dickens wrote after visiting her in her last illness: 'I asked her whether she had any care or anxiety in the world, she said, "No, none." It was hard to die at such a time of life, but she had no alarm whatever in the prospect of the change; felt sure we should meet again in a better world; and though they had said she might rally for a time, did not really wish it. She said she was quite calm and happy, relied upon the mediation of Christ, and had no terror at all... God knows how small the world looks to one who comes out of such a sick-room on a bright summer day!'

Of Mr. Burnett less is said, as he still lives, but one interesting incident in his early life is recorded. When the great Missionary, Richard Knill, was about to leave the country, he asked Henry Burnett, then a lad, to pray for him every day as long as he lived. Mr. Griffin says, 'Mr. Burnett told me this many years after, and I naturally enough said, "That was a promise you would not be likely to keep." "Yes," he replied, "I have never broken it." "What," I said, "did you keep up the habit of prayer all through your *stage* life—and always pray for Mr. Knill?" "Yes, I never omitted it for a single day. Once or twice I was so tired after being late at the theatre, that I thought I might say my prayers in bed, but my conscience would not let me rest, so I got out to kneel down at the bed-side."'

We should be glad, if space allowed, to make several quotations from Mr. Griffin's recollections of the great Preachers whom he has known. His sketches are always kindly, pleasant and interesting. They include notices of many eminent men of various denominations. Amongst the Methodist worthies referred to are Dr. Bunting, Dr. Newton, Richard Watson, John Rattenbury, Dr. Osborn and William Arthur. But we must only allow ourselves one quotation. It illustrates the truly wonderful power as a preacher of the late Dr. M'All, who himself told the story to Mr. Griffin. Robert Hall had driven down with him to the chapel in which M'All was to preach. 'When

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we reached the vestry he found a sofa in it—I had got it placed there without his knowledge. "See here, Sir, they have got a sofa in the vestry, so you see I can recline on that, and with the door a little open I shall be able to hear you." I had not been preaching long before I observed the people's eyes directed towards the door with a titter on their faces. I suspected the cause, and glancing round I saw Mr. Hall's pipe protruding from the door and clouds of smoke rapidly emitted from it. Then I saw his face, and then his whole body leaning against the door-post; and so there he stood to the end of the sermon. When I went into the vestry, I said, "Mr. Hall, do you know what you have been doing?" "No, Sir; what have I been doing?" "Why, you have been smoking your pipe in the chapel nearly all the time I have been preaching." "Have I indeed, Sir? I was not aware of it; but it was impossible to lie still, Sir,—quite impossible."'

In conclusion, we heartily thank Mr. Griffin for his *Memories*, and trust that his eventide may be calm and blessed—a fit close to a happy and useful life.

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

Chapter X.

Mrs. Barbara Durham, *to* John Wilson, *London.*

March 28th, 1745.

Dear Cousin,

I am keeping my promise to send you notice how our matters go here; but I must wish I had better news for you, for I have very poor success in respect to the thing we both desire.

The surprise of my coming here, which your dear father took so much pleasure in planning, was too much for our Molly; she fell into a swoon on seeing me, and after into a fever, and wandered sadly for several days after our arriving. It was then I got most to feed my hopes for you. In her wanderings I thought she expressed a tenderness for you not to be mistaken, and this made me, as I sat by her bed, feel like a guilty creature for thus surprising her innocent secrets.

But she soon grew better, and then came a change. She would make much of me, yet seemed to dislike my nursing her; she chose often to talk of you, and was careful to praise you to me, asking me more than once, 'Don't you think John's wife will be a happy woman?' but all this she seemed to do with effort, and I was mortified to see that she was uneasy while I stayed by her.

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Since she came downstairs I have not heard her name your name once; she is, however, little in my company, being constantly shut up in the oak-parlour with your father and Cousin Tom, and the three are mighty busy with law-papers.

I could have wished for Molly's sake you had been here last Sunday; 'twas the first time since Uncle Heywood's death she hath been able to go to church, and then also I got my first sight of her persecutor, Fields; he made a great parade of devotion, but from time to time he snatched a glance at Molly, with an unblushing front and a kind of triumphant sneer. Many unfriendly looks were bent on our party, and many cruel things said in our hearing, even by little children, as we came away; 'tis wonderful what one industrious slanderer can do to blacken a fair name.

Molly bore up well until we were got home, but then she broke down, saying wildly to your father, 'Uncle, I can never go on living among folks that hate me: they were kind neighbours once: no one would use me so were father living;' and she began weeping and wailing, so that none could comfort her.

I wished her a better defender than that rash old father of hers.

'Twas even worse last Tuesday, when we went together to Leeds market, under pretence on Molly's part that she and Wilkins would show me the town; but Wilkins told me privately that the poor girl did it to face down a cruel slander which was spread, that she was gone distracted with remorse for Uncle Heywood's murder, and so was sent to a madhouse.

I hope she gained her end; but if so 'twas achieved by great suffering; many of her country neighbours flocked about her as if she were a show, staring and jeering at her. 'See how bold she is, how she brazens it out!' was the kindest word I heard; while she, poor girl, pale and red, and hot and cold by turns, strove to bear their ill-usage with a steady countenance.

If I were a friend who prized her and her happiness dearly, I would not be found far from her at such a time. And if you could steal a few days to spend at Oakhurst, 'twould do more, I am persuaded, to advance your cause, than all the efforts of your poor ambassadress, who grieves that she has no real title to write herself

Your loving cousin, BARBARA.

MOLLY'S JOURNAL.

April 9.

My plans are now all perfected; I have got Tom and Uncle Wilson to consent to them; and I hope 'twill not be long before I put them in practice.

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I am dividing my inheritance in three: one part I am free in conscience to keep; it will afford me a maintenance, and to that I think myself entitled; the second part shall be made over to Jane, and I hope may content her and her husband, it being much more than the share I have reserved; and the third, by deed of gift, shall be assured to Mrs. Durham, who must not be left to suffer for her mother's folly that forfeited her inheritance. (I would have divided this and more between Barbara and her half-brother, but Tom would not allow it; and he has secured to William a like sum out of his own estate.)

So John will be happily cheated out of his wooing of a penniless bride, and the sweet maid herself cannot choose but be amazed at being transformed into a little heiress.

It will take some time, I find, to get all this legally settled; but when that is done, I shall put another project in execution.

I cannot endure to live longer in this neighbourhood, where all hearts by one man's malice are turned against me, save those of a few poor Methodists who are not of this parish, and maybe of some two or three in it who have better knowledge. Even my own sister persists to think evil of me, and my courage is quite wasted.

Through some of these same honest Methodists I have heard of a work set on foot in Newcastle, in which I should rejoice to have a share, though it were but the share of a kitchen-drudge. The design, they tell me, was to provide a house where poor orphans could be taught and preaching services held, and where Mr. Wesley and his helpers could find a home on their journeyings. They call this the Orphan-House, and they speak in such terms of the Christian woman who manages there, that I shall think myself happy if she will have me under her orders as a serving-maid; I will ask no pay but the delight I shall find in helping her to wait on God's servants. I think the friends here will give me such recommendations as are needful, and so will Uncle Wilson; he does not venture to oppose my plan: 'It may be of God,' he says; only he wills me to wait a little.

Tom and Alice cry out against it; but even they cannot deny how harder than any service is the unkindness shown to me here. Many people do not scruple to say that the coroner and jury who sat in father's case were befooled and cheated; that there was much hard swearing by our people to get me off, and that neither they nor I are yet safe from the law. 'Tis cruel; my only hope is that these folks sin against the truth in mere ignorance.

Saturday, April 20th, 1745.

Things have happened since I wrote these last words which have well-nigh beaten me away from the resolution I had embraced; but I am still holding it fast.

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See page 450.

Last Thursday morning I was loitering in the front garden with little Lucy, who would pull me out of doors to look at the budding plants and flowers; they so delighted her that I caught a reflected joy from her, and found myself laughing outright at the odd, unexpected things she said.

'Tis no wonder I remember these childish sayings, for I was still laughing at the last of them when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the Black Walk; and the rider showing himself for one moment between the trees, my laughter was checked and my

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heart stood still; he was strangely like John. But I told myself it was impossible John should be there; and I had got myself quite composed again, and had gathered daisies enough to make Lucy a long chain, before I heard the house-door open, and saw two persons come across the garden to the corner where we sat in the sunshine: one was Mrs. Durham, all rosy and eager, and the other was certainly John, still wearing his horseman's dress: he was booted and spurred, and splashed with mud to the knee.

I thought, 'tis because of Barbara that he is here;' but why, then, should he come so eagerly towards me, fixing on me a look of faithful, ardent affection? and why did he seem almost heedless of her?

I rose to meet them, and he took my hand, and began falteringly to say some common words of greeting; but he broke them off suddenly, and cried out, 'How you have suffered, dear child! you are wasted to a shadow; indeed you are in no case to contend with fresh slanders they must have hearts of rock who invent them.'

'How did you hear of them? Uncle promised me not to name them in his letters,' I said, half aghast.

'A good friend sent me word,' he said, smiling at Barbara, who smiled back at him, and reddening as she met my eyes, at once turned her attention to Lucy, whom she beguiled away to the other side of the lawn and there kept her busy. John looked after them for a moment, and then said, 'She is my best friend, I am inexpressibly grateful to her; 'twas the intelligence she sent which was the spell to bring me here; and I am come with only one wish, one purpose, Molly—let me speak while I may; I have played the coward too long. Will you give me this little hand,' he was still holding it fast; 'and will you let me give you my name, my life, my love, sweet cousin, and see if they will not shield you; if I cannot stand between you and the malice that besets you?' And I stood still, staring at him, and began to feel the ground rocking under my feet, and to see the trees and the house reeling before me; but a strong arm held me up, and I heard some one saying with a sort of anguish, 'Do not tell me you cannot love me, and will not trust me.'

But now I could not bring my eyes to look at him; and I stammered, 'I thought 'twas Barbara you cared for,' and felt myself all one blush. 'You shall ask herself if you will,' he said: 'she is the kindest of sisters to me, and holds me dear as a brother; but neither of us would entertain a further thought. Have you no answer for me?' he said a little wildly; 'can you look at me, and tell me you have no love for me? Speak quickly if it is so, for pity, and put me out of pain.' And indeed I could not look at him at all, and was fain to whisper, 'I can't:' two slight, foolish words with

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which to give oneself away, but I was taught in a moment that such was the meaning put upon them.

Little Lucy, growing impatient, and pulling Barbara with her, sidled her way up to us, and then hung back with counterfeit shyness; while Barbara said timidly to me, 'I may wish you joy, may I not, cousin?' and I kissed her, but could not help whispering, 'I thought to wish *you* joy; I felt sure that John loved you.'

'He is my friend,' she said proudly; 'but the best proof of regard he gave me was to trust me with the secret of his affection for you. Shall we not go in, Molly?' she added aloud; 'our traveller will have something to say to his father; won't you, John? and he will need rest and food after his hasty ride, too.' I was thankful for her words, and we went in directly. Uncle Wilson met us in the hall, and I was glad to leave father and son together, and to go on with Bab to the kitchens, where we found Wilkins.

And, I know not how, Mrs. Durham soon gave the good soul an inkling of what had passed, which quite transported her; and Alice coming in, I had to encounter her compliments too, mixed with Barbara's triumphings over John, who, she said, after holding his peace with great resolution for a year and more that he had been devoted to me, now could not be five minutes in my company without showing me his heart. 'And no marvel,' said Alice, kindly; ''twould be an iron resolution indeed that would not melt at the first sight of her pale, changed face, poor child.'

'Indeed, his was a fortunate rashness,' says Bab; 'for if Mrs. Molly had not been so taken by surprise, I doubt John might never have won a kind word from her, as things are now.'

'You are wise, to be so young,' says Wilkins, looking hard at her; 'if I might make so bold, Mrs. Durham, I'd say Mr. John had been walking by your counsel.' 'Nay, you will never get me to confess that,' said Bab; 'but thought is free; I cannot hinder your having your own opinion.' She was gayer than I had ever seen her; but some of her words had put agitating things into my mind; and as soon as I could I escaped to my own chamber, and shut myself up to think over them calmly.

'First I remembered that Mr. Newton would bring me the writings to be signed that very afternoon. I repented not at all of my designs; but I thought John should not be allowed to bind himself further to me until he had seen me strip myself of so much wealth, and knew how poor a bride he was seeking. And then if he persisted in his suit (of which I had small doubt, knowing his nobleness), 'twould be my part firmly to refuse to wed him while any disgrace hung over me I must bring him a clean name if I brought him no

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other dower. It was like him to seek me while others thought ill of me; my heart even danced when I thought of the love and trust he was showing me; but I would not be so base as to wrong his goodness by entangling him in my misfortunes.

I think I was right. I sought for guidance on my knees, and was only more confirmed in my resolve; but it has been a hard struggle, and I fear I wounded him I love best of all.

He was mightily pleased when he found what law-matters I was busy with, and chose himself to sign as one of the witnesses the deed of gift to Barbara. 'I owe more to her than I can express,' he said, 'for her constant watching over my Molly's safety and happiness; and as for the money, sweetheart, you shall never feel the want of one penny that you give to her, I promise you.' And I could not then speak of what I meant to do, he looked so proud and glad.

In the evening we were all together in the great parlour, when John, coming to my side, began very gently to urge on me that a speedy marriage would be best. 'My mother is longing to have you at home,' he said, 'why should I go back to London without you?'

I faintly objected my mourning, and the recent loss for which I was wearing it. 'Do not stand on that vain punctilio, sweetheart,' he said. 'I had never been so bold as to speak now, but for the cruel circumstances following on that loss of yours, and I cannot rest till I have you safely sheltered. 'Tis what your father himself would bid us do, could he speak to you now with a father's voice, I am sure.'

There is something masterful in John's very tenderness, I think. I was glad when uncle asked aloud what we were talking of, and in great haste I began to speak of my other scheme for leaving Yorkshire, getting much interrupted, for every one who knew of it beforehand was crying out against it. There was no need, they said, that I should thus banish myself; even if I would not hear of so early a marriage as John thought expedient, why not go on a visit again to London? it might be a little unusual, but so were our circumstances. 'Twas thus all advised me; but I persisted, and let them see my mind fully. 'My innocence will be made as clear as the sun,' I said, 'I am assured of it;'—indeed, a strange assurance did fill my mind as I spoke;—'but I will involve no honest man in my present disgraces, least of all a kinsman that I love. Let me go to Newcastle, dear John, as I designed; and we will wait the Divine pleasure apart a little while; it will be but a little while, I am sure.'

He looked half sorrowful and half displeased at me, and said, sighing: 'It is but little love you have for me, Molly, I fear; you do not show much concern for my happiness. How can you bid me wait apart from you? how can you so lightly crush my best hopes? and all on the

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faith of an assurance that may be imaginary. Shall I have much joy, think you, while my heart's delight is far away, toiling among strangers?' He was not very reasonable, but I could not bear the displeasure in his look; and before I knew what I was doing, I was kneeling at his feet and sobbing out many passionate and foolish words, which had, however, one good effect, he acknowledged that my resolve did not proceed from carelessness for him.

Then Uncle Wilson and Tom interposed; they would consent, they said, that I should go North for a certain time, as I was so set on it; but I must promise not to fix myself at the Orphan-House; I must at least engage to be at Oakhurst by Christmas, when Tom and Alice would be settled in the Manor; and they hope to keep Bab with them. I agreed to all they wished; indeed, having won the chief point made me wonderfully meek on every other; so John told me, half-smiling, half-frowning, when our company broke up.

Poor Barbara is only too grieved and anxious about me, and far too much overwhelmed with what she calls my generosity: it is simple justice, but it signifies nothing to tell her so.

I shall take my journey before very long; uncle and John will see to it; meanwhile, I have a few sunshine days: I hope, an earnest of something happy that is coming towards me.

One thing I have yet found no courage to name: 'tis that strange letter of Mr. Marston's. If I had come fairly by my knowledge of it, it would still be hard to ask who was the person discussed in it. I would rather it had not been me; but it cannot, as I thought once, have been Barbara Durham.

A RETROSPECT.

O GARDEN of my Childhood, with what glee
I roamed each path; sure ne'er were trees so high,
Ne'er grass so green, never so blue a sky,
Nor such bright flowers, as you held for me.
Say then, what place these eyes maturer see,
Small and unlovely, running to decay?
O spot endeared! with tears I turn away:
The same, and yet the *same* you cannot be.

E'en so, methinks, in Heaven's unclouded bliss,
Earth's fairest scenes as shrunken will appear,
And in that world much that looked large in this
Seem all unworthy of desire or fear.
That world where Faith and Hope no blessing miss,
And Love is the eternal atmosphere.

E. W. S.

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GIPSY JIM.

[The following poem, written by a lady, has been forwarded to the Editor by Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, the life-long friend of the gipsies and their children. How sad their condition is may be judged from the following account which Mr. Smith has given of one of his recent explorations amongst these strange and much-neglected wanderers of our fields and streets.

'Some six weeks ago I visited, with a friend, Canning Town, and found scores of families of gipsies and other travellers living in a state that would shock the sensibilities of the most dirty, filthy, degraded heathen. More than thirty children of school age clustered round us, not one of whom could tell a letter. In ten rooms in four cottages there dwelt, or pigged, seventeen families of men, women, and children. Others were squatting about in filthy wigwams, among slush, filth, rags, and straw.

'A man, well-known, who has lived among the gipsies and others in this part for more than twenty years, said to me: "I have known hundreds of families of gipsies of one sort or other about here for twenty years, and I have not known more than five or six couples, living as men and wives, being lawfully married."

'In one wigwam a poor woman was dying; in another, a man who had taken to gipsying was gasping for breath; in another tent a poor woman was "at death's door;" and at another abode of death, into which I had to creep upon "all fours," there sat at the entrance, upon a brick in the mud, a poor lost present-day gipsy child of seven years of age, but no heavier than a child of one year. Its poor legs were no thicker than drum-sticks. It could neither stand, sing, speak, cry, nor hear. All the poor lone English child could do was to smile (looking deep into one's soul with large eyes) its thanks, and moan its wants.']

GIPSY JIM.

'Sit down on the grass beside me, Pete,
I'se dyin', lad, I'm afeard;
This awful cough, an' chill i' my feet,
Makes me a-shivery and skeerd.

'I ain't been much of a father, boy,
To you and them two little mites;
And scanty has been your share o' joy
Through the weary days and nights.

'It's often, an' often, an' often,
I'se made yer poor mother scream;
For I've kicked, and cussed, and cuffed her,
Till the blood flowed down in a stream.

'But I've tried my best for a spell, I has,
To make up for 'em horrid times;
For neglectin' an' starvin' you children,
And for all my other bad crimes.

'"Twas hard at times, in the *straight* track,
To get the bite and the sup,
When the nuts was dear, and scissors slack,
And luck seemed to turn us up.

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'And now that my poor Moll's gone, Pete,
There's none to look arter you,
So you must take care o' them children,
Poor little Maggie and Sue.

'You'll be ten next Boughton Fair, Pete,
An' Sue will be five in Spring;
That little morsel, Maggie,
Is ony a three-year thing.

'When the breath is out o' my body, Pete,
Into the town you must go,
Seek for a parson in the street,
And tell him yer tale of woe.

'Ax him to teach you to work, boy,
An' lead an honest life,
Away from this thievin' and cheatin',
This lyin' and filth and strife.

'Them preachin' coves is a good sort,
They does a kind turn when they can;
And "roker" to us poor gipsies
As man should speak to man.

'I listened to one at a fair, Pete,
He telled such a bootiful tale,
Sometimes I wonders, when nigh dead beat,
If it all be true and rale.

'He said that—far in a furrin land,
O! hundards o' years ago,
In a stable-yard, a Baby wor born
A'most like a gipsy, yer know.

'And he said as how 'twas God's own Son
Come down from heaven above;
To live among men, and to die for sin;
The Lord o' Mercy and Love.

'He telled us as how we wor sinful,
A-breakin' God's holy laws;
That our lives wor soiled, and brimful
O' faults and failin's and flaws.

'But if we 'ud come to Him, Pete,
He'd make us all straight and clean,
And take us to be with Himsel', Pete,
Among joys no man ever seen.

'He gi' me a pictur and pretty new book,
But it warn't no use indeed,
For though at the pictur' and printin' I look,
Never a word can I read.

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'O! I wonders why some have such lots o' chink,
And others have none at all;
When they say that God sees everythink,
And marks the sparrer's fall.

'A sort o' glimmer comes over my mind,
As I lies awake o' nights,
That the Lord above, so good, so kind,
Will somehow put things to rights.

'Maybe, He lets 'em have it a spell
That they may do summat o' good,
And help a lame brother over a stile,
Who else had been left in the wood.'

The voice grew faint—then ceasing,
He gasped—then drooped the head,
All hushed the laboured breathing,
Poor Jim lay cold and dead.

There in the lonely forest,
'Mid the wild flowers and the gorse,
Crouched three motherless little children
Round their gipsy father's corse.

O, England, up and rouse thee!
For the cry is at thy gate;
And the God of the stranger shall judge thee
Concerning the gipsy's fate.

'UNA.'

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

OCTOBER 7th.—*My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.*—JOHN X. 27.

This is the Lord's day. May we not, then, heeding this lovely parable-lesson, call it specially the Shepherd's day? With a sacred leisure of contented faith, we *lie down in green pastures* of sweet and assured abundance; and our souls' occupation is to listen to the Shepherd's voice. Yes; but the hearing means also following; and it will not be perfect as a Shepherd's day, unless there be fulfilled in us all that belongs to the relation of the sheep to the Shepherd.

The first thing to be thus fulfilled is this hearing of His voice, which surely means a listening for it, as well as a listening to it,—an attentive waiting of the heart, which lets other sounds pass by all but unnoted, through longing to catch the tones of His word. They who thus long shall not wait in vain. And then the hearing means a quick knowledge of His voice, undetected by others (ver. 26), ever ready, when He speaks, to make happy signal of attention, and say,

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It is the Lord. Then as, when one would catch every syllable that is being uttered, he motions away all who would disturb him, and bids distracting whisperers be still, so let us give ourselves up to hearing the Lord to-day, and master the power of meddling thoughts and words by the greater might of eager love: for where our hearts are, thither always will our ears most sensitively turn. When love looks forth, it sets the door wide open for the entrance of the loved one's voice.

I know them, says the Lord. Ay, there is the secret of this intensity of listening, and this quickness of knowledge. We do not hearken, with the whole multitude, only to a great general proclamation, which fills all the air; but the Lord speaks to us each. *He calleth His own sheep by name.* He, looking down, with loving intimacy, into every shrinking secret of my soul's need, yes, and into each unspeakable secret of my soul's love, has evermore something to say to me personally, to me alone; something which tells me, in its every tone, that He knows me; something that none but He and I can fully understand.

Then, to complete the fulfilment of this gracious word, there must be in us the ready obedience which follows Him. Our flock-blessing to-day is not to be sought only in lying down amidst the sweet plenty of His gift, but in going whither He leads. As we gain closer fellowship with our Lord, we come to find that there is no word of His more precious, more welcome, than His word of guidance and control.

OCTOBER 14th.—*And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand.*—JOHN x. 28, 29.

What a fulness is here! What a majesty of power, delighting to lavish its royal abundance at the bidding of love! Not only is the Lord leading His own into an inheritance of life, but already the *eternal life* is theirs by the endowment of His gift: and that whereon He feeds them is the nourishment and sustenance of immortality.

They shall never perish. None but the Almighty could speak like this. But with this pledge given to us, all possibility of doubt is taken away. It cannot be that those who are the Lord's, for whose life and well-being He makes Himself answerable, should ever perish. Their frailty and feebleness do not mix so much as one element of uncertainty with their everlasting hope. The ground of that hope is not human, but altogether Divine. Their life is taken up into the conditions of their Lord's infinite being and power; and, being held there, it is lifted above the contingencies and perils which everywhere

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threaten it. Alas for those who stray from the flock, and thus make their destiny again the sport of things mortal, earthly, and evil!

It is a wonderful thing, and so opposed to all natural experience as to be almost unthinkable, that we should be absolutely safe. We never dare say this of the strongest human security; but to know that we are in His holding Who says, *neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand*, gives us to rest in a sense of safety which lies out of reach of all uncertainties. Our confidence is not according to the measure of our weakness, or our circumstances, but according to the omnipotence of the hand which holds us. This confidence is made strong with all the fulness of God, when we are assured that we are the Lord's by the gift of the Father, and our salvation is set down among the certainties of the Divine government.

As we see a danger of falsely arguing from this certainty in such a way as to destroy it, there meets us another danger, even that of not making enough of the Divinity of our confidence. The very cultivation of a spirit and habit of watchfulness may easily beget a certain sort of misgiving and fear. He who is vigilantly on the look-out against evil, may acquire a timorous spirit through his very precautions. To prevent this, let us settle it at once and for ever in our own minds, that, if we are the Lord's, we have no room for fear lest any power should hurt us. There is no power strong enough. Where we need to be watchful is in guarding and controlling our own thoughts, and affections, and trust, and seeing to it that no subtlety of wrong draws them into a path that is not where the Good Shepherd leads.

OCTOBER 21st.—*The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.*—NAHUM I. 7.

Taken with the verses going before it, this is like a breaking out of sunshine after the passing of a storm. With what a fury of words does the prophet tell of God's terrible might, inflicting righteous vengeance upon His enemies. Then, suddenly, we hear him singing, *The Lord is good.* Why this change of theme, from God the destroyer to God the shelter? As we ask the question, we find ourselves faced by the truth, that the Lord must needs be the one or the other to every one of us. If we are not hidden away in the *strong hold*—the refuge—of His power, that power is arrayed against us for our overthrow. The Divine Majesty looked at only from without can cause nothing but dismay. O the blessedness of looking at it from within! so that, being reconciled, we see all the glory to be our home. Whatsoever may be told to-day of God's greatness and might, I come with my grateful song, through Jesus Christ, to declare, *The*

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Lord is good. And when I sing of Him as my refuge to-day, my praise comes from the lowest deep of my soul, not so much because He shields me from all things hurtful and evil, as because it is in Him that I hide from Him. In His pardoning mercy I find salvation from His angry judgments. In that deliverance all other deliverance is secured. Where I find safety from sin, I can make sure of safety in every *day of trouble.*

When this seer, telling how good the Lord is, says, *And He knoweth them that trust in Him,* we must needs recall, with thankful delight, the Lord's own word concerning His own: *I know them.* Put as it is here together with the *trust in Him,* we think, too, of that woman who *came behind* Jesus, *and touched the border of His garment,* and thought to steal away unseen with the blessing she had gained. But she *was not hid.* The Lord knew her who had trusted in Him. He was conscious of the communion which faith had established between her weakness and His power. There is no such thing as trusting Him and remaining unknown.

Let me make much of my Lord's knowledge of me. Thus, when the infirmities and defects of my nature are felt most painfully, so as to discourage my hope, and to make any great advance and fruitfulness seem impossible in my soul's life, then I will remind myself that the Lord knows me altogether; that He knew me when I trusted in Him, and, when He promised to save me, understood perfectly what He was undertaking. When also, searching my own heart, I am perplexed and baffled by the mysteries which are there, it rests me to be sure that He knows all. Yes; and when my love of Him mourns the weakness that cannot do all it would, and weeps because it can find no words able to bear the freight of its adoring worship;—He knows me, and overlooks no desire of my trusting soul.

OCTOBER 28th.—*Do ye not yet understand?*—MARK VIII. 21. (Read the whole paragraph.)

What was the misunderstanding for which the Lord here so gently reproaches His disciples? They listened reverently to His word about leaven, and with an evidently sincere obedience; but they so interpreted it as to practically imply a doubt of His power, or, at any rate, a want of confidence that He would be ready to use that power for them, when it was needed.

Although in very diverse circumstances, do we not sometimes compel His love to reproach us after the same manner? It is not that we meet His word with the positive resistance of unbelief. Far from it. We want to believe; and we want to obey: but, in our thoughts, the consideration of the Lord's power, and His faithful

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readiness to exercise it on our behalf, has not its right place. All that power and faithfulness we do most fully believe; but we fail to apply the faith just at the right point. Thus, when some admonition concerning Christian life and duty comes to us—as here the Lord's *take heed*—we begin to reason about it on the ground of our own resources and preparations, and thus become disheartened, or, at least, our obedience to the word spoken is hindered and deferred.

Such misunderstanding, we must be ready to acknowledge, is wholly without excuse. Us also the Lord points to the record of His dealings with us in the past, as now He pointed His disciples. It is as if He said to us, 'At such and such a time, did I not work effectually on your behalf? Was not the measure of my supply so large that, when the need had been fully met, the very leavings were so abundant as to make you richer than you were before?' To this, what can I answer? I must needs bow down, in contrite shame, and acknowledge all the justice of the reproach.

Lord, I am without excuse for any misgivings. I do remember Thy faithful bounty, and often tell of it with songs of thanksgiving. But where I fail is to make use of the recollection at the time of need. I have the record of Thy wondrous interposition sacredly kept. What I want is the understanding which spreads out the record, and lifts it up as a standard, under which I march to duty and to service. Thou doest well to reproach me. By this time I ought to *understand*. Thou knowest me altogether; for, after all, I do trust in Thee. But, when I am anxiously setting myself to attend to Thy *Take heed*, in the very intensity of my desire to obey it, I forget to keep hold of Thy hand all the way through; nay, I even forget sometimes—O pardon me!—that Thou hast hold of my hand; and thus, seeking to do Thy will, I neglect to avail myself of Thy resources: though, when I come to think, I know well, and all the past proves it, that when my means give out and are insufficient, Thou waitest to supply all that is required out of Thine own infinite fulness.

GREAT FAITH IN A SMALL ROOM.

COMMUNICATED BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

It has been my privilege to visit many of the Lord's poor, but I think I never met any one more rich in simple, hearty faith than good old Mrs. Wilkinson. I well remember my first visit to the cellar-kitchen that she called home. It was a very pleasant voice that called out in answer to my timid knock, 'Come in, please,' and a very bright smile that greeted me as I entered. Mrs. Wilkinson was seated by a scrupulously tidy hearth, and as I glanced round the

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room, I wondered how such an infirm old lady could manage to keep it so tidy. The furniture consisted of a bed, a chest of drawers, three chairs and a table. There was an air about some of these things as if they had seen better days, and I was not surprised to hear that the good woman had not long occupied those humble quarters. She and her husband had lived in a nice little house, and were able to live in some degree of comfort, though they had not saved anything for the 'rainy day' that came none the less surely for being unprovided for. One morning while at the foundry where he worked, her husband was seized with a fit. This was the precursor of utterly broken health, and he was compelled to give up work. They had only the scanty allowance from his club, so were obliged to leave their pleasant home, and to be satisfied with a single room.

All this the good woman told me in a tone of sadness, but she soon passed from the subject of her own troubles to the more congenial one of the Lord's mercies. 'Shall I tell you how my leg got better?' she asked. 'Yes, I should like to hear that very much,' I said. Then she told me that some little time before she had fallen and broken her hip. The doctor came to set it, and looked very grave, and she heard him say to a neighbour, 'You must get three pennyworth of brandy, for she will be very sick.' 'But I says,' continued my poor friend, 'I'll no'an take brandy, doctor, I shall no'an be sick.' 'You mustn't say so, Mrs. Wilkinson,' says he; 'you must take it as medicine.' 'It's no'an medicine to me. I know the taste of brandy; but they can make me a cup of tea.' 'And how did you bear the operation?' I asked; 'were you sick?' 'No more than I am now,' she said; 'the doctor he wor surprised, but he let me have my cup o' tea.' Poor woman! She had reason enough to be afraid of brandy, for she had been a slave to drink; but a few months before her accident she had become converted, and now she would have nothing to do with strong drink in any form or for any reason, but kept as far as possible out of the way of temptation.

When the doctor called to see his patient again, he said to her, 'I fear you will never be able to walk again.' 'That's more than ye know, doctor,' said the old woman. 'I've a better Physician than ye. He can kill and make alive, and I've asked Him to mend me, and if it's His will He'll do it.' 'What did the doctor say?' I asked. 'He didn't say nothing; he turned his back and laughed; but every time he came he said there was no chance for me, and all the neighbours said the same.' 'And did you still believe you would be able to walk?' 'I was *sure* on't. Nails couldn't drive it out of my head.' After some weeks the good woman attempted to walk, but she fell down and sprained her wrist. But the fall that jarred her body did

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not shake her faith. It only taught her patience. One day when I called, she told me very triumphantly that she had been standing to wash the breakfast things. Her husband, however, was so alarmed lest she should fall again that he held fast hold of her dress during the operation.

It was a glad and proud day for Mrs. Wilkinson when she was able to walk up and down on the pavement in front of the house. While she was out she met the doctor. 'He wor capt,' as the old woman expressed it, and said, 'Well, Mrs. Wilkinson, you always said you would get better.' 'Yes, doctor,' was the reply, 'I tell'd ye I'd a better Physician than ye.'

It was a great trouble to my poor friend that she could not read, so I used to go once a week to read the Bible to her. She used to say it was 'such a heartening for the rest of the week.' Once as I was reading the passage: 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered,' she looked up very gravely and said, 'When my hair comes off I put it in the fire.' I tried to explain to her that our Saviour meant to tell us how our Heavenly Father cared for every little thing concerning us; but the good old woman still evidently thought that she ought to have taken more care of her hairs since God had numbered them.

Though she could not read God's Word for herself, the Spirit brought it to her mind as she needed it, and it was strength to her. Her husband was obliged to keep his bed, and all the work of the house devolved upon the wife. One morning she got up about three o'clock, not being able to rest any longer on account of the terrible asthma from which she suffered sorely. As she sat by the fire, wondering how she should get through the day's work, she told me she thought of the words, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' 'I asked the Lord to strengthen me, and He helped me right nicely.'

One afternoon I called to take her a sheet, and half a loaf of bread. I found the poor woman had had nothing to eat that day, and very little food for several days before. I had to question her closely to ascertain this, for she never spoke of her wants unless I asked her. At last she confessed, 'It's the truth; I'm starving.' I had forgotten to take my purse, and as I was very tired and had a bad headache, I wondered how it would be possible to go home and return that afternoon, for we lived some distance off, and it was a weary up-hill walk. But I was going away from home the next day, and could not think of leaving my poor friend in such destitution. As I walked home very sadly, wondering what to do, I overtook a lady whom I knew slightly. As I walked on with her, I told her that I had just come from visiting an old couple who were starving. She

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mmediately took out her purse and gave me half-a-crown for them. How thankful I was for the kind Providence which had supplied their need, and relieved my mind. I returned at once, and bought sugar, tea, and bread, and took them, with the rest of the money, to the little cellar. As I entered and put down the parcels, the old woman joyfully exclaimed, 'Isn't He always ready? I *should* like to *kneel* down and thank Him.' She was not able to kneel, but surely the overflowing gratitude of the humble heart was more acceptable than the bended knee.

For some years longer the brave woman struggled cheerfully on, her joyous, simple trust unimpaired by increasing infirmities. The poor old man grew gradually weaker, and for some time before his death was quite childish. At last he was called home, and little more than a week afterwards his faithful wife was laid by his side. As I record the story of my poor friend's life, the thought arises,—What a dreary, cheerless history hers would have been but for the love of God, that glad sunshine which made the solitary desert of her existence 'rejoice, and blossom as the rose'!

PONT ABERGLASLYN.

THOUGH the desire for foreign travel has of late years become almost a mania with Englishmen, who seem to prefer the dullest scenes away from their native shores to the most alluring retreats on British soil, the unique beauty and picturesqueness of North Wales have not yet ceased to attract the English tourist. The ever-changing glories of Snowdon, with its enchanting effects of cloud and light, the quiet loveliness or rugged grandeur of the tarns and valleys at its base, have this season charmed travellers as numerous and as enthusiastic as ever.

The little tarn of Glas Llyn, with its celebrated bridge depicted in our engraving, is seen from Y Wyddfa, the conical peak of 'The King of Welsh Mountains,' lying at the foot of a sheer descent of one thousand five hundred and seventy feet.

Turning the eyes in another direction, Y Wyddfa commands a vast panorama of blue ridges and gleaming sea. The mountains which rise above the vale of Llanrwst, the huge mass of Moel Siabod, the dips and swells of the Clwydian Range and the summits of Merionethshire, are included in the magnificence of the landscape; while in different directions may be seen the long sweep of Cardigan Bay, the silvery trail of waters in the Menai Straits, and far away the Isle of Man rising from the Irish Sea. The enjoyment of this delightful

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prospect is purchased, however, only by a climb exhausting and perilous even to the most vigorous and wary.

The majority of tourists content themselves with the exploration of the varied beauties lying at the base of the Welsh Mont Blanc. Amongst these *Pont Aberglaslyn*, a bridge uniting the counties of Merioneth and Carnarvon, is one of the most justly famous. It consists of a single broad stone arch, spanning the rushing torrent of the Colwyn as it empties itself into the tarn of Glas Llyn. The bridge is thrown across a frightful chasm, above which frowns a craggy cliff nearly eight hundred feet in height, casting its dark shadow over the torrent below, which rages like a miniature cataract amidst huge boulders rent asunder by some convulsion of nature.

The romantic beauty of the surrounding neighbourhood can scarcely be exaggerated. On the one hand the hills are covered to the summits with plantations of noble trees, over a hundred and sixty acres having been covered by the original planter at the beginning of the present century. About a mile and a-half distant lies *Bedd Gelert* 'amid lofty mountains, woods and murmuring streams.' Its name commemorates the fidelity of a noble greyhound named Gelert, the property, according to tradition, of Llewelyn the Great, with whom, during the hunting season, this spot was a favourite residence. The family being engaged in the chase a royal infant was left in charge of Gelert, when one of the fierce wolves with which the country abounded fell on the sleeping child. The faithful hound attacked and killed the rapacious animal; but the cradle being overturned in the struggle concealed the bodies of the dead wolf and the still living child. The Prince returned to find Gelert apparently alone. Misled by the blood-stains on the dog's mouth, Llewelyn drew his sword and ran the faithful creature through the heart as the murderer of his child. Discovering his mistake too late, he erected to the memory of his old favourite the tombstone which gives name to this lovely spot, for Bedd Gelert is the Welsh for 'Gelert's Grave.' A church—with one exception the most ancient foundation in the country—was reared by the Prince in gratitude to God for the deliverance of his child. It is not surprising that this touching story attracts many visitors to the field near the churchyard, where two gray stones, overshadowed by an evergreen oak, mark, according to local belief, the last resting-place of the noble creature who paid so dearly for his fidelity.

The priory to which Llewelyn granted land in 1194, is remarkable as one of the few religious houses spared in the general dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII.

About half a mile from the end of the lovely vale of Nant

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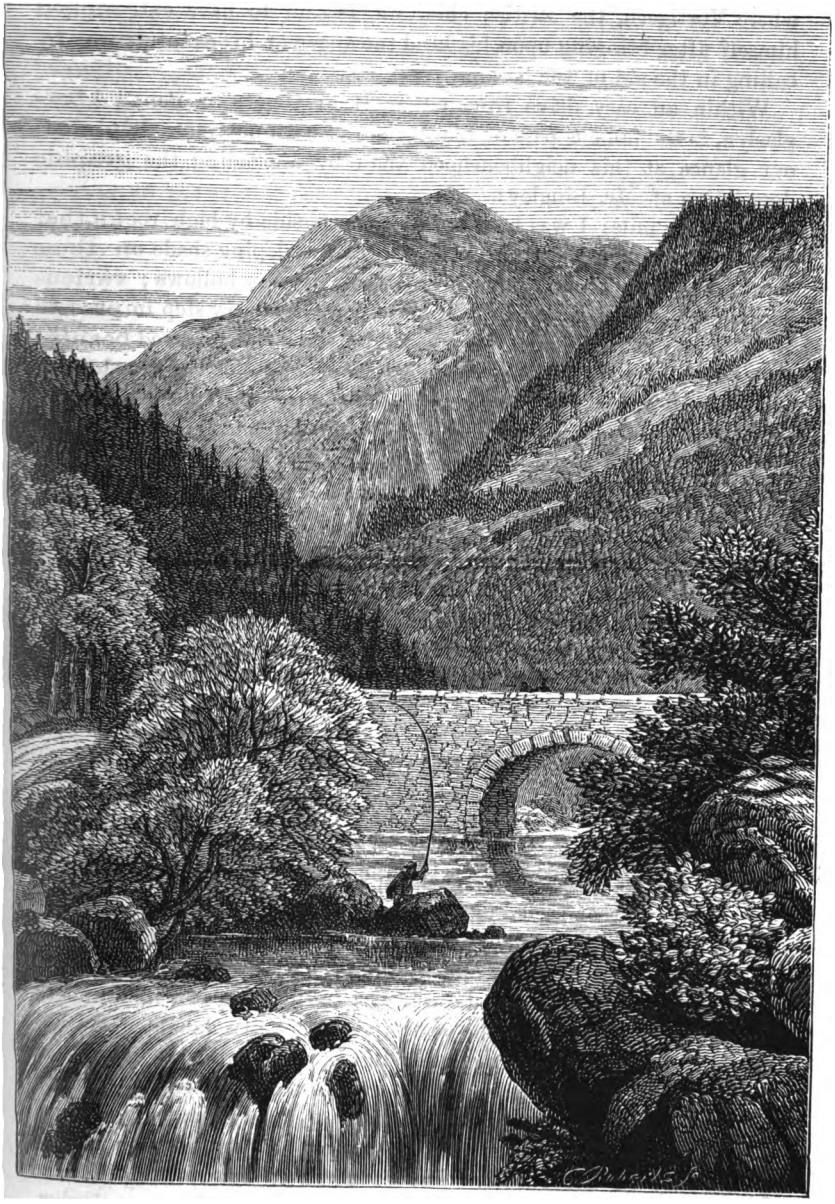

(PONT ABERGLASLYN.

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Gwynant, leading to Bedd Gelert, is Dinas Emrys, a round, high rock, where Vortigern, the British chieftain, is said to have entrenched himself after bringing upon his head the anger of his countrymen by calling in the aid of the Saxons.

Within an easy drive from either Bedd Gelert or Pont Aberglaslyn, is the famous pass of Llanberis. We cannot more fitly close our glance at this neighbourhood than by appending the graphic description of Mr. Bingley:

'For four miles I was hemmed in on each side by high rocks that almost approach each other. The sun cast a sloping shade on those on the right, which fully marked all their deepest hollows; various in themselves, and varied in their tints, I was at every step impressed by their terrific grandeur. They had no character of softened beauty: there were here none of the delicate features of a cultivated vale, not even a single tree; but rocks towered over rocks till their summits reached the clouds, whose partial gloominess added still greater sublimity to the scene. Sometimes I beheld above me a gentle hollow, then, a few steps further, the deepened precipices and towering columns of an adjoining range of rocks. The tints on the prominences were of darkened purple, in the hollows sombre, and olive-brown on the nearer ranges. The foreground was overspread with masses of rock, and a rapid mountain stream forced its way along the middle of the narrow vale. Such is this tremendous hollow, whose grandeur continues undiminished throughout.'

A. M.

POET-TOILERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CRABTREE-FOLD,' ETC.

VI.—WIVES AND MOTHERS IN THE AGE OF HOME-SPUN.

'THE Age of Home-spun' is the apt name given by Horace Bushnell to that period of New England-life in which, as he says, he, 'a tender rubicund, mollusc of a creature, came out into this rough battle with winds, winters and wickedness.'

It was the period when Lowell was taking shape in its founder's brain, and when, to use the words of Bushnell's daughter and biographer, 'the national struggle for life was over, and the exhaustion and impoverishment left behind by war were disappearing. It was a time of unbounded hope, and of immense, though vaguely, realized possibilities. Connecticut was beginning to take courage and to plan wisely for her future. The people were enterprising.....The very air breathed vigour and purity. There could be no fresher, wholesomer atmosphere, moral and physical.'

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'I confess, for one,' says Horace Bushnell, 'that I recall the honest, faithful days of home-spun—when men's lives went by their consciences, as their clocks went by the sun—with a feeling of profoundest reverence. It is more than respectable—it is sublime. True, in their piety there was a rigour, a want of gentle feeling; their Christian graces were cast-iron shapes, answering with a hard metallic ring. But if we find something to modify or soften in their over-rigid notions of Christian living, it is yet something to know that what we are they have made us, and that when we have done better for the ages that come after us, we shall have a more certain right to blame their austerities. At least their practice did not part company with their principles. Thus I remember being despatched when a lad, one Saturday afternoon in the winter, to bring home a few bushels of apples engaged of a farmer a mile distant; how the careful, exact man looked first at the clock, then out of the window at the sun, and turning to me said: "I cannot measure out the apples in time for you to get home before sundown; you must come again Monday;" then how I went home by the sunlight playing still upon the eastern hills, and got for my comfort an unaccountably small amount of specially silent sympathy.'

Going on to speak of the meeting-houses, he calls them 'pictures of sturdy home-spun worship;' and the schools, 'primitive little universities of home-spun.' The schoolmaster boarded round; the children were all clothed alike in home-spun; and such bickerings about 'quality' as there might be had their chief source in the wood-pile—good sound hickory logs or rubbish of green sticks—supplied by the respective fathers for the schoolroom fire. 'The large fireplace held a considerable fraction of a cord of wood, and the windows took in enough air. Besides, the bigger lads were sometimes ventilated by being sent out to cut wood. The seats were made of the outer slabs from the saw-mill, supported by slant legs driven through holes, and planed smooth on the top by the rather tardy process of friction.'

From such schools the children went forward to a life demanding much energy and sturdiness. 'They grew up in the closest habits of industry. The house was a factory on the farm, the farm a grower and producer for the house.....Young and old, male and female, from the boy that rode the plough-horse to the grandmother knitting under her spectacles, they were all harnessed together in the producing process.....It was life at the expense of labour too stringent to allow the highest culture and the most proper enjoyment; still it was a life of honesty and simple content and sturdy victory.

'If we speak of what in the polite world is called society, our home-spun age had just none of it; and perhaps all the more of it

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in reality. It was the society not of the Nominalists, but of the Realists; society in or after work; excursions of young people, after the haying, to the neighbouring mountains; evening schools of sacred music; neighbours called in to meet the Minister and talk of both worlds together. Most of all to be remembered are the friendly circles gathered so often round the winter fire.....A good neighbour and his wife drop in. Next a few young folk from the other end of the village,—then a friendly sleighful of old and young come down from the hill to spend an hour or two, and the circle spreads out round the blazing fire. There is no restraint, certainly no affectation. They tell stories, they laugh, they sing.....The young folk go on with some play, while the fathers and mothers are discussing some hard point of theology in the Minister's last sermon; or perhaps the great danger to sound morals from the multiplication of turnpikes and newspapers!

'Meantime the good housewife brings out her choice stock of home-grown dainties: dough-nuts from the pantry, hickory-nuts from the chamber, the nicest, smoothest apples from the cellar.....Then, as the tall clock in the corner ticks on majestically towards nine, it is suggested that a happy evening may fitly be ended with prayer. Whereupon the circle breaks up with a reverent congratulative look on every face which is the truest language of a social nature blessed in human fellowship.'

It is to the wives and mothers of this simple, laborious, godly society that we are to turn now. A brief sketch of their noble Christian womanhood may be condensed from Horace Bushnell's own narrative. It was his good fortune, he said, to be descended from two of the very best and noblest women, and all his life he held in deep veneration the memory of their character and deeds. There can be nothing outwardly magnificent in such a story. They did nothing 'great,' nothing uncommon. They were heroines as all good mothers are, but in no other way. In a remote glen, or lonely forest clearing, apart from all thought of affluence or importance, they spent obscure days of careful toil, patient endurance, and very humble ministry. Yet the vibrations of their Christian lives spread far and wide through America, and reach us, here and now, with thrills of inspiration. They are Poet-Toilers in very truth:

> 'Plying their daily task with busier feet,
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.'

The grandmother, Molly Bushnell, was a woman of character and intellectual power. 'Her form was slight and perfectly erect, her step elastic, as if she had something to do, and was doing it. Her sharp black eye seemed to smite intelligence into people, and even

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into things.' When she had become the mother of twelve children, she and her husband, Abraham, found it necessary to shift the home into a freer space. They bought a forest track close under the Green Mountain Range in Vermont, and led forth their little colony. Molly had been for many years a member of the Calvinistic Church at Canaan Falls—their first home;—but 'had been so dreadfully swamped in getting her experience through the five-point subtleties, that she nearly went distracted.' A Methodist Preacher who came that way was the means of lifting her out of these troubles 'into a large place,' and henceforth she could only be a Methodist. She 'went out in the emigration,' carrying a stock of Methodist books with her, to do what she could in laying foundations. As yet there was no public worship in the scattered settlement. But as soon as by the labour of husband and sons a log-house stood upon their clearing, Molly made it a church in the wilderness.*

'I can think of this dear grandmother,' continues Dr. Bushnell, 'only with respect and wonder. It is not simply that she brought up her twelve children to be men and women of mature age and heads of families, sprinkled all the way between Illinois and Vermont, never one of them to suffer the least stain of dishonour; neither is it that the little "church in the house," first planted by her, still lives to bear witness of her; but I have her, somehow, in a more immediate witness. Though I only saw her twice during my childhood, in visits of a few days each, she has been almost visibly with me down to the present hour. Whether she made impressions on me by means I do not recall, or whether by sending me messages and verses of her own composing, she knit into my feeling the conviction that she had religious expectations for me, felt but not expressed, I do not know. But somehow she has been always with me, as a silent, subtly-operative presence of good. Perhaps it is only my fancy, but such fancies come by laws, and cannot be raised by everybody.'

And certainly no man would cherish such a fancy, unless his childhood had been deeply touched by a gracious, inspiring presence. To have been 'rich in good impulse and suggestion' to such a man as Horace Bushnell, is in itself to have achieved a destiny.

The mother, Dotha Bushnell, seems to have belonged to a gentler, finer type of woman, yet to have borne as heavy a life-burden with no less fortitude and wisdom. She reared six children, clothing her whole family in linens and woollens spun, every thread, in the house, and made up to a great extent by herself. She had a farm and dairy charge to administer, in common with other women of her station,

* See *A Woman-Bishop* in this *Miscellany* for July, 1881.

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and also, for half the year, to board the men who worked in the cloth-dressing shop. 'All this routine she kept moving in exact order and time, steady and clean as the astronomic year; silent, too, I might almost say, as the year: there was scarcely friction enough to make the motion audible. Yet she kept always the appearance of a woman of some condition. No token of the drudge was ever seen upon her person, manners or conversation.'

As to her temper and religious character, the son testifies that she was almost the only person he knew who never seemed to do an inconsiderate, imprudent, or any way excessive thing that required to be afterwards mended. He never knew her give advice that was not justified by results.

'Her religious duties and graces were of the same quality. She was a good talker, and was often spoken of as the best Bible-teacher in the congregation; but she never fell into the mistake of trying to talk her children into religion.....There was no atmosphere of artificially pious consciousness in the house; yet all the time she was preaching to us by her maternal sacrifices, scarcely to be noted without tears. She knew exactly what our studies were, and what progress we were making. Thus our school-life had its springs at home, ...and she learned the capacity and promise of her children.'

Under the wise care of this good, discreet woman, and of a father equally estimable—'a sturdy-spirited man, pleasant in his ways, and full of New England grit,'—the children grew up strong in body and mind, feeling religion to be 'a constant atmosphere, a commanding but genial presence.' The wild beauty that surrounded their home beside Lake Waramang, and the vigorous atmosphere of the hills, nourished mind and body. Upon the eldest child at least they wrought 'an impression of the Divine beauty and majesty' which abode with him, a true anointing oil, all through life, and drew him back ever and anon to the old home, as to a holy shrine where the soul first heard the voice of its God. 'There was a large gray boulder on the steep hill-side above the house to which he used to go, when only a boy, to see the sun rise, and where, in morning freshness, the boy's heart rose too in prayer. He also tells us how, one Sunday, on his way home from church, he was moved to stop and pray under a haystack.'

At the same time there was, as we have seen, no overstrained religious effect; all was 'simple and unforced.' Nor, hard as they all worked in farm and mill and school, were the young lives depressed or crippled. Horace at all events declares that his youthful spirits were 'buoyant as the wing of a bird, and fresh as its morning song.' He was known amongst his schoolfellows as a bright, resolute, happy boy.

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Dotha Bushnell, like some other young mothers, had silently dedicated her first born from his birth to the work of the Christian pastorate, and this hidden purpose of hers never faltered, even when Horace began to study law and went into journalism. 'If he is not a Minister I shall not know what to think of it,' she quietly said, to herself or to her husband. To the young man she said as little as possible. By one of those efforts familiar to readers of Scottish and American biography, a college education for Horace was made possible. 'We drew the calculation close, and made up our reckoning: I, to wear homespun to the end, use only second-hand books, and pay the bills of my last year myself; the family to institute a closer economy for my sake, which they somehow found a place to do, though I never could see where.'

Then, when he had graduated, and, the aforesaid bills being paid, should have gone on to theology, he found it impossible to do so.

'I had run to no dissipations; I had been a church-going, thoughtful man. My very difficulty was that I was too thoughtful...expecting so intently to dig out a religion by my head that I was practically driving it away. My mother felt the disappointment bitterly, but spoke never a word of blame. By pushing with too much argument, by a teasing, afflicted manner, or by requiring me to stand to my engagements, she might easily have thrown me out of range, and kept me fatally back. But she went to her work instead, sure and still as the heavens, and said nothing save when it was given to her.' Waiting until an important moment of decision came, and her son was about to refuse a tutorship in New Haven, and go to Ohio to study law, she remonstrated seriously but gently: 'You are settling this question without sufficient consideration...My opinion is that you should accept the place.'

'*She was not apt to make her decision heavy in this manner*,' we are told, and the unusual weight had its effect. Horace was gently drawn into accepting the tutorship, and so was 'taken back to New Haven, where, partly by reason of the religious atmosphere, I was to think myself out of my over-thinking, and discover how far above reason is trust. A short matter then it was to find my way back into the plan of life in which I started, and which I still regarded with longings scarcely abated. And now, as I look back on the crisis here passed, it seems very much like the question whether I should finally *be*. No other calling but this ministry of Christ could have filled my aspirations and allowed me to sufficiently be...And in all these points I acknowledge my indebtedness to my mother...What I owe to her I owe to her remarkable insight and discretion. I think God helped her to know better than I did what my becoming was to

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be. She lived long enough to see some pleasant fruits of her life, and to hope for more.'

The details of the history thus very briefly indicated quite justify Dr. Bushnell's eulogium. His mother cherished no partial fancy when she believed her first-born to be gifted with remarkable powers. His career did more than vindicate her insight, and the rare discretion that followed it. With a happy mixture of intelligence and patience she made home delightful, womanhood beautiful, and religion easy to her children.

'It is half the merit of a fine woman,' said Dr. Bushnell once, writing to a daughter, 'that she can bear so much with so beautiful a spirit. She is to make adversity and loss smile by her patience... We demand that woman shall seem to have alighted here for the world's comfort and blessing, and all the ways of selfishness are at variance with her beautiful errand.'

It was given to this man to be encompassed by good women—grandmother, mother and wife.

TRACT LIBRARIES.

In the very interesting paper, *Our Tract Society, and How we Work it*, which appeared in the *Christian Miscellany* last month, there is a suggestion which many Tract Societies would do well to consider. In every district there are some people to whom the weekly tract is almost the only literature—at any rate the only religious literature—available. Some are intelligent people who would be glad to employ their scant leisure in useful reading, others are old or infirm people whose long, lonely hours are spent in enforced idleness. A Tract Library, *i.e.*, a library in connection with a Tract Society, would supply these people with profitable reading of a more extended kind than that of the few pages left every week.

At a very small expense, a sufficient number of suitable books could be purchased, and these, under the direction of the Secretary, might be lent to the distributers for circulation in their districts, the Secretary entering the name of the distributer in his books, and the distributer keeping a note of the persons to whom they are lent, and being responsible for their return.

It may perhaps be helpful to some if I give the list of volumes which make up the library of the Society with which I am connected, as an indication of the sort of books which would be suitable: *Daniel Quorm* (1st and 2nd series, cheap edition), *Simon Jasper*, and *John Tregenoweth*, by the Rev. M. Guy Pearse; *Leaves from my Log*, by T. C. Garland; two back volumes of the *Christian Miscellany;*

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From Death into Life, and *Yet not I*, by the Rev. W. Haslam (cheap edition in boards). All these can be obtained through the Book-Room for about fifteen shillings; and I venture to say that it would be difficult to lay out fifteen shillings to better advantage. Of course there are many other books as suitable as those named above, and a Tract Library might well number fifty or one hundred volumes.

The circulation of infidel and directly anti-Christian books and pamphlets is immensely on the increase, and there is an ever-increasing supply of inane or sensational stories at a cheap rate. Surely we ought to place good, pure, sensible books within reach of our poorer brothers and sisters, many of whom would gladly avail themselves of the benefits of a Library of this kind, even if it involved, as in some places it well might, a small subscription. Bad books are often read simply because good ones are not easily obtained.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O HOW amiable are
Thy abodes, great God of war!
How I languish through restraint!
How my longing spirits faint!
Lord, for Thee I daily cry;
In Thy absence hourly die.
Sparrows there their young ones rear;
And the summer's harbinger
By Thy altar builds her nest,
Where they take their envied rest.
O my King! O Thou Most High!
Arbiter of victory!
Happy men! who spend their days
In Thy courts; there sing Thy praise!
Happy who on Thee depend!
Thine their way, and Thou their end,
Who through Baca travelling,
Make that thirsty vale a spring;
Or soft showers from clouds distil,
And their empty cisterns fill;
Fresh in strength their course pursue
Till they Thee in Sion view.
Lord of Hosts, incline Thine ear,
O Thou God of Jacob, hear!
Thou our Rock, extend Thy grace;
Look on Thy Anointed's face.
One day in Thy courts alone
Far exceeds a million.
Let me be contemned and poor,
In Thy temple keep a door,
Than with wicked men possess
All that they call happiness.
O Thou Shield of our defence!
O Thou Sun, Whose influence
Sweetly glides into our hearts!
Thou, Who all to Thine imparts!
Happy! O thrice happy he,
Who alone depends on Thee!

GEORGE SANDYS.*

A VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN HAWAII.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

IN August, 1855, there occurred the most awful eruption on record. It commenced near the summit of Mauna Loa, and you can easily understand that when a flood of liquid rock boils over its

* The author of this version of the Eighty-fourth Psalm was the son of Archbishop Sandys, of York, in which city he was born in 1577; he was a great traveller, and in middle life settled in America, where he died in 1644.

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mighty cauldron at so tremendous a height as fourteen thousand feet above the sea, the position of persons living at the base of the mountain is not one of enviable security.

In the present instance, it overflowed in a stream of sufficient volume to overwhelm the whole town and harbour. In some places it was three miles wide; then, finding more level ground, it expanded into lakes from five to eight miles broad; then, parting, it formed a network of rivers, burning their way through the forest, and leaping precipices in a succession of cataracts and rapids.

One hideous feature of this period of horror was the pollution of the rivers, which became so impregnated with pyroligneous acid, draining from the vast tracts of burnt forest, that the water in many of the streams, and even the Wailuku River, became as black as ink, and so offensive in smell that it was impossible to use it for the supply of town or ships.

For six months this lava-flow advanced steadily towards Hilo. Day by day parties went up from the town to report on its progress, anxiously scanning its approach to such ravines and valleys as would have offered a natural seaward channel. Great was the alarm of all when it was found that the overwhelming flood had arrived within six miles of the town, and that there was apparently nothing in the nature of the ground to check its steady onward progress straight to the sea.

Then all the people assembled in the churches to humble themselves exceedingly before the Lord of the universe, entreating Him that He would be pleased to turn away His terrible river of fire, and preserve the homes of His people. You may well believe that there were no half-hearted, sleepy worshippers in those congregations, but all with one voice united in such true and earnest prayers as are never offered in vain.

That cry for help and protection was heard in heaven, and answered speedily. At the very moment when danger seemed most imminent, and it appeared as if nothing could avert the destruction of the town, the danger was most literally turned aside. The course of the river was most unaccountably diverted; and though the great roaring furnace on the mount continued in full blast for twelve months more, not one foot nearer to the town did the flood come. It gushed out laterally in streams sixty miles in length, depositing millions of tons of lava along the track of the flame, and covering nearly three hundred square miles of land.

In the course of this eruption Mr. Coan made frequent expeditions to the scene of action. He followed the course of the fire river. By its brink immense trees were burning as they stood, others had fallen

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and lay blazing on the ground. Higher up the mountain, the river flowed subterraneously for upwards of ten miles; but here and there he came to openings from twenty to one hundred feet in diameter, down which he could peer into the awful scene beneath him. At one point he reckoned that the river ran down a declivity of from ten to twenty-five degrees, its velocity being fully forty miles an hour. He traced this river to its apparent source—a series of cones formed over a great fissure in the mountain; but so insecure was the ground, so deadly the gases, so great the heat, that it was impossible to look down this horrid chimney. At midnight, chilled by the drenching rain, he and his native attendant camped under a large tree within ten feet of the flowing lava, and only elevated three feet above it, boiling their kettle and frying their ham on the red-hot lava. All night they kept awful vigil, nor did they forsake their post till the fire-flood had closed around them on three sides and their sheltering tree was ablaze. At another point they camped near the brink of a river, and watched a fearful conflict of the elements, the fiery cataract pouring over a precipice of about forty feet into a basin of deep water, which boiled and raged in vain, and was gradually all converted into steam.

At sunset the water in that rock basin might have floated a large ship; in the morning it was all converted into steam: the basin was filled up with solid lava, and the precipice was changed into a gently sloping plane.

As the lava-stream crept seaward it moved more sluggishly, being at a distance of about fifty miles from the still active fountain, and it was a hideous sight to see it lazily spreading itself in vast contorted coils and pools, whose lustrous, glassy-metallic surface was seamed with red, showing how ready for mischief was the uncooled stream below. And many a time the glittering crust gave way to the pressure within, and the red fusion burst out with an impetus which made the too curious spectators flee from the intense heat.

In the course of its wanderings this lava-flow travelled about sixty miles, and overspread nearly three hundred square miles of desert land.*

PSALM CXVI. 1, 2.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BRIGG.

'I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live.'

I love the Lord, The highest bliss
And thus record Of life is this;
In holy Psalm my holiest joy: It shall in heaven my powers employ.

* Reprinted, by permission, from *Fire Fountains* (Blackwood and Sons). The story of another remarkable deliverance from similar peril also in answer to prayer is recorded in a subsequent chapter of the same work.

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The Lord hath heard
Each uttered word,
Escaping from my lips in prayer,
'Mid dangers rife,
'Mid toil and strife,
'Mid youthful hope and manhood's care

Whene'er I bent
My knees, intent
On fervent pleading with my Lord,
He, just and kind,
His ear inclined;
I worshipped, lingered and adored.

His wondrous love
My soul doth move
To call on Him till life is past;
Whate'er befall,
His love through all
Shall lead me to Himself at last.

RECENT DEATHS.

On July 20th, Elizabeth Payne, wife of the Rev. Frederick Payne, of Rhyl. She was born on the 19th of January, 1804, and early rejoiced in God's salvation. During her long life she became greatly endeared to a large circle of friends. We are glad to know that a memorial of her life will probably be published before long. The 'memorial-card' issued by her husband is so beautiful and appropriate, that we reproduce it here:

'"Chosen of God and precious" (1 Peter ii. 4).—"Approved in Christ" (Rom. xvi. 10).—"A vessel sanctified for the Master's use" (2 Tim. ii. 21).—"Having from a child known the Holy Scriptures" (2 Tim. v. 15).—"I hear what God hath said, I ask Him for it, I believe it, I have it:" these were her own words.—By her husband and children tenderly beloved and revered.—To the poor a helper.—To the young an instructor and guide.—Loving all good people, she was beloved by all.—She dwelt "in the secret place of the Most High." Her communion with God was unbroken, and now in open vision she sees Him "face to face."'

Annie Bratton was the eldest daughter of William and Martha Bygott, of Ryehill, South Killingholme, Lincolnshire. She was born on the 6th of December, 1852, and had five brothers and four sisters, who were trained in wisdom's ways. When the sisters Martha, Maria, and Elizabeth were budding into womanhood, they were seized with consumption, and died within a short time of each other, at the ages of seventeen, nineteen, and sixteen years, leaving a bright testimony that they had died in the Lord. The stricken parents acquiesced in the will of their Heavenly Father, Whose wisdom and love were never doubted, and Whose parental right was not disputed. Annie, being now the only surviving daughter, became the centre of joyous anticipations; combining matronly judgment and tact in domestic duties, she was a valued help to her loving mother. On

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November 10th, 1880, she was married to Mr. Bratton, jun., of Hackthorne Grange, near Lincoln, who, with his parents, are well-known and highly-esteemed Wesleyan-Methodists. The alliance gave unmixed pleasure to both families, and proved one of deep attachment and mutual sympathy. A happy and useful career was predicted; but He Who 'knoweth all things' ordered otherwise.

Annie Bratton was a Methodist of the third generation; in her childhood she feared God. Her general deportment was characterized by a sobriety unusual for her age; an even temper and a thoughtful earnestness drew others towards her in close affection. Always ready to attend the means of grace, she began to meet in her father's Society-class, held in their own house, on April 13th, 1864; and leaving home for her education to be completed at Dr. Aldom's, of Leyton, the Class-meeting was regularly attended. Upon her return home she at once became a Sunday-school teacher at Ulceby. The duties were discharged with fidelity so long as her health permitted.

As to her religious experience she was very reticent, her transparent sincerity and anxious solicitude to be thoroughly right, leading to great self-depreciation and some despondency. Tenderness of conscience and a fear of death gave her, at times, unnecessary pain, and deprived her of much spiritual comfort; but in one of her later letters to a friend, confidence of final triumph was expressed. 'I know,' she says, 'that if I honour God by trusting Him during my life, He will give me strength to do so at the point of death.' Those who knew her best, most admired her Christian deportment. Private devotions were her delight. Hymn 375 in our Hymn-book was a great favourite, especially the second verse. Her daily practice was to read the Scriptures upon her knees; and a well-marked Bible shows how she meditated upon the Word of God. She was a member of the Methodist Bible and Prayer Union, and much prized the *Monthly Notes* as aids to a devout understanding of the truth. In her short but severe illness, her self-control, calm confidence in God, and resignation to His will, coupled with deep gratitude to her attendants, filled them with admiration. She lamented having done so little for her Saviour, frequently saying, 'I have not confessed Jesus as I should have done.' When asked if there ever was a time when she did not love the Saviour, she waited a moment as if to reflect; then with emphasis said: 'No, there never was a time when I did not love Jesus; and He will help and save me now. I will cling to Jesus; and if I perish, it shall be clinging to Him.' A short time before she passed away, she asked for her medical attendant, who was quickly by her bedside;

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looking at him she said, 'Doctor, am I dying?' Upon his replying 'I fear you are,' she said, 'You did not tell me I should die.' He replied, 'We have done all we can to save you.' She at once exclaimed, 'Thanks be unto God Who giveth me the victory over death!' She then sent messages to her dear father and brothers by her sorrowing mother, saying, with much earnestness, 'Tell them all to meet me in heaven;' then, turning to her distressed husband, she said, 'I would live in pain for you, if it were the Lord's will: He knows what is best; I leave all in the hands of the Lord: "though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."' Many other precious words could not be heard, as the 'silver cord' was being 'loosed.'

Her last words, repeated in a whisper, were, 'Christ! Christ!' Thus, within a year of her happy marriage, and after four days of intense suffering, she sat down at 'the Marriage Supper of the Lamb,' early in the morning of October 13th, 1881.

H. I. T.

THE LAPWING.

'*Usually complainers do least. The crafty lapwing will go up and down fluttering and crying, to draw the fowler from her own nest. We have some secret nest of our own, and we are loth it should be rifled and exposed to public view, and therefore we raise an alarm about other matters.*'—This we may be doing without being aware of it, for self deceit is easy. We may be amusing ourselves with zeal for political forms, when in truth our own personal habits need reforming; or we may be exclaiming against the errors of the Church, while our own private life far more needs our attention. It is a pity to be cheating our own selves.

Our author, however, is very shrewd in his judgment of complaints. Our own experience leads us to the conclusion that critics of others, and noisy talkers of all kinds, have usually some design of their own, and are working to their own hand. If we were to press them home we should probably discover that they are no better than they should be. Their pretence of being wounded and hurt by the sins of others is a crafty scheme for drawing away observation from their own failings. Lapwings are plentiful enough all around us, and not a few are still deceived by their practices.

O Lord, save me from all deceit, and, above all, prevent my deceiving myself!*

* *Illustrations and Meditations; or, Flowers from a Puritan's Garden.* Distilled and Dispensed, by C. H. Spurgeon.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Character and Life-Work of Dr. Pusey. A Sketch and Study. By the REV. J. H. RIGG, D.D. T. Woolmer, 2 Castle-street, City-road, E.C. —We do not hesitate to say that this little book is one of the ablest works of its distinguished author. In six brief chapters Dr. Rigg sums up the *Life-work* of the man who has had, for good and evil, perhaps a greater influence on the religious life of our own time and country than any other teacher. With perfect fairness he acknowledges that 'Dr. Pusey was a good man, however lamentably in error;' yet points out with characteristic clearness, force and unsparingness how great his errors were—all the greater and more lamentable because of the goodness, learning and devoutness of their propagator. Every one who wishes to have a clear and fair impression of Dr. Pusey should read carefully this short but full sketch of his *Character and Life-Work.*

Faithful Stewardship. A Charge delivered by the REV. C. GARRETT, ex-President, at the Ordination of sixty-three young Ministers at Hull, 1883. Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room.—A 'Charge' so full at once of fervour and common sense, that it touched the heart and mind of all who heard it. Every Minister, young or old, might profitably read its counsels and warnings. It is thoroughly characteristic of its author, and is a worthy memorial of Mr. Garrett's Presidency.

The Number Seven in Scripture. Compiled by S. A. BLACKWOOD, C.B. Morgan and Scott.—A very interesting and instructive compilation, illustrating the frequent and evidently intentional use of the symbolic number seven in all parts of the Bible. It is a pity, however, that the author has allowed his anxiety to increase the number of 'sevens' to lead him to such trivialities as the enumeration of 'seven things Nehemiah did,' one being 'he sat down'! Nor can we help a feeling of incongruity when we find the 'seven weepings of Joseph' classed with the seven sayings of Christ on the cross, as being alike of 'Divine design.' Surely this is reducing careful study of the Scriptures to something like childishness, and is more worthy of the old Rabbis than of sober nineteenth-century Christians.

Joe Webster's Mistake. By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. London: T. Woolmer. —A well-conceived story, inculcating unselfishness and submission to the Divine will.

A Guide, a Comforter. An interleaved Text-Book, arranged by M. A. WILSON. London: F. Warne and Co. —A pretty little Scripture text-book, with spaces for autographs. The selection of texts is on the whole very good, and the idea of guidance and comfort is well carried out.

The Life of George Whitefield. By J. R. ANDREWS. Cheap Edition. Morgan and Scott.—A very readable little book, which gives a good account of Whitefield's Life-work. The author thoroughly sympathizes with the evangelistic ardour of his hero, and has done his work well. The book is well worth a shilling; and we should advise our readers to make the investment. The more the lives of earnest revivalists are studied in our day the better.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR OCTOBER, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*
Sept.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
28	5 55	5 46	5 48a	5 55a	10 54a	11 45a	8 13a
Oct.			*Rises.*				
8	6 11	5 23	6 4m	5 36	10 44	11 13	7 33
18	6 28	5 1	4 49	5 18	10 32	10 40	6 52
28	6 46	4 41	5 5	5 3	10 19	10 6	6 11

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Oct. 1st, New Moon . 5h. 54m. morn. | Oct. 16th, Full Moon 6h. 45m. morn
„ 9th, First Quarter 10h. 20m. „ | „ 22nd, Last Quarter 11h. 19m. aft.
Oct. 30th, New Moon, 11h. 57m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Oct. 3rd . .	6h. after.,	Apogee . . .	252,445 miles.
„ 16th. . .	5h. „	Perigee . . .	221,891 „
„ 30th. . .	9h. „	Apogee . . .	252,605 „
Mean distance for the month			237,208 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Oct. 1st	91,736,930 miles.
Nov. 1st	90,946,420 „
Decrease of distance for the month . .	790,510 „

THERE will be two eclipses this month. One of the Moon on October 16th, visible throughout the continent of America, and partially visible in the western regions of Europe, Asia, and Africa. It begins at 4h. 42m., and ends at 9h. 6m. in the morning, Greenwich mean time. The Moon sets at Greenwich at 6h. 25m. in the morning, half an hour before the middle of the eclipse.

An annular eclipse of the Sun on October 30th, 31st. It is visible as a partial eclipse on the eastern coasts of Asia, and the western coasts of North America, and in the Pacific Ocean to more than 20 degs. southward of the Equator. The line of central eclipse nearly touches the parallel of 10 degs. north latitude in the North Pacific, at about 152 degs. west longitude.

Mercury will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 7th, at 1h. in the morning. After that it will be a morning star, and may be seen with the naked eye before sunrise toward the end of the month. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 2nd, at 3h. in the morning; and on the 29th at 3h. in the afternoon. It will be in conjunction with Venus on the 4th, at 3h. in the afternoon, Mercury 4 degs. southward. On the 12th, an hour before midnight, it will be in ascending node. On the 15th, at 9h. in the morning, its apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from retrograde to direct. It will be in perihelion on the 17th; at its greatest elongation from the Sun, 18 degs. westward, on the 22nd, at noon; and at its greatest distance northward from the ecliptic on the 27th, at 8h. in the evening.

Venus is an evening star, setting soon after the Sun. It can only be seen with a telescope. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 1st, at 3h. in the afternoon; and on the 31st, at 11h. in the evening.

Mars, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn* are visible throughout the greater part of the night.

Mars and *Jupiter* will be in conjunction on the 19th, at 7h. in the evening, when the angular distance of the centres will be less than a degree. The appearance of the planets throughout the night will be very striking. Mars will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 23rd, at noon; Jupiter at 9h. on the morning of the same day; and Saturn on the 19th at 9h. in the morning.

HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, PRINTERS, LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

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MARTIN LUTHER.

FOUR hundred years ago the home of John and Margaret Luther of Eisleben was gladdened by the advent of a little child, and there was great joy there, for he was the first-born, and brought to that humble dwelling a wealth which God, in His goodness, grants alike to rich and poor. They were poor but godly and intelligent folk—the miner and his wife. They knew that this child was God's gift to them, and hastened to make him, as the most precious thing they could offer, their gift to God; so on the day following his birth he was dedicated to the Lord in baptism, and since he was born on the eve of St. Martin of Tours—November 10th, 1483—they, in accor-

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dance with the custom of the time, named him 'Martin.' Proud and happy and hopeful as they then were, how far their highest ambitions fell short of what God had in store for their baby-boy! He who lay now in that poor home should 'stand before kings,' and 'not before mean men,' the dynasties of ages should tremble, and the superstitions of centuries fall before the word of that little child.

MARTIN LUTHER had rough work to do, and must learn betimes to 'endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' So God in His Providence sent him early to a rough school. Poverty and Piety are good teachers for any lad who has in him the makings of a brave and noble man; and Martin Luther learnt much from them in his boyhood that helped him to bear the heavy burdens of his manhood.

John Luther moved from Eisleben to Mansfeld when his son was still an infant, and there Martin received his first schooling. At fourteen he was sent to Magdeburg, and shortly afterwards to Eisenach. Here he gained a good education free; but was often compelled to beg his bread by singing in the streets—a very precarious mode of subsistence. One day, wearied and disheartened, having been repulsed from several doors, he stood in profound despair, feeling that he could bear such a life of want no longer, but must hasten back to the frugal home at Mansfeld. Just then, however, a door opened, without his knocking, and a woman's voice bade him enter. That call opened a new and brighter life to the young scholar. To his dying day he never forgot the kindness shown him under that roof. And to-day as we commemorate the great Reformer's life and work let us not forget to pay our humble tribute of gratitude to the memory of Ursula Cotta—the friend and more than mother of Martin Luther. Nearly four hundred years have passed away since that gentle voice called the famished lad to find food and shelter, and better still, love and congenial company; but wheresoever the story of the Reformation is told 'there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.' Well might Luther say long afterwards as he thought of Ursula Cotta: 'There is nothing sweeter in the world than a good woman's heart.' Years after, when his own fame had spread far abroad, he had the joy of returning something of the kindness shown him at Eisenach by receiving into his own house at Wittemberg the son of his early benefactors, Conrad and Ursula Cotta.

A few happy years passed away, and when eighteen years old he became a student in the University of Erfurt. Here his great powers soon showed themselves, and his friend Philip Melancthon declares that his genius was the marvel of the whole college. Here, too, he

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saw for the first time the book which was to be his spiritual sword. Exploring amongst the treasures of the University library he one day found a Latin Bible, and eagerly read it. The first passage he opened upon was the story of Samuel's birth and dedication to God. In 1503 he took his bachelor's degree, and in 1505 became Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy.

At this time in accordance with his father's earnest and oft-expressed wish his studies were directed towards the profession of the law, but his Heavenly Father designed him instead for the preaching of the Gospel. Various events—personal sickness, the death of a friend, a narrow escape from death during a thunder-storm, perhaps also his Bible-reading—turned his mind towards a religious life. Knowing nothing as yet of a more excellent way, he resolved to enter a monastery; and having bidden his friends to a farewell supper he hastened from it to the convent of the Augustinian friars, and humbly sought admission. This was on August 17th, 1505. He left everything behind, save two books—Virgil and Plautus—for, as D'Aubigné says, 'He had no Bible as yet.'

His friends were amazed and sorrowful, his father angry and indignant, but all in vain. The young monk's resolution was irrevocable. And who can doubt that God's hand was in it? Even as Moses was trained in Pharaoh's court, and Paul at Gamaliel's feet, so must Luther drink with unquenched thirst at Rome's well ere he may quaff the pure stream of God's truth—the fountain of living water.

The stupid monks were overjoyed at the reception of the most promising member of the University; yet thought it necessary to humble his pride by appointing him to the most menial offices; and the young doctor of philosophy—for he was only one-and-twenty—was soon busy sweeping the church, and cleaning the cells, and was even sent out to beg in the streets. But Luther was too truly great to resent such treatment, and even bore it meekly when his brief hours of study were interrupted by the vexatious commands of his ecclesiastical superiors. The members of the University however were grieved at the indignities he endured, and besought the prior to relieve him. Their request was granted; and Luther gave himself up to study, and to the practice of the extremest austerities, insomuch that more than once his life was endangered.

The young monk, however, gradually awoke to the truth that this was no 'way of salvation.' He was learning slowly and bitterly that salvation was 'not of works, lest any man should boast.' As he himself testified: 'If ever monk could obtain heaven by his monkish works, I should certainly have been entitled to it.'

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The hour of deliverance drew near. Luther had discovered a chained Bible in the convent, and at that pure fountain he daily drank, not yet with open eyes, though with teachable heart. And God sent him too a living guide, and that from a most unlikely quarter. John Staupitz, Vicar-general of the Augustines, coming on a visitation to Erfurt, took special notice of the emaciated and dejected monk, whom his ignorant brethren regarded as possessed by a devil. What Ananias was to 'Brother Saul,' Staupitz was to Brother Martin—though the darkness was more enduring at the Erfurt convent than in the Straight Street at Damascus. 'Look at the wounds of Jesus Christ,' cried Staupitz, 'to the blood that He has shed for you; it is there that the grace of God will appear to you. Instead of torturing yourself on account of your sins, throw yourself into the Redeemer's arms.' And when Luther protested that the greatness of his sin shut him out from the hope of mercy, he bade him believe that since he was a *real* sinner Christ was a *real* Saviour.

Staupitz gave Luther a Bible, and bade him make it more than ever his constant study: a charge which he faithfully obeyed to his life's end. The dawn had broken upon the young monk's soul, but the day was not yet come; and often, in those twilight hours, the darkness seemed likely to win the victory. Once, when the thought of his own unworthiness and God's holiness oppressed him, an old monk brought him comfort and peace by the simple repetition of the article of the Creed: 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins,' upon which he made this admirable comment: 'You must believe not only in the forgiveness of David's and of Peter's sins, for this even the devils believe; it is God's command that we believe our own sins are forgiven us.' That simple message did more for the troubled conscience of Martin Luther than all his penances and 'monkish works.' He was passing through the experience which Wesley so aptly describes:

'I work, and own the labour vain,
And thus from works I cease;
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

'Fruitless, till Thou Thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a sinful heart;
They cannot purchase love.'

Here let us pause a moment to notice how God, in His wisdom, preserved a holy seed even amidst the rank corruptions of the worst period of monasticism. God had His secret ones in many a convent, even at the time when all things holy were shamelessly offered for sale

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by false priests, whose apostolic succession could only be traced to Judas Iscariot. The convent Bibles might be chained, ambassadors in bonds; but the Word of God was not bound. Thus, when the Reformation had really begun, a multitude of priests were obedient to the faith, and no doubt many who, like Staupitz himself, never came to an open rupture with Rome, yet lived to God even in that unfaithful Church, the salt which saved it from utter corruption.

On the 2nd of May, 1507, Luther was ordained priest by the Bishop of Brandenburg; and in the following year, Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, at the suggestion of Staupitz, appointed him to the professorship of 'physics and dialectics' in the recently-established University of Wittemberg. Here he found a sphere worthy of his powers; though he lamented that his professorship was not that of theology. He continued, however, his Biblical studies, and in 1509 took the Degree of Bachelor of Divinity, which led to his delivering a daily expository lecture, first on the Book of Psalms, and then on the Epistle to the Romans. One sentence in the latter—*The just shall live by faith*—was to recur to him again and again, and to be the *text* of his life and work.

The impressions made by those lectures led Staupitz, who was his good angel in the early years of his ministry, to insist upon his beginning to preach. Luther shrank from the responsibility, and declared that it would kill him in three months. Even so, said Staupitz, the work is worth the doing, and God will accept the sacrifice. An old wooden church fast hastening to decay was the scene of his preachings; but the Word he had so lately believed in came with the power of a new revelation to those who crowded the tottering sanctuary; and, little as he knew it, Luther was here sowing the seeds of the Reformation.

In the midst of these labours he was called to visit Rome on business connected with his Order. The prospect of seeing 'Holy Rome' filled him with joy; but the journey was full of disenchantments. He found the Italian monks living in the extremest luxury, and openly setting at naught the rules of the Church. In Rome itself things were at their worst: for the highest dignitaries considered it a mark of good-breeding to air their disbelief in the doctrines of Christianity, and jested about the most solemn religious rites. But the young German could not shake off all at once the thoughts of a life-time, and longed to gain the special blessings which were promised to those who performed certain acts of devotion in Rome. Amongst other pious deeds, he determined to climb on his knees the marble steps of the so-called 'Pilate's staircase,' which the angels were said to have brought to Rome. Whilst he was slowly ascending the stairs,

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a voice as from heaven seemed to repeat the words which had made so deep an impression on him at Wittemberg: 'The just shall live by faith.' Springing to his feet, he left his task uncompleted, ashamed to think that it had ever been begun.

Luther returned to Wittemberg, having received his first great shock with regard to the Romish Church. Hitherto he had been struggling into the light of personal faith in God, now he was gradually to find that the Church in which godly men such as Staupitz might still remain, was no home for him; and that awakening was to be the result rather of the corruption of Rome's practice than of her doctrine. Shortly after his return he was made Doctor of Divinity, the charges being borne by the Elector himself, who had already formed a very high opinion of Luther's ability.

And now the struggle was about to begin. The great indulgence-monger, John Tetzel, was carrying on a brisk trade in Germany, under the patronage of the Archbishop of Mainz. In our day it seems hardly credible that any man could have had the effrontery to hawk pardons for sins of all kinds so shamelessly, and even less credible that any one should have been taken in by a system so contrary to common sense as well as to piety. Not only did Tetzel offer to sell forgiveness to any one for sins already committed or about to be committed, but he bade the faithful liberate their deceased friends from the awful fires of purgatory. 'At the very instant,' he cried, 'that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory and flies liberated to heaven.'

Gross darkness covered the land, and immense sums of money found their way into Tetzel's 'strong box.' The audacity and profanity of the indulgence-monger grew worse and worse: he declared that God no longer reigned, but had given all power to the Pope, in this world and in the world to come. The good sense and patriotism of the Elector Frederick revolted against this wholesale imposition, and he forbade Tetzel to enter his territory. Shrewd working-men, too, began to ask why, if souls could be redeemed so easily, the Holy Father himself did not release them all, instead of leaving them in untold torture until he received a sufficient money payment. It was about the year 1516 that Luther seems first to have heard of Tetzel and his proceedings. 'If God permit,' he cried, 'I will make a hole in his drum.'

All Saints' Day was a great festival at Wittemberg, and the town was then crowded with pilgrims from the neighbouring districts. On the day preceding the feast—October 31st, 1517—Luther went at noon to the Castle Church and nailed upon its door his famous *Theses*, or Propositions. These were ninety-five in number, and their character

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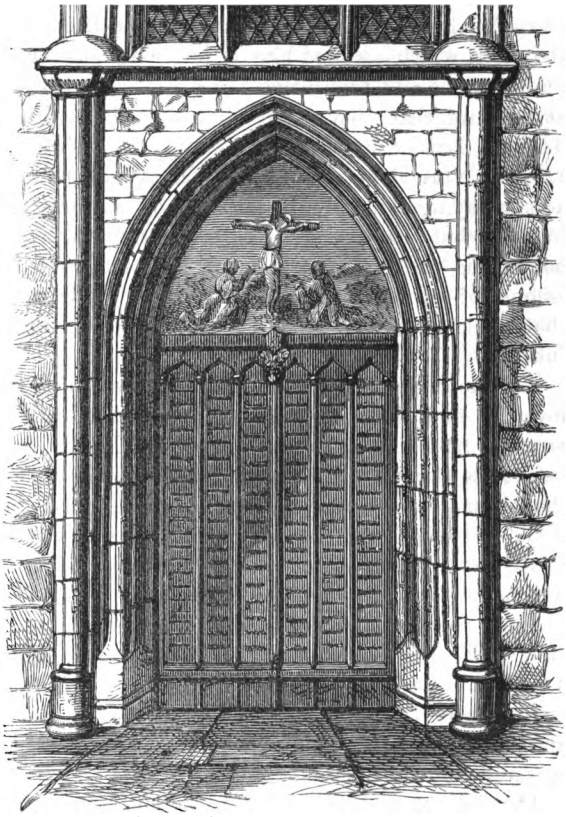

(*The Door of the Castle Church, Wittemberg.*)

may be judged from the thirty-second which declared —'*Those who fancy themselves sure of salvation by indulgences, will go to perdition along with those who teach them so.*' So bold a defiance of this favoured son of the Church roused him to madness, and Tetzel issued counter Theses, which, however, were of course utterly powerless to justify his practices. Copies of Luther's Theses were soon issued in large numbers from the press, and were carried in all directions by the pilgrims when they left Wittemberg. They were translated into most European languages, and 'copies were offered for sale in Jerusalem.'

Having thus thrown down the gauntlet, Luther was soon in the midst of controversies with the upholders of the old system. At length Pope Leo X. himself awoke to the danger which beset his throne, and, urged on by the Emperor Maximilian, the bitter foe of Luther, he cited the Reformer to appear at Rome, there to answer the accusations made against him. But God delivered His servant from the paw of the lion, and through the intercession of the University the Pope consented to have the case tried on German soil. He appointed the famous De Vio, better known as Cardinal Cajetan, his deputy, and Luther was summoned to appear before him at Augsburg. This was the first of many appearances before princes and kings for

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Christ's sake to which the Reformer was called. He was warned of the perils which awaited him if he should answer the summons, and Staupitz besought him rather to take refuge with him in the convent at Salzburg, that they might 'live and die together.' But, nothing daunted, Luther hastened to meet his foe. Two friends, Wenceslas Link of Nuremberg, and Leonard, an Augustine monk, insisted upon accompanying him. A violent fit of sickness seized him on the journey, but he speedily recovered strength, and boldly appeared before his judge. The Cardinal at first treated Luther with an amount of fairness unusual in those days, but it soon became evident that his one message was, '*Retract*, and promise silence for the future.'

At the close of the first day's proceedings Luther was overjoyed to find that his friend Staupitz had come to Augsburg in order to help and if possible protect him. At his next appearance before the Cardinal, Staupitz and other friends accompanied him, and the Vicar-general insisted that 'Brother Martin' should have fair play. At length the Legate agreed to Luther's delivering his answer in writing. This was done at the third and last interview. It then became evident that no peace could be made between them, and Cajetan became more angry than before, even threatening Staupitz and Link with ecclesiastical penalties for befriending the 'heretical doctrines.' Staupitz answered by urging him to consent to a public discussion of the points at issue. But the Legate knew better, and answered, 'I will no longer dispute with that beast, for it has deep eyes and wonderful speculations in its head.'

The intercourse was abruptly broken off, and Luther's friends,

(*The Home of Luther.*

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having first celebrated the Lord's Supper with him, left Augsburg. Luther waited four days longer, but hearing nothing further from the Legate, and suspecting, not without reason, that to remain longer would only expose him to the treachery of his unscrupulous foes, escaped from the city in disguise, mounted on a pony which Staupitz had provided for him. He re-entered Wittemberg in safety on the 30th of October, 1518. Before leaving Augsburg, however, he wrote his famous appeal from the Pope 'ill-informed,' to the Pope 'to-be-better informed,' which in a very short time had found its way not only to the Vatican, but into thousands of homes, convents and palaces. The great battle of the Reformation was thus fairly begun. Its progress and ultimate victory must be briefly glanced at in our next paper.

(*To be concluded.*)

LUTHER'S HYMN.*

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never-failing;
Our Helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work our woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus it is He,
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same;
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,
We tremble not for him,
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gift are ours,
Through Him Who with us sideth.
Let goods and raiment go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

NOVEMBER 4th.—*But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.*—1 COR. XII. 7.

Let us not for a moment admit the thought that, because the

* This translation of Luther's famous version of the Forty-Sixth Psalm is by the Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge, Professor of German Literature in Harvard University, U.S., and is found in the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

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marvellous spiritual endowments which are here described are no longer bestowed upon the Church, we must therefore conclude that we have fallen upon worse times, and inherit inferior privileges. Out of His boundless *diversities of gifts* and *ministrations*, the Holy Spirit knows how to select such as the times peculiarly require. The impressive wonders which were exhibited in these early believers belonged indeed to an imperfect season, a time of introduction and beginning: they were the outward stays and supports needed in the first planting, as they were also Divine signs, whereby the Lord gave witness to His own new order and dispensation.

All good things wrought in the hearts and lives of believers to-day, are as much the work of the Holy Spirit, as were *tongues* and *gifts of healing*: and to those who have the most familiar knowledge of them, they appear quite as miraculous, and are as truly *the manifestation of the Spirit* as the most wonderful signs of Pentecost. And all grace whereby the Holy Spirit is manifested is given on the same terms, and to the same end, as is here stated. It *is given to every man to profit withal;* which clearly means, according to the whole drift of the teaching here, that it is given for the profit of others.

Now, do we accustom ourselves to keep ever in mind this one rule of the Spirit's working? That the gifts which He bestows upon us are for our own immeasurable benefit, we are not likely to forget. But are we as apt to recollect that our benefit is only something on the way to a larger advantage? The intention of the Spirit, *dividing to each one severally as He will*, is thwarted if we selfishly shut up His gifts to our own enjoyment, and take no concern to let them go further.

On this day, if I am to gain blessing in the worship of God, and to enlarge my knowledge of His truth, I know that it must be secured only by the help of the Spirit. As I address myself to humble prayer for that help, let me carefully consider whether I do not bar my own prayer by a want of obedient consent to the will and design of Him for Whose gifts I come to ask. If He means those gifts to be mine on trust for others' profit, and I mean that they are to be simply for my own good, I am at such cross purposes with Him that my prayer must needs be hindered.

Surely we have here the explanation of much unanswered petition, and barrenness of Church life. We are too selfish in our aims and aspirations; and the very Water of Life itself gets stagnant in the close pools of our narrow desire. Let it flow forth, and we are doubly blessed, being ever filled ourselves with its living good, and rejoicing to become channels for others' *profit*.

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NOVEMBER 11th.—*Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name.*—MALACHI III. 16.

Just before (ver. 13-15), there has been angrily denounced the wickedness of those who, in their disloyalty and unbelief, have made their *words stout against* God, and have not shrunk from charging Him with unfaithfulness. In contrast to this evil and rebellious talk, is put the speaking *one to another* of them *that feared the Lord;* and by means of such contrast, the obligation and duty of this speaking is brought out with great distinctness. Shall unbelief be eloquent, and faith be dumb?

Yet here there is described not so much a bold advocacy in the face of the enemy, as converse among those who are of one mind: not words marshalled for warfare, but concerted in praise. But it may well be noted, that the lips that are wisest and bravest in defence of the truth concerning God, are those which are most practised in the praise of the truth in intercourse with them who fear God.

Nothing is said here directly concerning the subject of their talk who *spake often one to another;* but there is no room for doubt concerning it. It was about the fear of the Lord; and it was the opposite of that concerning which the unbelievers used stout words. It was a holy, loving rivalry in witnessing to the faithfulness of God, and in showing evidence of the blessedness of trusting in Him.

There is a time when faithfulness to our God requires that we should speak on His behalf in the face of the ungodly; but that is not the duty which is just now before us. Do we accustom ourselves to talk concerning Him amongst those who fear Him? Let us consider how largely we are influenced by the conversation to which we listen, and how certain subjects gain importance in our minds through hearing them confidently talked about. If we met with persons who, like ourselves, were deeply interested in some important business, we should think it strange if that very business was the one subject on which they kept silence; and we should surely be justified in suspecting that, after all, their interest in it was not very deep or sincere. *Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.* In the matter of testimony for God, mute lips are but a symptom of something lying far deeper in the hidden life.

The very attempt to put our faith and its fruits into words, if done in watchful reverence, is itself of great advantage. In thus trying to define our religious life, we may, perhaps, discover, to our dismay,

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that it is in itself indefinite, without clearness or certainty, and therefore will not admit of distinct expression.

For such expression the Lord listens; and so great store does He set by it, that He keeps a lasting record of it before Him. Surely to-day, of all days, there ought to be no blank opposite my name in that Divine record.

NOVEMBER 18th.—*When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.*—LUKE v. 8.

Does it seem to you a strange and a mistaken thing, this bidding of the Lord to depart? Look into it again, and carefully, and you will see that there is far more in it to admire than to blame. It is utterly unlike the terrified request of those heathenish folk of Gadara (viii. 37), who saw nothing in the rescue of the demoniac amongst them but an awful mystery of power, which, as the destruction of the swine seemed to show, might be put forth as easily for ill as for good. Peter, too, saw, and trembled before, the power: but he read further back, further even than the man to whom Jesus had given sight (John ix. 31-33). He felt that the doer of so Divine a wonder as he now witnessed must needs be in very close harmony with the Divine holiness: and when he fell down at Jesus' knees, it was not because his weakness was scared by a display of might, but because his sinfulness was abashed and awe-struck at the near presence of a great purity. Herein, unconsciously, he was rendering a true worship, imperfect indeed, but only in degree. His soul was taking the first step, which being untaken, all progress of worship beyond becomes impossible.

We must all know the conviction, which first instinctively cries out, *Depart from me; for I am sinful, O Lord!* before we can commit ourselves to the Gospel hope, and pray, 'Come to me; for I am sinful, O Lord!'

But this fine impulse of Peter's is, on many sides, an excellent mark to steer by, and that notably in the course of our Sabbath life and its sacred belongings. We shall surely be brought to-day, either in the house of God, or in our own meditations on His Word, into the very presence of the Lord's mighty power, even the power whereby *He is able to save to the uttermost.* In that presence we must needs feel—and it is well that we should very deeply feel—our own sinfulness. But here let us take care lest we should in any way make our sinfulness an argument for saying to the saving Lord, Depart. This is just what we do when we say to Him in effect, 'My sinfulness is so great, or so peculiar, that it is not for me to know all this Thy salvation.'

By using this lesson well, we shall escape a yet more deadly peril.

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When we have listened to the Word of Christ's saving power; nay, when we have seen it marvellously displayed before our eyes, has there ever been a frightened shrinking from it, a hasty begging of Him to leave us. Why? Ah, for a reason which Simon Peter, trembling there at the knees of Jesus, would not have understood. We are afraid lest He should save us! Our sinfulness meant a secret evil which we were not prepared to abandon, something which, as yet, we had no heart to cast away. And we said, 'Depart, O Lord!' From all such sinning against Gospel grace may we be saved this day!

NOVEMBER 25th.—*Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*—PSALM XXXVII. 4.

This ancient word of rejoicing trust was made ready in old time for the worship which was to be perfected in Jesus Christ. Let there abide within it the glory of His name, and it stands complete, a perfect shrine of prayer.

Here is a Divine charter of unlimited privilege, together with the condition on which it is claimed and exercised. And surely the condition is no grievous yoke. Never did the mind of man conceive the gaining of so vast a benefit on such easy terms. We are asked to *delight* ourselves *in the Lord*, and thus to secure the certainty of getting all our desires fulfilled.

What does this delighting ourselves in the Lord mean? Any one is ready to enjoy the precious benefits of God's providential care, and to make himself happy in the manifold gifts of His bounty. Nay, more. There are very few people, who listen to God's Word at all, but like to consider it as their valuable privilege to keep in store His promises of help, and comfort, and rescue to fall back upon in times of emergency. But surely this cannot be the delighting oneself in the Lord, which is certain of obtaining the fulfilment of all desires: for try to consider how terrible calamities would ensue to them, and to other people, if such persons as these could command the resources of the Divine power to carry out all their selfish wishes.

They *delight* themselves *in the Lord* who love Him; not with some indefinite, unpractical sentiment, which calls itself love, but is utterly unlike all else that is called love. It is the love which delights in Him, which finds its enjoyment in His fellowship, and in all it knows concerning Him; which could not be happy unless it put all self at His disposal, and has its ruling desire in seeking to carry out all His will. This love secures its supreme joy herein, that all its desires are according to His good pleasure. Every feeling of restraint and compulsion in yielding our will to the will of God comes from looking

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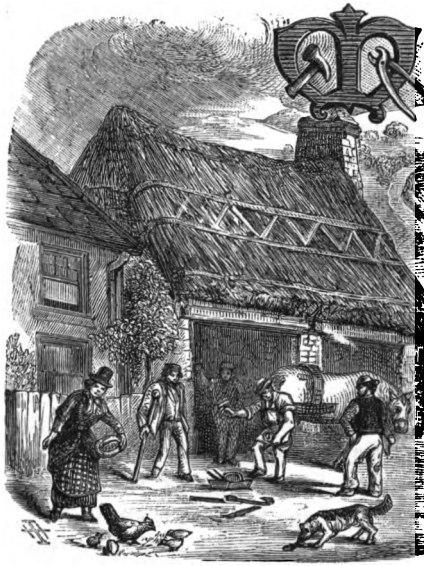
at the two wills as two separate interests, one of which must give way to the other. But love knows no such distinction.

Let the full, beautiful light of this truth rest upon all my worship to-day. If, in the love *shed abroad in my heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto* me, I appear before Him, my petitions will be the ready echo of His own purpose; and the desires of my heart are sure to be granted.

'ECHOES FROM THE WELSH HILLS.'*



ANY readers of this title would anticipate the lively chat of a tourist's notebook. Mr. Davies, however, deals with higher themes, and the larger portion of his book is occupied with echoes of the Gospel message delivered with all the impassioned fire of Cymric oratory, and reverberating in the honest hearts and thoughtful minds of Welsh villagers. Surely no people save the Hebrews have obeyed so implicitly and heartily the Divine injunction concerning the words of truth: 'Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way.'

Mr. Davies leaves the reader in ignorance of the scene of his story, but gives a graphic and graceful description of it: 'The everlasting hills surround and caress in their mighty yet tender embrace this little hamlet. All round the scores of humble homesteads of which it consists, except at one narrow outlet, an amphitheatre of hills rises gracefully towards the sky to catch every gleam of sunshine and every shade of passing clouds. In early summer the slopes are adorned with patches of ripening corn, and with rich pasture-land, where sheep fleck the verdant fields, and where cattle graze on the fresh green herbage, or browse on the tender shoots of the luxuriant hedgerows.

* *Echoes from the Welsh Hills; or, Reminiscences of the Preachers and People of Wales.* By the REV. DAVID DAVIES. London: Alexander and Shepheard.

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The greater part of the small population are at work in the fields; only an occasional house-wife, on her way to or from the well, carrying the pitcher on her head, her hands meanwhile busily engaged in knitting, or an honest peasant taking a horse to the smithy to be shod, or a knot or two of children at play, may, as a rule, be seen during the busy hours of the day; while only the distant low of the cattle on the neighbouring slopes, or the harmonious sounds from the village anvil, break upon the stillness which reigns around.'

Yet the age of progress has left its mark even here. A new turnpike road replaces the old highway along which in past years the mysterious hawker of a peculiar type of 'yellow and white cheese,' which on removal from its cask proved to be brandy or gin, wended his unlawful way. Of the two inns supported by the village in stage-coaching days, one only finds customers in these happy days of temperance; the sign of *The Greyhound* now does duty as a table.

The gray parish church yields the palm of popularity to the 'Horeb' of the Baptists, or the 'Zion' of the Calvinistic Methodists. The green opposite the church, where, in the days of the *Book of Sports*, football or cricket, to say nothing of skittles and beer, followed close on the Sunday service, now enjoys her Sabbaths. The old school-house is deserted, and the veteran schoolmaster of a past generation, an old soldier, 'the greater part of whom consisted of timber, put together and repaired gratuitously by a patriotic carpenter of the neighbourhood,' has given place to Llewellyn Pugh, whose general erudition and knowledge of the history, secular and ecclesiastical, of his native country are the admiration of his fellow villagers. We are grateful, however, for the picture of the old pensioner in his palmy days, when the wooden-leg faithfully discharged all the functions which could reasonably be expected of leg or wood, even suggesting to its owner a punishment, whose force he must have known by experience, namely, the compulsion to stand on one leg, when liberty of limb was abused. We catch a glimpse of him as he stands erect, his cane brandished in the air, and his wooden member firmly planted on the floor, reciting his favourite couplet from *The Lady of the Lake*:

> 'Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I!'

We see the kindergarten anticipated as the children march round the room learning the alphabet, set to the tune of the 'Men of Harlech;' and we venture to look over the shoulder of the veteran as he ekes out his narrow income after school hours by doling out sheet after sheet of closely-written paper, expressive of the sentiments of 'love-lorn swains,' for the modest sum of threepence per letter.

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But now the schoolmaster is exalted into 'the guide, philosopher, and friend,' of the whole village; and when Shadrach Morgan, the blacksmith, announces that Llewellyn can be induced to tell by the smithy fire the story of the religious struggles and changes of the Welsh people, an audience is soon gathered. Amongst the motley group standing in the ruddy glow we have no difficulty in singling out the worthy smith and his impetuous son Jenkin. Another prominent figure is John Vaughan, the village shoemaker, of established fame as a student and expounder of the Word of God, bringing forth out of his treasury things new and old. Samson Lloyd, the lame tailor, ready to be a zealous Churchman on the chance of being appointed clerk, equally prepared to argue that the Established Church was rotten to the core, so soon as his hope was disappointed; David Lewis, the Gaius of travelling preachers, whose parlour behind the grocer's shop was always ready for their reception; Hugh Roberts, the patriarchal friend of Shadrach's family, with his saintly smile and his far-reaching memory; Caleb Rhys, the weaver, whose travels have brought him into contact with so many preachers in his native land that he is considered a rare judge of sermons; and Mr. Swash, insurance agent, auctioneer and valuer, proudly conscious of his position as a professional man, make up the group present on this and on many another evening.

Full of interest and pathos is Llewellyn's story of the gradual severance of his countrymen from the Episcopal Church. The Reformation under Henry the Eighth scarcely touched the spiritual need of the Welsh for thirty years afterwards; under Queen Elizabeth they are described in the Act authorising the translation of the Scriptures into Welsh as 'utterly destitute of God's Word; in the like or *rather more* darkness and ignorance than they were in the time of Papistry.' The immorality of the clergy was notorious, insomuch that Archbishop Parker ordered a special visitation of Wales with a view to its spiritual improvement. Shortly afterwards, Dr. Morgan, Bishop of Llandaff, translated large portions of the Old and New Testament into the vulgar tongue; but 'for nearly one hundred years from Britain's separation from the Church of Rome there were no Bibles in Wales, but only in the cathedrals or in the parish churches or chapels.' The versions of Salesbury and others were expensive and rare, and throughout the Principality there appears to have been a famine not of reading only, but even of 'hearing the Word of the Lord.' In 1587 we find that only three preachers in Wales resided in their parishes. Dr. Hughes, Bishop of St. Asaph's, himself held sixteen of the richest livings, while many such were in possession of clergymen living out of the country. No wonder that

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the indignation of an earnest and patriotic soul like John Penry waxed hot, and that at the last he spake with his tongue in words blunt and rugged as they were forceful. 'Thousands of our people,' he writes, 'know Jesus Christ to be neither God nor man, priest nor prophet, almost never heard of Him.' 'Into what times are we fallen that thieves and murderers of souls, the very patterns and patrons of all covetousness, the very ignominy and reproach of the sacred ministry, cannot be spoken against but this will straightway be made a matter against the State.' Penry was prepared to pay dearly for his bold words, which were soon to cost him his life. Protesting his loyalty to his Queen, this earnest evangelist, whose name, scarcely known in England, is held in the greatest honour by his countrymen, suffered death, on a charge of sedition, though he could not be legally condemned, in 1593.

'You Englishmen,' exclaimed Llewellyn, addressing Swash, 'ask why Nonconformity is so powerful in Wales. Let the immorality of the Welsh clergy in that and the two succeeding centuries, and the scaffold of our beloved John Penry, give you answer.'

In all justice, however, it must be remembered that the first impulse towards a better state of things sprang from within the Established Church, though, as in England, the Roformers were roughly handled, and eventually compelled to seek an independent outlet for their religious zeal.

According to Llewellyn Pugh, Rees Prichard, Vicar of Llandovery, the author of the spiritual songs known as the *Welshman's Candle*, which are still familiar as household words in his own country, was the only travelling evangelist preaching to the people in their own tongue whose enthusiasm did not issue in his severance from the Church. He died in the early years of the great civil war, during which Welsh Nonconformists suffered greatly.

Under the Long Parliament, however, a gleam of light illumined the darkness of Wales; for it was ordered that 'it shall be lawful for any parish in the kingdom of England and dominion of Wales to get up a lecture, and to maintain an orthodox minister at their own charge, and to preach every Lord's day where there is no preaching, and to preach one day in every week where there is no weekly lecture.' Itinerant lay-preaching throughout the Principality was also encouraged. And sixteen years later, when the Act of Uniformity issued in the ejection of one hundred and sixteen Welsh clergymen, the Gospel, notwithstanding the severest persecution, was sown broadcast in the villages and hamlets of Wales by these devoted men.

Wales, however, appears to have shared in the spiritual apathy so characteristic of the eighteenth century. From this it was aroused

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by what is known as the Great Revival, begun in 1735 by the Welsh Apostle, Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho. Here Llewellyn's story ends as having reached matters familiar to his auditors.

For the sake of continuity, we draw upon the reminiscences of Caleb Rhys, delivered at another gathering of the little coterie. Caleb having been born and bred in the village, whose every spot is associated with some story of Rowlands, claims to be heard. 'Mr. Rowlands,' said Caleb, 'at first looked upon the Ministry as a mere profession. Like the majority of Welsh clergymen in his day, he hurried through the service, prayers, lessons and sermon, and at the close of all would say a hearty "Amen." The only hearty thing he did in the service; and then would resort with the men of his congregation to the village ale-house close by, in order to prime themselves for a good game at foot-ball. He soon took the lead in the field, and the little parson of Llangeitho became a favourite throughout the whole neighbourhood. Finding, however, that the popularity of Mr. Pugh, his Nonconformist neighbour, who drew large crowds, was far greater than his, foot-ball notwithstanding, he gave up the sport, and devoted himself to preaching. Hearing the people say, "Mr. Pugh thundered terribly to-day," he resolved upon choosing for his texts the most solemn and terrible passages of God's Book. He had a voice like thunder, and an eye that flashed like lightning. Soon he created a powerful sensation.'

As yet, however, his own heart was unchanged. But attracted by the fame of Griffith Jones, a celebrated Welsh orator, he formed part of a dense crowd assembled to hear the preacher. 'The young parson from Llangeitho, then nearly twenty-four years of age, had to stand opposite the pulpit. Mr. Jones was much struck by the haughtiness of the young parson, and in the midst of his discourse was moved to offer a silent prayer on his behalf. He paused, clasped his hands, and closed his eyes, his heart meanwhile pouring out in silence its request to God. The prayer was heard, and from that hour Daniel Rowlands was a changed man. The effect produced by the powerful sermon which was then preached was to humble him in the dust. In a moment of despondency he vowed to himself that he would never preach again.' But on the homeward journey a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder, and one of the company, enthusiastic in their praise of Mr. Jones's pulpit power, exclaimed: 'Well, you may say what you like, I have reason for ever thanking God for the little parson of Llangeitho. I have often felt much more serious under his fiery and powerful ministry than I have felt to-day.' This simple testimony suggested the encouraging thought, 'Who knows, perhaps God will make some use of *me*, poor creature!'

The hope was not disappointed, for a few weeks afterwards, while

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Mr. Rowlands was reading the solemn words of the Litany, 'By Thine agony and bloody sweat,' the mighty power of God fell upon the people, and a fire of Divine influence was kindled which was destined to quicken into energy the dormant spiritual life of the Welsh people.

A striking parallel to this incident is found in the life of William Burns, the devoted Chinese Missionary, who after years of apparently fruitless toil saw his prayer answered in the very asking, as he read one Sunday morning the pleading words, 'By the coming of the Holy Ghost, good Lord deliver us!' From that hour the hearts of his callous native congregation were bowed as one man before the Lord, and a mighty revival rewarded the 'long patience' of the wearied husbandman.

Time would fail us to trace in detail the gracious work begun under Daniel Rowlands, and carried on by Howel Harries, son-in-law of Charles Wesley, Vavasor Powell, and George Whitefield. Yet the little chapels dotted over the hills and dales of Wales, with their enthusiastic congregations, now elated by the influence of the national hwyl—which is only another name for fervent spiritual emotion—now singing with heart and soul the melodious hymns of their native tongue, bear witness to the permanence of the Great Revival.

It has been well said that these chapels did not empty the churches of the Establishment, but rather drew from utter godlessness the hardened and neglected frequenters of Sabbath fairs and horse-races.

In the course of Mr. Davies's volume we have many specimens of modern Welsh preaching treasured in the hearts of Shadrach, and his associates. In the account of 'Anniversary Services at Horeb,' the Baptist chapel which our friends attended, we are presented with two strikingly contrasted but powerful and effective outlines of sermons by the Rev. B. Thomas, of Narberth, and the Rev. R. Hughes, of Maesteg. The discourse of the latter is a simple detailed exposition of the Healing of the Blind Men at Jericho. Speaking of the blind men's prayer, he says: 'The world has had abundant opportunities of testing His credentials as the infallible Healer of all its infirm and helpless ones, and He now repeats the challenge. Who of you will test His power? The Saviour expected these men to tell Him what they wanted, because He loved to hear them ask for such a large blessing—*That our eyes may be opened.* Their words to all others were: "We will receive whatever you will please to give us, and we shall be grateful for the smallest gift"; but they would ask for nothing less of Jesus than that their eyes may be opened. There are some who ask so little of Him that their request is barely worth the words that convey it, or worth the Saviour's notice, as it has not in it the true ring of

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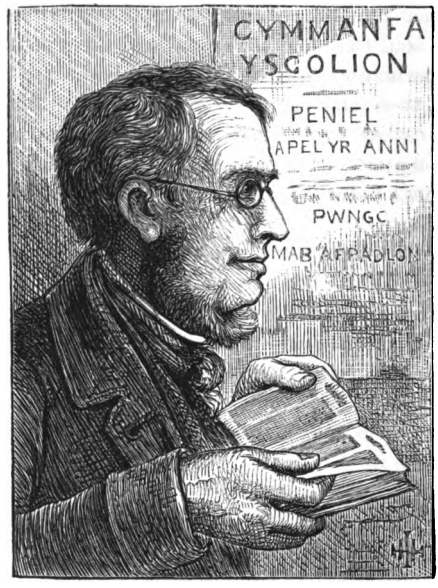
faith. Take the Saviour at His best; May He forgive you that you ask for toys when He is anxious to give you sight.'

Another sermon delivered during this anniversary,—the Visit of the Women to the Sepulchre,—fastened itself in the memory of old Hugh Roberts, who in the 'after meeting at the Smithy' on the following Monday evening, quotes an illustration which may be regarded as typical of the teachings from every day life with which the sermons of Welsh orators abound:

'Close to Bracelet Bay, Mumbles, is a bell buoy, marking a concealed rock. This bell rings only in the storm. It is only when the wind is high, and the billows roll and beat against it, that it gives forth the music that is in it. Such were the two characters in question (Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus), they gave forth the deep, grand music of their souls only in the ruthless storm. But these women of the text form a class who cling and serve in all weathers, foul and fair, storm and calm.'

Other examples of the power of homely pictorial illustration, and keen insight below the surface of a Scripture narrative, may be gathered from John Vaughan's Bible-class. John has not the raciness and pungency of *Daniel Quorm;* but his running comment on the Parable of the Prodigal Son is full of 'burrs that stick.'



He will take two or three Sundays for the lesson. 'There's no wonder,' says he, 'that so many suffer from spiritual dyspepsia and sluggish liver if they swallow the Word in lumps.'

'How very near,' he begins, 'the Lord Jesus comes to us in His parables. There are some good people who when they want to explain some simple truth, are always up in the clouds or higher still, with what they call the sweeping comets and the eternal stars and the planets revolving in their orbits, till some of us poor souls get so puzzled and giddy with it all that we begin to think our heads are

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revolving in orbits too. The good Lord is very different from that. He doesn't bring His illustrations from the skies, and such as only angels can understand, but those which men, women, and even children can remember.'

To illustrate the meaning of the ring in the parable, John continues: 'Caleb Rhys told me once about a gentleman who owns an estate in Glamorganshire. On this estate an old man lived for many years, who used to go to chapel along the gentleman's private walk, because he saved a considerable distance by going that way. Some unkind neighbour told the magistrate about it, who one day, when the poor old man was going to the house of God, met him on his private walk, and said, "What right have you on this path?" "No right at all, Sir," he answered; "but I thought you wouldn't mind an old man who has lived on your estate so many years going this way to the house of God, especially as it's so very far the other way." "Give me your stick," said he, sternly. Then, to his surprise, the gentleman, with a kind smile upon his face, said to him as he gave him in return his own walking-stick, mounted with gold and bearing his own crest, "Here, my good man, when any one asks you again what right you have this way, show them this, and tell them that Mr. —— gave it to you." That was exactly what the father did to this poor prodigal boy. He told his servants to put the ring on his finger, so that he could show it to any one who might tell him he had no right there, that it was his own father's gift.'

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

CHAPTER XI.—MOLLY'S JOURNAL.

The Orphan House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, September 13th, 1745.

FALLING to-day into a little talk with Mrs. M—— as to the custom of journalizing (which I have quite disused since coming North), she spoke so strongly in praise of it as a real means of grace, that I am resolved to resume it, even if I rise an hour earlier for the purpose. But I am something puzzled, as to what I shall write of the many weeks I have passed here. Time moves in this happy house so sweetly and evenly, each waking hour having its own duty, that I can single out only one day from the rest for remembrance; and that is the day when uncle Wilson brought me here (full three months ago, for 'twas still May), and my sore heart was wonderfully soothed by the welcome

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I got: this, under Heaven, I owed to some lines of commendation writ for me by Mr. Wesley, before whom my case was fully laid; he was himself gone from the North, but I found his spirit present.

Things were not quite as I had thought to find them, either. The person so highly praised to me in Yorkshire was not, as I had been led to believe, in authority here; and I was mightily surprised by hearing some mutterings in dispraise of her. In my childish simpleness I had fancied this a little heaven, where could be no hard thoughts or harsh words. But it must be better not to dwell with angels, till one is more like them. These pious women, who have yet some stains of earth about them, have excellencies such as I can only covet to attain at some distant day. And now all is well again; we shall have Mrs. Murray with us now; I think, to every one's comfort as well as mine.

And I cannot tell indeed whether our meetings for worship in the chapel and Band-room under this roof, or our ministerings to the poor wretched souls about us, or the mere sewings and sweepings and house-work, have most of heaven in them (perhaps the last: too many rich and great folks come to the preachings, for one to be quite easy). 'Tis a blessed kind of life, and often I half forget I ever lived in any other; but two things always wake me from that dream.

One is that from time to time I get a packet of letters, and there is always something from John, which troubles me strangely. I would not miss his least note to me for the world, and his words are mild and patient; but I see that my continued absence grieves him, and I dare not consent to a meeting, lest he should persuade me against my conscience to let him wed a disgraced thing like me. (But I shall yet be cleared, I am sure.) The other matter is indeed a foolish trifle, but just as troublesome. Nothing but a jagged bit of gold worn on a ribbon round my neck, and kept well hidden by my 'kerchief. 'Tis my half of a guinea from poor Wilkins' little store, that she would have John and me to break between us at our parting, 'for luck,' she said. I tried to refuse it, but John whispered me to yield. '"Tis a harmless superstition, at worst,' he said; 'and you will give her more than a guinea's worth of vexation by denying her.' And something he whispered also that I would not listen to, of a day when he would have the coin we broke melted into a ring. Now I have only to see or handle the thing, and I hear his voice again, and feel the touch of his fingers. I fear, if he were as near me as he seems, I should do his will, and think nothing of his welfare.

Saturday, September 28th.

I need not complain again of lack of matter for my journal.

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Here on Wednesday week came Mr. Wesley, in a happy hour for us, the whole town being in an uproar at the bad news from the North; how the Pretender had taken Edinburgh, and our turn should certainly come next, we lying in the very way of him and his wild, barbarous army. I, a silly child, was as heartily frighted as the townsfolk; but our elder sisters showed but small alarm, and on Mr. W.——'s coming even that vanished.

Indeed he hath more than the common bravery; 'tis something high, calm, heroical, that he can impart easily to others; it were well if other Generals were like him. I shall not readily forget his preachings, night after night; nor the listening crowds, vast and silent; nor the solemn light of joy spread over the faces of the Lord's people as they heard.

Yet 'twas a heart-shaking thing to see the preparings for war: the townsmen put under arms; the gates ordered to be walled up, and first of all Pilgrim-street gate, outside of which is our House; and the walls mounted with cannon, on which many warned us we must be destroyed by their fire, if it came to an attack; but our Commander (I love to call him so) considering how the guns were planted, soon saw, and made us see, God's Providence to have so directed things, that we ran no danger from that artillery, but rather should be protected by it.

Sometimes gazing from our lofty windows (we are lodged high, only Mr. Wesley in his study, a small mean room in the roof, being higher than we), sometimes going about the streets and lanes, on our needful business, we have witnessed the huge terror and confusion of the townspeople. The best houses in our street were quickly stripped and left empty to the enemy, and our neighbours were busy moving their goods, some being minded to take shelter within the walls, while others who dwelt inside thought themselves unsafe there, and were carrying forth their stuff to hide it elsewhere, so that all the ways were cumbered with horses and carts. From time to time some one would say to us: 'Sure you will never stay where you are, outside the gates—'tis most unsafe;' but the distracted doings of the speakers did not greatly recommend their advice. And one day we would hear of gentlemen riding off southwards in great numbers, either to seek safety or raise help; another time they poured into the town, with their men servants, all armed; and such strange variety of news was brought in, one knew not what to believe; only one piece of intelligence is proved unhappily true, the shameful overthrow of Sir John Cope and his men before the wild Highlanders, at a place called Preston-pans.

To-day there is a greater stir than ever: a gentleman from the north,

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who was apprehended on great suspicions of his coming here as a spy, hath cut his own throat, by which desperate action the ill thoughts of him are much confirmed. 'Tis hoped the surgeons will recover the poor wretch, and that very useful intelligence may be wrung from him; they have already learnt his real name, which is Nixon.

Thursday, Oct. 17.

When I wrote thus of the miserable case of one spy, 'twas little in my thoughts I should soon be mixed up in the taking of another of that sort. Ten or twelve days ago we had a fresh alarm, a party of rebels, a thousand strong, being certainly come within twenty miles of us; and I think people's hearts were more disposed to cruelty by their fears being thus increased, or I never had seen what I did see.

Monday week I went with Sister J—— to carry food to some of our good people (a family called Falkner) who are in much distress by reason of sickness and money losses: they dwell reasonably far from us; and since we found poor Bell Falkner much worse than we feared, I got leave to remain with her for some hours, and do what I could for her till her husband should return; he was gone out on some poor employment he had found.

It began to grow dusk, and I had put the poor little ones to bed, and still Will Falkner came not; so I prepared very unwillingly to go alone, for the streets are ill to pass through, being infested by drunken, swearing soldiers. I and all our family are well known to the guards by our frequent passing, so that I trusted to get through safely. The good Bell kept imploring me:

'Stay till my Will comes, miss—he cannot be long;' but the day darkened fast, and I feared to find all wickets shut against me; so muffling myself well, and pulling my hood over my face, I stole down he stairs.

Bell's poor lodging is at the very top of a lofty house, at the entering in of a lane of the sort here called *chares*. These are mostly so narrow that I think there would be much ado ere two wheelbarrows could pass each other in them, and so slender is the strip of sky shedding light into them, that they are something dark at mid-day. As I stept across the door-sill a noise of shouting and of running feet in the street made me shrink back again; and presently a man came flying as for his life round the corner, and seeing the open door where I stood, he made for it, and fell down panting and trembling beside me.

He was all torn and bloody, his coat half rent off him, his face cut and bruised, and his dark hair glued about his neck and cheeks with

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dust; but through all that woful disguise I knew him in a moment; twas my old suitor and present enemy, Antony Fields.

'Hide me, hide me, good woman!' he gasped to me; 'there is a mob coming will have my life—hide me—!' he could say no more. I pointed him to an open cupboard under the stair (the door had been wrenched off and never replaced), and he crawled into it on hands and knees, just as his pursuers, who had overrun their mark, came pouring back round the corner, with their dreadful faces black with rage, and their hoarse yellings of, 'Spies! rebel spies! 'twas here the villain doubled on us. Have you seen the spy, mistress? give him up! you're no Jacobite, no traitor rebel, are you?'

They were all about me in the entry where I stood in front of his hiding-place, but some ran on down the lane. I heard the hard breathings of the hunted creature behind me, and was speechless with the fear they would hear him too; and my own heart beating like a hammer. 'There's a hole under the stair!' they cried presently, ''tis there the old fox will have taken earth—drag the girl away, have him out,' they cried with frightful oaths; and one stretching an iron hand past me must have touched the poor wretch, who uttered a dismal shriek, and so betrayed that he was there indeed.

Then I found my tongue, and began to plead with them wildly, as I stood in front of that ineffectual hiding-hole, and grasped each side of its door-frame with my outstretched hands. ''Tis a mistake, a dreadful mistake,' I cried; 'this is no spy, no traitor—I knew him well in Yorkshire—he is of good standing there—hurt him no further, he is half dead already—would you have a murder on your souls?'

'And what may you call this gentleman of yours?' scoffed a brawny keelman who stood foremost, all grimed with coal-dust; 'and who may you be, mistress, that are so mighty ready to pass your word for other folks? I say,' he cried, getting fiercer, 'what do you call the scoundrel's name?'

'I tell you he is a true subject of King George,' I said, 'an old friend and near neighbour of my father, John Heywood—his name is Fields.'

'That's the name!' cried the man with ecstasy; 'the very name that Nixon put in his confession! we're on the right track, lads. Come from that door, mistress, unless you would have us pull you off.' But I continued to clutch the doorposts with all my little might, expecting nothing less than to be trampled down, and to see him dragged out and murdered, when luckily there came up Will Falkner, who pushing through the crowd with his broad shoulders,

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set himself beside me and defied any one to touch me. 'Tis a rebel spy she is hiding!' they roared at him.

'Vera like,' said Will, coolly; 'officers are coming will deal with the spy, men, if you've left aught of him to deal with—they'd rather find him all in one piece, by what I heard them say. But you shanna lay a finger on Mrs. Heywood, though I spill my blood for it—spy or no spy.'

Poor Will was gaunt and pale with hunger, and I fear might soon have been thrust aside, so 'twas well that the officers he spoke of were close at hand, the throng parting at that moment to let them pass.

They filled the narrow entry, crowding in with shining weapons and flashing lanterns, for now the night had fallen; they shut the outer door, and so shut out those hideous faces, to my great joy. Will pulled me to one side; and the poor frighted wretch crawled out, and gave himself up. He was badly hurt; and the men seeing this, one of them was sent off for a coach. 'We must have him to prison alive if we can,' the leader growled; 'he may be some use living, but dead he were worth naught.' Fields seemed to hear this, for he set his teeth with a grim look; and staring around him, like a trapped wild beast, his eyes met mine. I cannot tell what he saw there; nothing but a vast pity filled my heart. His look strangely altered, I know not with what meaning: and when they led him out to the coach, he still bent a wild gaze upon me. I hoped 'twas no look of reproach for my giving up his name to his hunters; I had thought it would do him service.

Some questions that were asked me as to my doings I answered easily. Will, who seemed well known to the officers, vouching for me that I was a true loyal subject and no Jacobite; and when the street was cleared, the good fellow carefully guarded me home to the Orphan House.

There I found Sister M——, and Sister J—— too, sadly concerned about me; but I made haste to tell them my history, which they heard with wonder; and when I had done—'Let us kneel down, dear child,' said Sister M——, 'and give thanks to God, Who hath helped thee to show mercy to an enemy.'

But I could find no rest for thinking of that poor enemy, more especially when we had word that he was not like to live, his injuries being very frightful. We tried to devise means for doing some good to his unhappy soul and body, but he was put in secret ward, they hoping to get from him information as to the Jacobite plotters; and when Mr. Wesley had left Newcastle our last hope of being useful to the poor creature seemed vanished, till last night there came a clergyman to the House, asking to see Mrs. Mary Heywood.

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Going down to him, I found him a tall young man, pale and thin, and looking much troubled. 'My name is Anderson, madam,' he began hastily before I could speak—'you will not know me; but I come on Christ's errand to you, praying you to show charity to an unhappy soul, who will die despairing of God's mercy, if he find no mercy from you.'

'Is it Fields?' I broke in eagerly; 'how is he? is his case so desperate as they say? and what does he ask of me? I will do it if I can.'

Mr. Anderson, a little amazed, replied, 'Nothing is required of you at present, madam, but to return with me to the prison, if you will so far trust me, and speak with this miserable being, whose soul is grievously tossed because of you—he may not outlive this night.'

I flew at once to make myself ready; Mrs. M—— when she learnt my errand, approving it heartily, and assuring me of the piety and integrity of Mr. Anderson, who is well known to her.

'How is it,' I asked him as we hurried through the streets, 'that I am now allowed to have speech with the prisoner?' And he said: 'They have hopes of drawing a confession from him, and he will make it only on condition of an interview with you; he has some heavy wrong, he says, to atone for: I trust he is a true penitent.' Thereupon he fell into silence, wearing a very anxious look; and as for me, so many wild thoughts came into my mind, I took no note of the way. The prison is a gloomy, frowning place, very strong, as I should think; but I remember little within it save the dark cell where we found Fields, laid on a straw pallet; a lantern set near him showed me his wasted face, and his burning eyes turned on me as we entered. Two or three gentlemen were near, one sitting at a table with ink and paper before him.

'Is that you, Mary Heywood?' said the wretched man; 'come near, give me your hand;' and I did so, trembling from head to foot.

'You would have saved my life if you could,' he said: his grasp hurt me, 'twas unnaturally strong, and his hand like fire. 'I tried to take away your life. I have, to the best of my power, destroyed your peace, your credit—Do you forgive this? I had thought it impossible. If you do, I can believe my Maker will forgive other sins—but not blacker sins—with which I am loaded. Speak—your action has spoken, but let me have your word as well.' 'Twas a piteous voice, hoarse and broken.

'May God so forgive me as I forgive you,' I said, weeping; 'and I pray Him to have mercy on you also.' 'Then I have hope,' he said faintly; and a strange smile came over his face.

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'There is no good hope of forgiveness without confession and reparation, Mr. Campbell,' said the gentleman at the table, something severely.

'You say truly,' said Fields, (it surprised me to hear him answer to that other name,) 'so set down what I shall now say, Sir. I will sign it as my dying declaration; and do you and these honest gentlemen witness it.' The gentleman seized his pen, and began with great cheerfulness to write what Fields dictated. I heard my own name and my father's often repeated, but amid such strange formal phrases as perplexed me; at last he paused, breathing hard, and looking like death.

'Drink some of the cordial,' said one whom I took for a physician, hastening to offer it; 'you have need of strength for your further disclosures.'

Fields drank as he was bidden, but then said firmly, 'I will sign this declaration first—'tis a matter apart; and do you, gentlemen, witness it, or not another word will I speak while breath is in me.' They looked at one another—hesitated—and did as he desired.

'Give the paper to the young lady—it concerns her. Read it, Mary Heywood,' he said, 'and keep it—it is yours.' I took the paper and tried to read; but it was all dazzled with my tears. 'What is it?' I asked stupidly; and he who had written, bowing to me, said: 'Tis a full and entire retractation of all accusations brought against you by the deponent, having regard to your father's death; the deponent alleging all such accusations to be slanders devised by himself through the prompting of the Devil, and having no foundation in truth. You will find it a very valuable paper, madam, and I recommend you to be careful of it. Now, Mr. Campbell,' he said, turning to Fields, 'you are doubtless ready to complete the good work, by giving up the names of those treasonable plotters against His Majesty which are within your knowledge?'

'Not yet—not while she is here,' said Fields, who was again ghastly pale, 'take the poor, harmless child away, Anderson.—Farewell, for ever, Mary Heywood,' he said, as I would have spoken, closing his eyes, and turning from me.

And I was led out, half-fainting, into the open air again. 'Twas only, I think, by the mercy of God that I kept fast hold of that paper, for a strange anguish of compassion rent my soul, and I knew not where I went, or what I did.

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'OLD SAMMY.'

BY THE REV. J. W. KEYWORTH.

THE news that 'Old Sammy' was converted ran like wild-fire through the village. Seldom had the Gospel won a more signal victory. Great was the wonder among the neighbours—they would not be surprised at anything now. And great was the joy of the people of God—after this, who might not be saved?

But who was—or rather, for it was but the other day that the happy event of his conversion took place—who *is* 'Old Sammy?' 'Old Sammy' is a retired shepherd. He is more than seventy years of age; and having, some time ago, relinquished the occupation of his life, is now living, with his aged wife, upon a little—a very little money, which he has managed to save. Until within the last few months he had lived an utterly godless life, and had not even seen the inside of a place of worship for many years. Now he is a happy and zealous child of God. How, then, did this great change come about?

On this wise. A veteran Local-preacher living in the same village, who has been the honoured instrument in the salvation of many souls, was led by the Spirit of God to think of 'Old Sammy,' and became deeply anxious for his conversion. With this dear old servant of God, who has already figured in these pages,* to think on such a subject was to act. So he watched his opportunity, and meeting 'Old Sammy' one day in the street, forthwith spoke to him lovingly about his soul, and invited him to chapel. The invitation was accepted, and the following Sabbath morning the congregation were startled by the entrance of 'Old Sammy,' who took his place in the free-seats as though he were one of the regular attendants. The old man behaved with great seriousness throughout the service, and listened attentively to the sermon. A striking picture was that aged sinner, who had lived all his life in a land overflowing with Gospel privileges, listening almost for the first time to the Word of God. At the evening service he was again at chapel, and listened even more eagerly than before. Not a word that fell from the preacher's lips escaped the old man's ear. The truth, applied by the Holy Spirit, found its way to his heart. He went home full of distress, and, wrestling in prayer, found peace with God in his own room.

The next morning 'Sammy' went early to the house of the old Local-preacher, whose heart he gladdened by the joyful news that God had in mercy forgiven his sins.

That evening a further surprise was in store for the little village

* See *Christian Miscellany* for January, 1882, page 38, etc.

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Society. As they were assembled in their weekly Prayer-meeting, who should come in but 'Old Sammy.' He quietly took his place and knelt down with the rest. His entrance sent a thrill of joy through the little company. The good people hoped 'Old Sammy' was in distress about his soul. Their uncertainty was soon resolved. At the very first break in the meeting the old man burst forth in prayer, or such, at least, he meant it to be. Prayer, however, in the strict sense of the word, it was not. He began by addressing himself to God, but soon broke away into rapturous expressions of his new-found joy, intended for the ears of those who were kneeling around him. Old Sammy's *prayer* was a rambling effusion, perhaps; but it came from his heart. It was the overflowing of a full soul, and its touching utterances were good to hear. 'You mustn't mind me, friends,' he said again and again; 'I'm a poor old sinner, but God has had mercy on me. What a wonder!'

The effect was magical. For many, many months no such meeting had been held in the place. The conversion of 'Old Sammy' kindled a spark which has since grown to a mighty flame. This wonderful exercise of saving grace was followed by a most gracious revival throughout the village, in connection with which the aged convert was instrumental almost in every case. He became as zealous in the work of God as he had before been reckless in the service of Satan. Becoming a self-constituted home-missionary, the happy old man went from house to house in his own and adjoining villages, telling, with a beaming face, what God had done for his soul, and exhorting his neighbours to seek the blessed Saviour he himself had found. There could be no mistake about his zeal. His whole heart was in the work. And we have seen few more pleasant sights than the figure of this dear old man, in his clean country smock, and with his round, beaming face, plodding from village to village on his errands of mercy. And so the old man is a shepherd still; and as, perhaps, in days gone by, he has often gone through fields and lanes in search of wanderers from the flock it was his duty to keep, so now he goes here and there, through the same lanes and the same fields, 'to seek and to save' the 'lost sheep' who have strayed from the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Nor have 'Old Sammy's' efforts been in vain. Induced by his persuasions, added to the wonderful news of his conversion, the neighbours soon began to flock to the chapel. People of all ages were convinced of sin, and sought the Saviour. Many who had not entered the house of God for years were found listening in tears to the Word of Life. Parents brought their children, and children their parents, to the mercy-seat. Brothers and sisters came hand in hand

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to the Cross. In some instances whole families were saved. There is scarcely a house in the village to which salvation has not come, and hardly an individual who has not felt to some extent the influence of the Spirit of God.

And all this came to pass through the instrumentality of a newly-converted old man, who cannot even read, who until a few months ago had been all his life an entire stranger to religion, and who was himself led to Christ by the earnest words of an old Local-preacher. Truly 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are.'

THE ALCHEMIST.

BY JOHN TAYLOR.

'*If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.*'—PROVERBS XXV. 21, 22.

THE alchemists of the olden time were fond of trying experiments with drugs and medicines and minerals in their search for the philosopher's stone. They knew very little about chemistry, or the composition and uses of metals, as they had not such opportunities of discovering truth as we have in these days. They had their furnaces and crucibles, and pestles and mortars, and retorts and vessels for infusing, sublimating, filtering and purifying the various chemicals and medicines. You who know anything of chemistry now, would laugh at the foolish notions they had, and the blind and ignorant way they took for seeking truth.

An old man sits by a furnace, melting and purifying various metals. Small heaps of lead, tin, copper, brass, iron, and various chemicals, such as mercury, sulphur and arsenic, lie about the floor; while his crucible, bellows, and blow-pipe are on the bench beside him. Let us gather round the furnace and watch him at his work.

Some metals give him very little trouble. He can melt lead or tin over a very poor fire, and pour it into moulds like water. He can soften iron, and bend it to any shape he pleases on the anvil.

But some metals defy an ordinary fire, and will neither bend nor break nor dissolve without a great deal of trouble. He puts a nugget of gold into the crucible, and exposes it to the heat of the furnace. He blows the fire to a white heat, and waits and watches for a long time, but it does not melt. You become impatient, and wonder why he wastes so much time and labour.

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He is determined to soften that rough nugget, and to bring out the pure gold. So he closes the lid of the crucible, and piles the fire all round and over it, so that the crucible is buried in the fire. The heat now reaches the gold from beneath, and around, and above. He has heaped coals of fire on its head, and now it melts.

He takes the crucible from the furnace, and lets the pure metal run off, leaving nothing but the dross and dregs behind.

You see in this picture

A Lesson of Kindness.

1. *Look for some good thing in all men.*

There are metals of various kinds in the refining house. Some are worth but little, while others are precious, like silver and gold. The refiner can find some use for all of them, and he is always trying to make them more useful to the world.

So I would have you go through life, trying to find all that is good in your playmates, your neighbours, companions and friends. They have their faults and failings, but it will not be worth your while to find them out.

It is said that when Queen Victoria came to the throne, one of the first papers she was requested to sign was the death-warrant of a mutinous soldier who had been condemned by court-martial to be shot. She was exceedingly sorry for him, and asked if there was no excuse for his conduct, and if nobody could say a single word in his favour. Everybody gave him a bad character; but the queen heard at last that he had been a good son to his mother: so she found an excuse for saving him.

You need not despair of finding some good thing in the worst of men. You will always find something to admire and love, if you diligently seek it.

2. *Do all the good you can.*

The alchemist was always seeking some new truth, and trying to do some good in the world. If he purified a nugget of gold, he made it more precious, and enriched himself, and increased the wealth of the world.

It is always so with our efforts to do good: 'He that watereth shall be watered also himself.' You cannot do good without getting good.

Two travellers were crossing the Alps in the depth of winter, and were in danger of perishing from exposure and cold. Before they could reach a house of refuge, one of them fell down exhausted in the snow and wanted to sleep. His companion knew that he would soon sleep the sleep of death, unless he could rouse him and induce him to

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(THE ALCHEMIST.)

make one more struggle for life. So he chafed his frozen limbs, and rubbed his benumbed hands, and spoke words of hope and comfort. At length he induced him to make another effort, and he reached the friendly refuge in safety. The exertion of rubbing and trying to save his friend warmed and strengthened himself, and saved the lives of both of them.

If you increase the knowledge and happiness of other people, you will be wiser and happier yourself.

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3. *Have patience.*

The refiner who sits at the furnace knows the peculiarities of his metals. He has long patience with the gold that melts so slowly. He buries it in the fire, and heaps coals of fire on its head, and blows the fire to a white heat. He never gives up, and he will not despair. He knows he shall win if he has patience.

If you will imitate his example, you may conquer any man. I have known some bad boys among the thousands I have taught, but I never knew these laws of kindness to fail. The worst boy in school will have a few good qualities; and if these are cultivated by kindness, firmness and patience, he may be greatly improved.

The text shows how even an enemy may be made into a friend by your patient kindness. He has resisted all your efforts to approach him. He has treated you unkindly, and spoken evil about you, and done you all the harm he could. His whole life, for many a year, has been a war against you. But misfortune overtakes him, and he comes to poverty and want. He is too proud to come and beg from you after he has treated you so shamefully.

Now is the time for a noble revenge. Go to him, and tell him you are sorry for his misfortunes, and you want to help him. Offer him food and shelter and help. You will break his proud spirit, and he will be melted by your patience and kindness.

'If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.'*

THE WATER-STREET MISSION, NEW YORK.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE old Five Points region I had known well, and the changes wrought by the various missions; but this was all unknown country. Hardly a stone's throw from the Harpurs' great establishment in Franklin Square, we turned down Dover Street. On one side, the towering pier of the East River Bridge; on the other, a row of tenement houses, two or three with gabled roofs, the last remnant of the old time when quiet Dutch burghers made their homes there; and all swarming with children—dirty, unkempt, foul of speech. A turn to the right, and still under the shadow of the great pier; a long line of houses, some low and leaning, with bulging roofs and broken windows above; but below, on either side, dens of infamy, opening at the back into rat-pits or cock-pits. And far up Cherry Street to the police station-house, and out into a region of dark alleys festering with filth, and narrow streets alive with masses

* Taken from *Picture Truths*. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road, E.C.

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of people, spread the influence of these foul lives. In men and women both, as we passed on, only the wild animal seemed left: brutal, lowering faces, stamped with every sign of violence; and oaths and horrible words the current speech. Every other house was a 'bucket-shop:' a saloon where only the cheapest liquor is sold, where the light showed sanded floors and the roughest of bars, waiting the evening custom. In the midst of these surroundings rose a plain brick building, the walk before it carefully kept, and the outer door closing with a spring lock, which, when opened, rang a bell as warning to the janitor that visitors were below. A policeman stood on the step to order off the children and boys, who had often sought to break up the meeting, not only by singing and shouting, but by throwing stones and breaking windows. Within was the simplest and plainest of chapels, holding some four hundred men, very few women forming part of the congregation, either then or at any time. A raised platform with small reading-desk, and cabinet organ, and half a dozen benches for visitors, were at the upper end; and here we seated ourselves, facing the audience, and looked about. Below the desk, and just in front of an empty bench, stood an arm-chair, unoccupied at present. The walls were hung with various Scripture texts, and on each side, in heavy, black letters, were two framed cards: 'Speakers strictly limited to one minute.'

'Where are your ruffians?' I whispered to my companion. 'These are all respectable men.'

'Wait and you will find out,' was the answer; and at this moment, through a door leading from the platform, entered a pair who smiled and nodded in every direction, stopping as hands were stretched out for a greeting, but passing to their places—he to the vacant arm-chair, she to a seat at the organ. The favourite Moody and Sankey hymns were on every bench, and at once, 'Number Four' being called, singing began with an intensity and heartiness I was not prepared to expect. For a few minutes this went on; then as the hands of the clock indicated half-past seven, a tall man, an Irishman, as I soon discovered, came up to the desk and said quietly: 'Let us pray.' All knelt, and the prayer went on; no rant, no shouting; but an earnestness of appeal that that night might see many wandering souls brought in, and made to know that the Father's house was waiting for them:

'O, dear Jesus, you picked us up out of the gutter and made us clane and dacent. Come again and save more. I was the manest of sinners down in the mud, and if I could be saved, anybody can. Let them all know it and believe it, and come straight to You.'

The man's rough voice broke, and for a moment he was silent,

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unable to speak. Then he rose, and after another hymn read the story of blind Bartimæus, with a depth of reverential feeling that destroyed all temptation to smile at accent or new methods of pronunciation, expounding after a fashion of his own, and ending with a climax, grotesque, yet full of power:

'An' so ye see that the Lord was willin' to give His time and His mind to any one that would be askin' ayther. I tell ye, my dear friends, there's nothin' like it. Joshua commanded the sun an' moon to stand still, an' sure 'twas for his own interest he did it; but Jesus Christ Himself stood still an' spoke to a blind beggar! You'll never get ahead o' that!'

As he spoke men crept in, one by one, two of them hatless; one without shoes or coat, and with matted hair and dirty face, seeming to have come straight from the gutter. All eyes were fixed on the speaker, while the occupant of the arm-chair looked with eager interest at each new arrival. In spite of careful, neat dress the face and head of the chairman were so repellent in form and outline, that after one look I whispered again:

'It is useless to say that Jerry M'Auley is an honest man. He cannot be. He was born to be bad. How can he help it, with that type of head?'

'Wait,' answered my friend once more. And as I waited I looked and affirmed again that Nature had not lied; and that this retreating forehead, small and deep-set eyes, heavy, projecting nose and wide mouth, indicated nothing but the bully and the ruffian. The tall, firmly-knit frame, long arms and great hands, showed immense brute strength; and the keen and quiet observation appeared that of some powerful animal speculating on some possible danger, and ready to annihilate an enemy. The strongest face in the room was that of a man who, as a Fourth Ward rough, must have been incredibly reckless, fierce, brutal. This sweet, motherly-looking woman at the organ could have no connection with him. Her face and figure were full of strength and helpfulness, and her deep gray eyes were wide with feeling. Another hymn, and then M'Auley rose, and in a quiet voice said:

'The meetin' is open for experience. Don't be forgettin' and lettin' yourselves run over your minute. There's much can be said in a minute, and all of you have time to tell what Jesus has done for your souls. Tell it out, too, and don't be afraid. There's not a man here has a worse tale of himself than me, an' to-night I can say as I've said for eleven years, that I'm saved from bein' a thief, and a drunkard, and a gambler, and everything that's vile. Look at me; I'm clean and respectable, and a happy man; and yet I've been down in the

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gutter deeper 'n any poor fellow in here to-night, and no clothes but an old red shirt, s'iled with dirt, and a hat like you'd taken it out of an old tar-pot. I've hung round bucket-shops and begged for drinks when I was so far gone my own mother would hardly 'a' come near me; an' I say to every one of you, there ain't a man nor woman here so far gone but what this blessed Jesus can pick them up an' set them on their feet. The meetin' is open.'

'And I tell you the same thing,' said a voice from behind me, and I turned to see the organist stepping forward. 'I've been through it all; and in my very worst drunken fits—and I drank all the time—there was a power that could save me even then. I was so lost and degraded, I don't want to think of it. I couldn't speak of it, if I didn't want you to know that this dear, tender Saviour goes seeking that which is lost. He found me, and to-day all I want in the world is to make every one know His power, and have the peace and comfort I have, every hour of my life.'

If Lucretia Mott had suddenly arisen, flung down her Quaker bonnet, and announced herself an inveterate drunkard, I could not have been more profoundly amazed. I studied the sweet, steady face; not a line in it bearing any meaning but that of love and cheer and helpfulness, with an even, merry expression about the lips, that smiled involuntarily at the unexpected turns of thought and speech from one and another. Experience followed fast; men and women rose and waited their turn. Thieves, drunkards, gamblers, all with the same story; and in the majority of cases, look closely as I might, bearing little or no trace of their wretched lives. Peace, absolute contentment, fairly bubbled over. Men laughed as they told of their happiness, and many ended by saying: 'And I bless God I ever came into the Water-Street Mission.'

'Six months ago I was a drunkard.' 'Four months ago I came here from a three years' term in prison.' 'Sixteen weeks ago to-night I came in here so drunk I couldn't stand straight, and God saved me that night.' 'Eight months ago I was a wicked woman, and there's many here that knows just how wicked; and Jesus saved *me*.'

So the hour went on; at any pause a verse of some favourite hymn; and through it all, the sad faces near the door lighting with interest as something was said that touched their own case. One man arose and shuffled out, growling oaths against the 'M'Auley hypocrites,' and a pale young man sprang up.

'Yes, that's what I said,' he responded. 'I came here a month, an' swore every night it was a pack o' lies, an' Jerry M'Auley the biggest fraud goin'. But I found I was the liar; and I got strength here to stop my drinkin' an' my chewin' an' smokin' and save my money

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for my family, instead o' givin' it to gin mills. And now I've got a comfortable, happy home, an' my children's got a bed for the first time in their lives, an' I'm clean inside an' out, bless His Holy Name! O, why won't you all believe?'

'That was the way with me,' said another equally eager. 'I said the fellows here made a soft thing out of it, an' it paid 'em well to lie; but I found plenty of 'em givin' up thievin' that brought 'em plenty of money, an' goin' hungry rather than steal. I wasn't a thief, but I was a roarin' tearin' bully, knockin' round the ward here, cursin' and swearin', an' ready for any mischief, an' Jesus took hold o' me; an' here I am, saved.'

'It is time now to change the meetin',' said Jerry, who had stood some moments waiting. 'There are men here who work hard all day, and I'm bound to let 'em out at nine o'clock. We've no time for long speeches, but I'll tell you again, what I'm never tired of tellin', and may it save some soul here to-night, that this blessed Jesus saved me. There's no sham about it. I don't tell you I was a thief and a drunkard and a fraud to glory in it, but I want you roughs to understand what Jesus has done for me. Yes. When I was such a mean, nasty wretch of a sinner, that I hadn't a home or a friend, this dear, blessed Jesus picked me up out of the mud, and saved me from wantin' to do such things. Who wouldn't love the name of Jesus? There was a time once when I'd cut a man's throat for a five dollar bill and kick him overboard. An' then there was a time when I'd plenty of money and rode behind my own fast horse, but it all came the same way. Do you suppose I'd do it now? Eh? Why not? Because I've got the grace of God in my soul. Jesus saves me, and He can save any man. He says: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Jesus died for every poor fellow here that hasn't got any home to-night. Won't you come to Him and let Him save you? Won't you come now? O, do!

'We're goin' to have prayers now. Who'll stand up for prayers? There's one; there's two; three; there's another. The devil tells some of you not to do it, I tell you the devil ain't much of a friend. He goes round puttin' up all sorts of jobs on sinners, and he makes it pretty hot sometimes. You can't get the best of him, nohow. You've got to cry to God for help, an' keep cryin' till He gives it. He won't be long about it. "Ask, and you *shall* receive." That's what He says.

'You hear some people say the Bible is a sham, and religion a hoax. Well, it may be to them; but its God's own power to me. Why! Look at me, friends. Eleven years ago I was a loafer and a rough. Head on me like a mop; big scar across my nose all the time. I

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wonder I've got a nose when I remember all the licks it got. There ain't a drunken rowdy round the corner worse lookin' than I was, nor worse deservin' punishment. I cursed God! I held up my hands and cursed Him for givin' me life. Why had He put me in a hell on earth! Why had He made me a thief and a rascal, while He gave other people money and fun! And then it came across me that He hadn't done one o' these things. It was me that had brought myself to what I was. I had made myself a drunkard and a thief, and then blamed Him for it. Where was my common sense? If you want some—and who don't—ask Him for it.

'Some say: "I'm too bad." O, what a mistake! God will take what the devil would almost refuse. Didn't He save the thief on the cross? I know a man that came into this place to lick another for having said, "Jesus saves me." Well, Jesus saved that very man himself. He came along, looking for fight, but the starch was knocked out o' him. He went away like a cur in a sack, tremblin' all over; and now he is a good man. Jesus is waitin' for every one o' you. O, won't you stand up to be prayed for?'

The strong yearning, the deep earnestness of his appeal found its answer. One after another came forward to the empty bench, whose use I now understood. The people rose and sang a hymn, and as the refrain sounded full and clear:

'Calling now to the prodigal,
Calling now to thee;
Thou hast wandered far away,
But He's calling now to thee,'

the most hardened looking of the men burst into tears and buried his face in his arms. Mrs. M'Auley left her place and kneeled by him; and, as all knelt, prayed a prayer of such utter faith, such happy surety, that then and there it would be answered, as my ears had never heard. I forgot to protest. Some strange, invisible presence was at work; a sense of expectation was upon me, and when M'Auley spoke low: 'Now let these poor souls pray for themselves,' I knew some answer must come.

'O, Jesus,' said the weeping man, 'you know all about it! I'm sick of my sins. I want to be decent. You can help me. Don't let me get into the mud again.'

'I can't pray,' said the next one. 'I'm too bad. I'm afraid to.'

'You can't be too bad,' said M'Auley's earnest voice. 'Just say, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"' and once more the publican's prayer went up from sinful lips. I had seen the excitement of camp-meetings in years gone by, but here was a hush, a power deeper than anything I had ever known. One by one trembling voices made

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their first petition—seven men, straight from the slums; and then they took their places on the bench, and for the first time I saw M'Auley's full face, as he asked one and then another what they had resolved to do. No tenderer soul ever looked upon human pain than that which now shone in his eyes and glorified his coarse features—a look more convincing of the power at work there than years of argument could have been. A deep stillness filled the room, broken only by a murmured 'Thank God!' as one after another avowed his determination to lead a new life.

'We'll pray for you. You shan't want for all the help we've got to give,' said M'Auley. 'Keep coming, and we will do you good.'

It was nine o'clock. The men rose and all sang, 'Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!' Mrs. M'Auley passed down to the door, and stood there to shake hands and give some word of help or greeting to every one who went out; and I stood watching the hearty way in which all were talking together, and the crowd who surrounded the new converts. In all the faces, I saw but two who seemed to me frauds; and as it afterwards proved, only one of them was really so.—*Canadian Methodist Magazine.*

POET-TOILERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CRABTREE-FOLD,' ETC

VII.—ANNIE KEARY: THE WRITER, THE HOME-KEEPER.

THERE is an old fable that some spirits once returned from Hades to this world to find again a body and a sphere of energy. 'One entered a king's body, and did a king's work. Another, a poet, and did a poet's work. When Ulysses came he said, "What is left for me? All the grand work is chosen. There is no body for me." On the contrary, he was told the best was for him. "And what is that?" demanded Ulysses. "*The body of a common man,*" was the reply, "*doing a common work for a common reward.*"' That was the portion of Ulysses.

And that, one may be sure, would have been the choice of ANNIE KEARY. The common life of woman, the common rewards of woman, were dear to her: the keeping of the home, the gentle ministries to old and young and those who went forth to labour. Only she was a poet-soul, and whatever cottage of homely common duty she abode in, was wreathed, summer and winter, with lovely climbing plants, the growth of a most delicate and fluent fancy. The happiest portion of her gentle, thoughtful life was a period of six years, during which she was called to be a mother to three little

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nephews. 'These were golden years, in which every part of her was satisfied: for mother-nature was stronger in her than any other nature.' The children were the centre of her life, and whatever new thing she learnt of bird or flower or insect she took straight to them, as a mother bird carries treasure to her nest. It was during these years that she began to write, and some of the prettiest of her children's stories were familiar to this nursery before they were made known to others. She loved 'to realize her hearers;' and never shaped her dreams so freely or happily for the great outside world as for that child-audience she loved so well.

Her own child-life was singularly rich in imaginative delights and in loving companionship. 'The nest into which God laid down her babyhood was well lined with love, and what she received there she gave out to others a hundred-fold.' Love was the very bread of life to Annie all her days; and 'you and me,' or 'all of us together,' expressed the early impulses of the little one who came on a March day of the year 1825 to a Yorkshire parsonage, the sixth child of her parents.

Very different these parents seem to have been, yet both had the art of the story-teller, and supplied their daughter with a fund of material on which she drew in after years for her books. The mother, a squire's daughter, was a true Yorkshire lady: self-contained and keen-sighted, able to draw portraits full of humour of the picturesque Yorkshire folk, and vivid sketches of the fragrant old-world life she and her sisters lived in their country home. The father was an Irish gentleman: 'a gentle, sensitive, affectionate, enthusiastically-religious man, endowed with all the graces that belong to the best of the Irish race, and with some of the weaknesses also.' He had served through the greater part of the Peninsular war in his youth, and after taking orders became known as an eloquent preacher, a student of theology, and the author of several controversial and religious books. 'Between him and Annie, even the child Annie, there existed always a tender affection and a full confidence.' There was ever a comradeship between them, and the little dreamer had a rooted fancy—which her father humoured—that she had been his companion in arms in his soldier-days. 'Yes,' she would muse, 'it was papa and Annie who fought under Wellington together, and now they sit by the fire in cosy winter evenings, the two old comrades, and live the campaign over again;' while the father would end his talk with: 'This you and I did and dared together, Nannie. 'Twas you and I held fast side by side through that stiff march across the common in the heat. We two stormed Badajoz together, child.' Or the tale would be of the Irish home, amongst the blue mountains

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of Connemara, in that Joyce country so terribly known to us now; and Annie would run barefooted across the bog with papa and his merry little foster-brothers and sisters to fish in the mountain lough, or to partake the potatoes and milk in the cabin. She would 'hear the soft clatter of the Irish tongue, and see sweet, misty pictures of frowning mountain-heads, and delicate purple distances, and soft, green levels shading into the blue of river and lake.'

The child-life of Annie amongst her brothers and sisters suggests and contrasts with that of the Brontë children in the grim, lonely parsonage of Haworth. Mr. Keary removed from his wife's native village to the town of Hull, when Annie was an infant; and for the pasture and garden, the pony and pet animals the older children had enjoyed, Annie, and the brother and sister next to her, had no field for fancy save the nursery or school-room, the garret or cellar of a moderate house in a most unromantic town. But these were quite enough, for the busy imaginations that could see in a dwarf woman passing along the street one rainy day under a big green cotton umbrella—and never visible before or since—a 'Mrs. Calkill,' a fairy 'very good, very clever, and very powerful, who had a fairy palace somewhere, and governed the whole world by a system of rewards and dreadful punishments.' Mrs. Calkill—so named by Arthur—became a most real personage, and a journey to her palace a delightful employment for a rainy holiday when big brothers and elder sister condescended to 'do as we think proper' with the little ones. On these occasions, and on those others when father and mother were occupied outside with parish business, and Nurse Bream was in a benignant temper, the dull commonplace house used to swell into a magical land, a kingdom where all manner of delicious adventures were possible. Stairs became precipices and mountain sides, cellars were caverns, and trickling water-taps running streams. The familiar parlour became a wonderful palace, where the little discoverers unbandaged their eyes and looked round in awful delight.

There are other 'ploys,' as the Scotch say, quite as fascinating. Annie turned Mrs. Sherwood's *Infant's Progress* into a play, and at holiday times, when the brothers were at home, it was acted, with great vigour. After that, Mrs. Sherwood's *Nun* came into the hands of the little magician, and inspired a new fancy. 'There were Roman Catholics in the town, we knew. Father Render, the head of them, held a controversy once with our own father, in which, of course, he had been worsted. What more likely than that he should burn to revenge himself on somebody! He would probably take a nun and shut her up somewhere;...and when we came to think of it, *what was there above the trap-door in the housemaid's closet?*' So the

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fancy ran on until they were all firmly persuaded that there was an imprisoned nun in the roof, to whom packets of cake and biscuits and consolatory messages must be sent up by means of a long-handled broom. A juvenile tea-party was convened one half-holiday for the express purpose of making an effort to set free this unfortunate, and very amusing is the account given us of the solemn enterprise, and the fright of the little visitors—who went home in hysterics, and set afloat all sorts of gossip about the strange doings in the clergyman's household. The nun retired, discredited; and a new notion about a Writer—who could see into every house, and wrote down all he saw—succeeded. He was supposed to be always looking through one particular corner of the ceiling, and yet to be always going about and bringing back scenes to Annie, his partner.

'Annie never built castles in the air about herself,' we are told. 'She seemed to stand apart, like some Lady of Shalott, watching the passing and repassing of shadows: it was, she used to say, as if she were watching the progress of an interminable tale, in which her own being took no place.' A delicacy of the chest kept her indoors a good deal every Spring; and as the progress of time took the brothers to school and left the two younger sisters very much alone together, they

> 'Lived with visions for their company,
> .....And found them gentle mates.'

Visions inspired by books now. 'Unknown to parents and teachers, Annie made raids on the downstairs library, where she filled her pockets (the large, loose pockets of those days, tied on under the dress) with volumes of Rollin and Plutarch, which she devoured afterwards in corners of our own domain; and which were full of people more real and far more interesting than any of Mrs. Sherwood's creations. But how meagre the histories were, after all!..How many things must have happened to Themistocles, for example, that nobody ever thought of writing down! Themistocles was Annie's pet-hero.'

'How well,' continues the sister, writing of this period, 'I can recall the winter twilight in our low square room: the books heaped into corners, the red fire-glow, the weird shadows upon the walls cast by oil-lamps in the street outside, the walk round and round the room amongst the changing lights and shades, holding pleasant discourse, or P. D., as we called it. Socrates was there, and Themistocles—they met for the first time in our room—and Socrates talked intimately in our hearing with his noble and beautiful friends. Alcibiades was there also, and Plato and Pericles. We never tired of this story conversation, and Annie was rarely behind-hand with the supply.'

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Of course religious meetings had their place in the child-world, and elections also, Hull being notable for both. But by-and-by Mr. Keary's health compelled a removal to the country for one entire summer, and a new life opened to Annie. An old-fashioned house, with real dark nooks, a garden, a river, and shrewd country people, full of racy peculiarities: it was all delightful; and besides other interests, botany and natural history unfolded their wonders to the young student.

After this came school terms, furnishing many studies of girl character to the books afterwards written, and some friendships that enriched the whole of life. Beloved by all the girls, Miss Keary was not so popular with the teachers. Those were the days of Pinnock and Magnall's questions, when it was the prayer of every respectable schoolmistress that she might be saved from turning out blue-stockings. 'Lizzie,' said the head-teacher one day, 'of what were you and Annie Keary talking so eagerly in the garden during the English-speaking hour?' With some confusion Lizzie made answer that Annie was telling her 'all about gravitation and the fixed stars.' 'H—m,' was the freezing reply, 'I think it's a pity Miss Keary cannot find something more edifying to say to her companions.'

The desire to express her thoughts in writing began to take shape some three years after she left school. Mr. Keary had been forced to give up all work and to remove to Clifton, and there Annie found another friend who came nearer to her than any other person ever did, and who, appreciating her artistic power, helped to give her confidence in it. 'He understood exactly the contradiction between her weakness and her strength, and saw just how and where the hardness of life would hurt her.' For many years this tender, sympathizing love sustained Annie's hesitating, timorous steps; but when it faded from her—in what way we are not told—she did not drift into a region of storms far from all quiet moorings. One after another departed on whom she had leant: her childhood's companion, Arthur; her ideal and guide, Henry; her lover; and her father; and for awhile she felt her feet falter and the light grow dim; but her nature was too sweet, too humble and child-like, for any bitterness. She was never out of sympathy with others because her own life had been robbed of its chief joys; sorrow did not age her, nor disappointment harden. She remained with her mother and sisters in the London home, making no claims for herself or her literary purposes, ready always to help in the housekeeping, to write letters to friends, to weave charming fables for a circle of children. The interests of others, their cares and sorrows, were hers; and the years that looked

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so poor and dry in prospect, grew rich with various interests and many friends. 'She was not apt to make plans for the benefit of people; she did not try to set others right; she only listened to and loved and understood her fellow-creatures.'

In 1858 Miss Keary was taken by a friend for a winter's travel in Egypt, a flight into the world which cost her some pangs of fear—as all changes did; but was productive of much deep pleasure, and suggested a book on *Early Egyptian History*. During the next ten years she was occupied with several other books, and with the care of her invalid mother, beside family and social affairs. Then her mother died, and other sorrows and trials followed, darkening the sky and making her long for a more vivid sense of God. Some years before this she had come upon what seemed 'a bridge of light across darkness, a cloud was rolled away from her vision of God, and she was able to look up with confidence.... And she had never gone back; through every stage of life her spiritual nature had been ripening; but there came times when the light was not warm enough for a bereaved heart, nor strong enough to sound all the depths of spiritual need. As years went on, also, and she read and thought more, she found more and more to trouble her in the theories of science and in speculation. She had not herself any serious doubts;... her spiritual intuitions never failed her;... but her feet faltered where before they had firmly trod.'

And more than once in these troubled, dark periods her heart led her into paths which her intellect afterwards forbade as travelling down, not up. One of these was Spiritualism, in regard to which it may be said, as of other experiences, that 'she found herself warned away by her intellect from the desires of her heart.' Another was what is called 'Anglo-Catholic teaching.' This seemed to offer much that she desired: a high sense of the supernatural, a tender compassion for the poor and afflicted. 'What she desired more earnestly than any assertion of doctrine, was to have a clear vision of Christ, to feel His power and His joy in her heart;' and she believed that the Ritualist community in the East of London, with which she identified herself for a while, was composed of the most fervent, loving and joyful people she knew; and that going to them was like going to a fire to be warmed. At the same time her instinctive fairness made her say: 'I don't mean that they have more of this joy and strength than is to be found among Low Church or Broad Church or Quakers or any others; I have seen it in all.'

In truth she was moved, here as elsewhere, by her sympathies with dear friends; and in time her soul passed through the stage of weakness and mist in which it had leaned too much on outward supports. A sharp attack of illness which followed the writing of

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Castle Daly cleared her spiritual sight. Thoughts communicated in childhood awoke from long slumber, with new, sacred meanings, and faith rose up stronger than before. She returned the Associate's cross, and set her face away from Ritualism, to find erelong a brighter light and a surer resting-place. Some two years later she wrote to a nephew: 'I feel as if I had got down to the bottom and felt the ground-work under our feet, the substance out of which all our existence is woven, and know as I never did before that there is infinite love all round us, and that joy and peace and victory are to be the issue of all our struggles.....I tell you this because it may be cheering to know that as one gets older one does really get happier instead of sadder, that there is light opening out brighter and brighter towards the end.'

Twice after her mother's death Annie and her younger sister went to the South of France for several months, to the lovely country afterwards described in her story, *A Doubting Heart*. During the first of these she began *Castle Daly*, the publication of which lifted her to a high rank among literary artists; although she herself never could understand why it did so. A new undertaking followed. The sisters spent some months in a Servant's Home established by a friend, and Annie 'would lie awake at night pondering over the affairs of the girls, and planning their lives. Her sympathy was ever ready; her hope, even for the most hopeless, Christ-like in its power.' Then came the second visit to Pégomas, during which some of these girls and others in whom Annie was interested were followed with affectionate letters. Then she went back to England and began her new book, with greater confidence in her vocation than she had ever felt before, and more enjoyment in the work. Long letters to various friends show how she had at last reached a Land of Beulah, 'where sweet breaths from the heavenly hills blow tranquillity and peace about the heart.'

In this peaceful and fruitful time, on the 2nd of March, 1878, she went out to consult a physician on some symptoms which excited a slight—but a slight—anxiety, and came home again with the knowledge that only a painful operation could give her any chance of continued years in this world. She underwent the operation with simple child-like trust, endured with unwavering patience and 'graciousness of manner' the long year of suffering and increasing weakness that followed, and passed away early on the morning of her fifty-fourth birthday. 'If I should be found worthy of any name in the life to come,' she said to a dear friend, her attendant, 'I should like it to be Sister-Aunt.' Her last words were 'a baby hymn' she used to repeat to the children at the hospital.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

An Account of the Establishment of Wesleyan-Methodism in the British Army. By REV. W. H. RULE, D.D. London : T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.—This little book is the history of Methodism among our soldiers, written by one who by practical experience is eminently qualified to do the subject justice. The story is told with soldier-like straightforwardness, and when our sympathies are aroused, it is by the force of simple facts. It is evident that the author has patiently collected and arranged the fullest materials for the task he had in hand. The English people, from their Queen downwards, have always taken an interest in the welfare of their soldiers; and when Christians recall the peculiar temptations of military life, the spiritual needs of the brave fellows ought to command their sympathies.

Dr. Rule in his useful volume takes us back to the year 1803, when, in the garrison at Gibraltar, Methodist soldiers 'actually received two hundred lashes each' for attending a prayer-meeting! In spite, however, of a persecution relentless as it was unjust, the little Society on the Rock grew apace; and in 1832 the author took charge of the work there. From that moment, both at Gibraltar and Aldershot, it was a ceaseless effort on the part of the faithful Methodist chaplain to obtain for himself and his little flock the exercise of religious freedom. How he was confronted by every device of official obstinacy, hurried from officer to officer in his brave vindication of imprisoned members, how the appeal was again and again renewed at the War Office for equal privileges with the Episcopal and Roman Catholic chaplains, and how at last the long-retarded satisfaction was achieved, all this makes a history worth any one's while to read, but especially interesting to Methodist people. Dr. Rule, has however, no desire to perpetuate old grievances; he says: 'I cannot allow myself to annoy the readers of these pages by dwelling on them, they are passed away. The troublers have been long ago forgiven. The weariness of spirit consequent on incessant contest is now succeeded by gladness and thanksgiving.' We trust the little work will find the many readers it deserves.

Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs. A Tale of early Christian Life in Rome. By the REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. T. Woolmer.—A most useful book, in which the learned author has contrived to give a vivid picture of the Church of the Catacombs in the form of a story. A great deal of accurate information is gathered into a small compass, and the interest of the story never flags. This is the kind of book which intelligent boys and girls will count a prize, and which their seniors will read with no less pleasure. It is profusely illustrated and attractively got up.

Aunt Lizzie's Talks about Remarkable Fishes—Three Little Folks who Mind their own Business. By S. E. SCHOLES. T. Woolmer.—Two pretty little books, profusely illustrated, and containing a good deal of information about fishes, bees, ants, and spiders.

Picture Truths. By JOHN TAYLOR. T. Woolmer.—A 'series of lessons on the formation of character,' originally given in a day-school. All who have to teach children, whether at home or school, will find it useful. The Pictures are many and good, and the letter-press abounds in illustrations and pointed sayings. We have given a specimen in the present number—see *The Alchemist*, pa e 511.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR NOVEMBER, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*
Oct.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
28	6 46	4 41	5 5m	5 3a	10 19a	10 6a	6 11a
Nov.							
7	7 3	4 23	5 56	4 52	10 3	9 29	5 30
17	7 21	4 9	6 52	4 47	9 44	8 52	4 48
			Sets.				
27	7 37	3 58	3 53a	4 50	9 22	8 12	4 6

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Nov. 8th, First Quarter 0h. 4m. morn | Nov. 21st, Last Quarter 1h. 44m. aft.
„ 14th, Full Moon 4h. 37m. aft. | „ 29th, New Moon . 6h. 54m. „

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Nov. 14th. . . 7h. morn., Perigee . . . 221,927 **miles**
„ 26th. . . midnight, Apogee . . . 252,376 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 237,151 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Nov. 1st . . . . . 90,946,420 **miles**
Dec. 1st . . . . . 90,371,310 „
Decrease of distance for the month . . 575,110 „

Mercury is a morning star till toward the end of the month. On the 1st it rises 1h. 24m. before the Sun. On the 20th it crosses the plane of the Earth's orbit, going southward. It will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 26th, at 6h. in the morning; and in conjunction with the Moon on the 29th, at 10h. in the evening, below our horizon. On the 30th, at 1h. in the afternoon, it will be at that point of its orbit most distant from the Sun.

Venus is an evening star, but sets soon after the Sun, too soon to attract attention. It crosses the ecliptic southward on the 8th. Seen with a telescope, the form is nearly circular.

Mars, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn* are visible throughout the greater part of the night. The two former are only 5 degs. distant on the 1st; at the end of the month the distance will have increased to 15 degs. Jupiter will be in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 19th, Mars on the evening of the 20th. On the 21st the apparent motion of Jupiter changes from direct to retrograde.

On the 21st, at 2h. in the morning, all the satellites will be on the west side of Jupiter, and in the order of their actual distances.

Saturn will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 15th, at 5h. in the evening, just about the time of the planet's rising. The extreme length of the outer ring will then be 46 seconds, the breadth 20 seconds.

Seen from the Earth, the three interior satellites of Jupiter cross the planet's disc at every revolution this year, and of course are occulted by the planet in the opposite part of the orbit. The satellites of Saturn keep clear of the planet in every part of their orbits.

Uranus rises on the 15th, at 2h. in the morning

Neptune will be in opposition to the Sun on the morning of the 12th, and is therefore visible throughout the night. It is slowly retrograding in Aries, on the borders of Taurus. Its satellite revolves in 5 days 21 hours round the primary, in an orbit which seen obliquely by us forms an ellipse, the major axis of which is about 13 diameters of the planet, and the minor axis between 5 and 6 diameters. The major axis is nearly in the direction north-east to south-west, and the satellite appears to us to move in the direction of the hands of a watch. The satellite can only be seen with a powerful telescope.

HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, PRINTERS, LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

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(THE DIET OF JACKDAWS.—*See page* 537.)

MARTIN LUTHER.

(*Concluded from page* 489.)

LUTHER had escaped safely from Augsburg, but new dangers awaited him at every step, and at the advice of the Elector Frederick he resolved to quit Germany. He bade farewell to his friends at

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Wittemberg, and was about to depart, when a new messenger arrived from Rome in the person of the Pope's Chamberlain, Charles Miltitz, who was commissioned to win Luther by flattery and soft words. The Reformer's quick wit saw through the plot at once; but being genuinely anxious for peace, if it were by any fair means possible, he consented to be silent if the other side would also quit the field.

This was a time of greater peril to the Reformation than any that had preceded it; but God is over all, and soon the silence was broken, this time by the Pope's blundering partisan, John Eck, Chancellor of the University of Ingolstadt. He challenged Luther's friend, Carlstadt, Archdeacon of Wittemberg, to a public discussion at Leipsic, in the presence of Duke George of Saxony. Luther and Melancthon accompanied Carlstadt to Leipsic, but on condition that Luther should be a spectator only. For the first seven days Eck and Carlstadt argued before gradually-diminishing audiences; and then, at the earnest entreaty of both sides, Luther was permitted to enter the arena. Finding himself hard pressed, Eck took refuge in the accusation that his opponent was a Hussite. This Luther repudiated, on the ground that Huss was a schismatic; but at the same time he declared that many of the doctrines of Huss were true, even though the Council of Constance had condemned them.

When the discussion ended, both parties, as is usual in such cases, claimed the victory. Luther, at any rate, gained several important adherents; and, what was perhaps of even more moment, understood his own position more clearly. 'We are all Hussites without knowing it,' he wrote not long after.

Dr. Eck went to Rome to urge the need of immediate action against Luther. The Reformer himself continued his work of teaching and preaching, and in 1820, ere the Bull of excommunication was published, issued his appeal to the Emperor and to the German nobility on the Reformation of Christianity. Eck had some difficulty in procuring the Bull of excommunication, for even at Rome there were some not altogether hostile to the Reformation; but at length he triumphed, and set off on his return journey with a colleague, charged with the duty of distributing it. But the Germans received him in some places with open contempt, in others with indifference; and he soon found that the days were passed when the Pope's messengers would receive unquestioning obedience. The University of Wittemberg refused to allow the publication of the Bull there; but Luther, having first entered a formal protest against it, gave it an unexpected publication. On the 10th of December he marched with a procession of doctors, students and townsmen outside the eastern gate of the city, and there publicly burnt first several volumes of

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Papal decretals and then the Bull itself, saying, as he cast the harmless document into the flames, 'Since thou hast vexed the Holy One of the Lord; may everlasting fire vex and consume thee.'

Whilst these events were taking place, great changes had occurred in the political world. The Emperor Maximilian, Luther's steadfast foe, had died, and Charles V. of Spain had succeeded to the imperial throne through the influence of Frederick of Saxony, whose humility had led him to decline the too great honour for himself. The young Emperor felt himself bound by the strongest ties to the Elector, and this friendship was an immense protection to Luther, who, speaking after the manner of men, must otherwise have inevitably met with the ordinary fate of Rome's enemies. The nuncio Aleander besought Charles to issue an imperial edict against Luther, but he declined to act without the advice of Frederick. Aleander appealed to Frederick himself; but the Elector reminded him that Luther was really uncondemned, and hinted that he ought first to be heard before the Diet soon to assemble at Worms.

When the Diet met in January, 1521, Aleander was allowed to plead his cause before the assembled princes; but the oppressions of Rome were too many to be lightly overlooked, and instead of condemning Luther after the nuncio's impassioned accusation, the Diet appointed a committee, which drew up a list of one hundred and one abuses which they besought the Emperor to redress. They also urged that Luther should be summoned to answer for himself. To this demand Charles, after much vacillation, yielded; and Dr. Martin set forth from Wittemberg to bear his witness before the Emperor himself. On the journey he was seized, as he seems not unfrequently to have been, with sudden sickness. He was also urged by his friends not to venture into so dangerous a position, nor to place too much reliance on the imperial safe-conduct. But he was not the man to flee from the post of dangerous duty, and answered, in words for ever famous, 'Even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, still I will enter it.'

The streets of the city were crowded with people anxious to catch sight of the heroic monk, and it was evident from the first that there were many outside and some within the Diet who sympathized with him, and with the cause he represented. Luther was summoned to appear before the Diet at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of April, 1521. He spent the earlier hours of the day in earnest prayer. As he passed from his lodging to the Diet, the crowd was so great that he had to be led through by-ways, and at last a passage had to be made for him by the soldiers. Just before he entered the hall a brave soldier, George of Freundsberg, who had often faced without trembling

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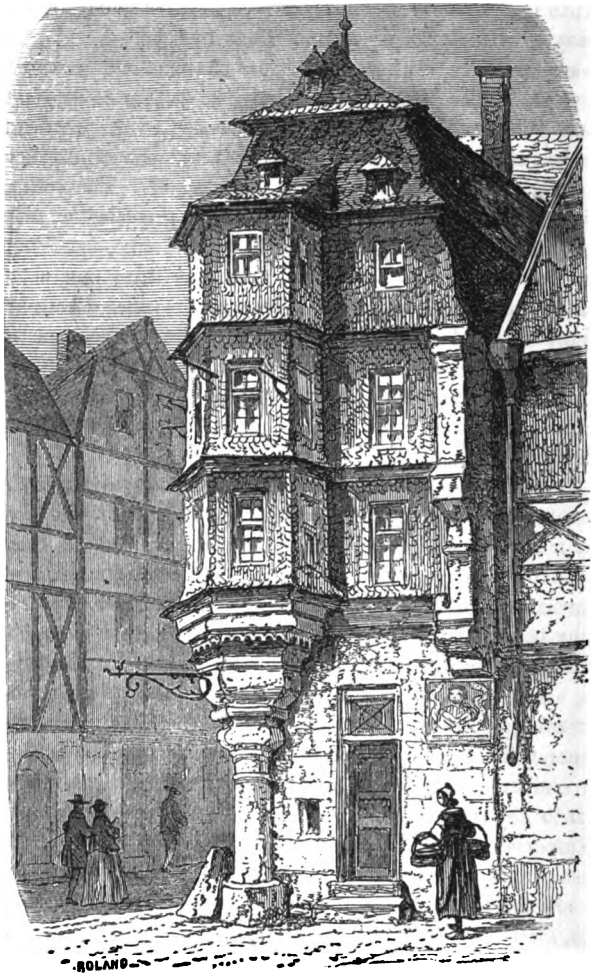

(LUTHER'S HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.)

the dangers of the battle-field, laid his hand upon Luther's shoulder and said to him, 'Little monk, thou art marching to a battle such as neither I nor any other general ever fought. If thou art sure of having right on thy side, press on in the name of God, and fear nothing. God will not forsake you.* The first words he heard as he entered the hall were whispered by an unknown friend, 'But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak;' whilst another repeated, 'Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.' Thus warned and encouraged, Luther confronted the Emperor. For a moment even his iron courage seemed to quail as Charles fixed his eyes on him, and the solitary monk found himself suddenly the centre

* See Stoughton's *Homes and Haunts of Luther.*

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of interest to the noblest of the land. When he first answered the question of Dr. Eck (not the hero of the Leipsic disputation), it was thought that his voice trembled, but he soon recovered himself, and having acknowledged that the twenty volumes which lay on the table were his, he asked for time before replying to the demand that he should retract the doctrines taught in them. This reasonable request was granted, and he was bidden to appear again at the same hour on the following day.

And now the powers of darkness were for a moment permitted to distress the champion of the faith. On the morning of the second day: 'He felt as if he were forsaken. A horror of great darkness filled his soul: he had come to Worms to perish...The crisis had come, and he felt himself unable to meet it. The upholding Power which had sustained him in his journey thither, and which had made the oft-repeated threat of foe, and the gloomy anticipation of friend, as ineffectual to move him as ocean's spray to overturn the rock, had been withdrawn.' At least, so for a brief time it seemed, and the strong man became weak as others. In that hour Luther poured out his soul unto God in one of the most marvellous prayers ever recorded. His faith had not failed him, for he prayed; and his prayer is that of heroic trust, though clothed at times in the language of doubt, almost of despair. 'Lord God,' he cried, 'dost Thou not hear? My God, art Thou dead!' But soon the cloud passed, and the Lord Himself strengthened him, and at the time appointed, Luther stood before the Diet with a courage and firmness worthy of St. Paul. His defence, pronounced first in Latin and then in German, was marked by a bravery, modesty and fearlessness, which only faith in God could have given. He positively refused to retract unless convinced of error, in which case he would be the first, he said, to burn his books.

The Diet, however, had not met to argue, but to command.

'Will you, or will you not retract?' cried the Chancellor of Trêves. 'Unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, or by the clearest reasoning,' Luther answered, '*I cannot, and will not retract.*' And then, gazing upon the Emperor, princes, prelates and nobles around him, he cried in words which ever since that hour have rung through Christendom: 'HERE I STAND, I CAN NO OTHER; GOD HELP ME! AMEN.' Many a heart in that august assembly secretly echoed that grand Amen, and even his foes were for a time appalled and confounded. At length the Chancellor rose and told him that if he would not retract he would be treated as an 'incorrigible heretic.' 'May God be my helper: for I can retract nothing,' was the brief reply.*

* D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation.*

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After this he was ordered to withdraw for a time. On being again summoned, it was found that his resolution could not be shaken, and the Diet was adjourned till the following day, when, it was announced, the Emperor's decision would be given.

Luther returned with his friends to his hotel. As he talked with them, a messenger arrived from Duke Eric, of Brunswick, a Roman Catholic, bearing a silver flagon of Eimbeck beer. Luther was touched by this token of friendliness; and, having enquired who sent it, said, 'As this day Duke Eric has remembered me, so may our Lord Jesus Christ remember him in the hour of his last struggle.' Not long after, as the aged Duke lay dying, this prayer was brought to his recollection; for, bidding a page read to him from the Bible, the lad took up the sacred volume and read, surely not by chance: 'Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in My Name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.'

The Emperor sent a written message to the Diet on the following day declaring that 'to stay such impiety as Luther's he would sacrifice his kingdoms, treasures, friends, body, blood, soul and life;' and threatened the heretic and his adherents with direst vengeance. Some of the Popish members urged the Emperor to violate the safe-conduct granted to Luther, but Charles was not willing—and, indeed, hardly dared—to stoop to so mean and so perilous an action. Duke George of Saxony—no friend of Luther's—declared, too, that 'the princes of Germany would not suffer a safe-conduct to be violated.' So Luther 'departed from among them' as safely as Paul left the Areopagus. After various private and ineffectual attempts to induce the Reformer to yield, he was ordered to leave Worms in twenty-one days, an order which he was very willing to obey. Shortly after his departure he was placed under the ban of the empire by an imperial edict in which he was described as 'in truth not a man, but Satan himself under the form of a man and dressed in a monk's frock;' and was said to have 'collected into one stinking slough all the vilest heresies of past times,' and to have 'added to them new ones of his own.' *

On his way home, Luther was arrested, by previous arrangement, by four or five masked horsemen, who carried him off, with show of violence, to the Castle of the Wartburg, which stands upon a lofty hill overlooking the little town of Eisenach.

Here Luther spent about a year. His enemies wondered what had become of him, for the story of his capture, under various forms,

* D'Aubigné.

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spread soon and wide, but none—save his more intimate friends—knew the facts of the case. 'Knight George'—for this was his present title—served the cause of the Reformation far more effectually with his pen in this retirement than he could have done with his voice in the midst of the strife of tongues, for here he began his great work of translating the Scriptures into plain, idiomatic German—a labour more fruitful of good than even his bold confession before the Diet of Worms. Some of his friends, to whom the secret had been disclosed, would come to the Castle at night, and in the mornings he regularly conducted service in the chapel and preached the Word of God. 'The altar at which he ministered, and the pulpit from which he preached, still remain;' as also does the study in which he spent so many hours, and where he had, not unfrequently, fierce conflicts with the devil, in one of which he is said to have hurled his inkstand at the head of his foe. There is nothing improbable in the world-known story, for Luther had firm faith in the personality of Satan, and was very likely, in one of his fits of nervous depression or excitement, to see his spiritual foe in bodily shape.

The work of the Reformation had not stood still whilst Luther lay in hiding. But, as so often happens in revivals of religion, in some cases liberty became licence. Certain fanatical teachers came from Zwickau to Wittemberg and were in danger of destroying the Church of God there. Luther felt that he must throw himself into the thick of the fight, so he left his hiding-place, and soon, by his firmness, piety and common-sense, checked the disorders. On leaving the Wartburg he addressed to the Elector of Saxony a characteristic letter, in which, after announcing his intention of going to Wittemberg, he says: 'Now Duke George, with whom your Highness frightens me, is yet much less to be feared than a single devil. If that which is passing at Wittemberg were taking place at Leipsic, I would immediately mount my horse to go thither, although (may your Highness pardon these words) for nine whole days together it were to rain nothing but Duke Georges, and each one nine times more furious than he is. What is he thinking of in attacking me? Does he take Christ my Lord for a man of straw?'

This letter is dated Ash Wednesday, 1522. In September of the same year the first edition of Luther's New Testament was published at Wittemberg, and was sold for about half-a-crown. Not twelve months later the first martyrs of the Reformation laid down their lives for the faith at Antwerp. Luther was deeply moved: 'Christ is gathering some fruits of our preaching, and is creating new martyrs,' he said. He wrote, too, at this time his Martyrs' hymn, which was sung far and wide through Germany and the Netherlands,

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'Flung to the heedless waves,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.*

'The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The One availing Name.'

Our fast diminishing space warns us that we must glance but briefly at the events of the remaining years of Luther's life. In 1525 he was married to Catharine von Bora, who had formerly been a nun, and with her he lived happily till death for a season parted them. Of Luther's home-life we purpose speaking in a subsequent paper, so pass over this eventful moment, only noticing how completely it marked the separation from the Church of Rome of the one-time Augustinian monk.

In June, 1526, the first Diet of Spires met. Its deliberations resulted in the decision that in matters of religion every State should act according to its own judgment, and as it should be able to answer to God and the Emperor, till a general Council should decide the great questions in dispute. In 1529 a second Diet assembled at Spires, which revoked the decision of the former—a resolution which called forth the famous *protest* of the Reforming princes and deputies, from which the name PROTESTANT was derived. A year later the famous Diet of Augsburg was held under the presidency of Charles himself. The Reformed members took Melancthon with them, but it was thought wiser for Luther to remain near at hand in Coburg Castle, but not to enter Augsburg during the time the Emperor was there, which would have been indeed needlessly to defy the imperial ban under which he still lay. Melancthon drew up with consummate skill the Protestant Confession, and Luther was in constant communication with his friends. The Confession was signed by the Protestant members of the Diet, the first signature being that of John 'the Constant,' Elector of Saxony, who claimed, in spite of Melancthon's desire that the ministers of the Word and not the

* 'Wherever Aleander,' said Erasmus, 'raises a pile, there he seems to have been sowing heretics.'

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princes should appear in this matter, thus to bear his witness to the truth. 'God forbid,' he cried, 'that you should exclude me from confessing my Lord! My electoral hat and my ermine are not so precious to me as the Cross of Jesus Christ.' The Confession was read in the Diet, and the Romish party drew up a voluminous 'refutation,' which, however, little helped their cause. The result was that an imperial edict was issued commanding the Protestant princes to return to their allegiance to the Pope. But the Emperor's hands were too full to permit him to enforce it, and the storm once again passed over.

Luther spent his time at Coburg Castle in earnest labour and anxious prayer, but now and again his habitual playfulness breaks out in his letters, as, for instance, in his account of the Diet of Jackdaws. 'The noble lords,' he writes, 'who constitute our councils of state, run, or rather sail, through the air. In the morning, at an early hour, they go out to battle, armed with their invincible beaks; and whilst they are engaged in pillaging, destroying and devouring all that comes in their way, I am delivered for the time being from their everlasting songs of victory. In the evening they return in triumph, fatigue closes their eyes, but their slumbers are light and refreshing as those of a conqueror. Some days since I penetrated into their palace, in order to survey the pomp of their empire. The unhappy wretches were in a state of great fright. They imagined that I had come to destroy the results of their industry. When I saw that I alone caused such trepidations in all those heroes, I clapped my hands and threw my hat into the air, amply avenged by being enabled thus to mock their alarms. All this must not be looked on as mere trifling. Thus will be seen trembling and crouching under the Word of God those harpies who are now crying aloud and Romanizing at Augsburg.'

The remaining years of Luther's life were passed in diligent toil, chiefly in confirming the churches, and in efforts to preserve peace. Early in 1546 he went to Eisleben to compose one of the many quarrels of the Count of Mansfeld. His mission was successful; but fatal illness seized him, and on February the 18th he fell asleep, commending his soul to God. Thus the most wonderful and fruitful life that had been lived since St. Paul received the unfading crown, closed in the little German town in which it had begun so humbly sixty-two years before. He was buried in the Schloss-Kirke, Wittemberg, to the door of which he had nailed his famous theses.

Thus Luther died peacefully and was buried honourably in spite, as he himself would have said, of Emperor, Pope, and Devil. It has not often happened that a great reformer has thus safely braved the cruel power of Rome: Savonarola, Huss, Zwingli, Latimer, and thousands more sealed their testimony with their blood, for God knows

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that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church; but every now and then God has shown His wisdom by refusing to allow any to 'touch' His anointed, or 'do harm' to His prophet. Never, surely, did man stand in greater peril than Luther, or more steadfastly face the prospect of death, even taunting his foes with the 'disgrace' of permitting him to live. Yet Luther died and was buried in peace, he never spent an hour in prison, nor was an hair of his head singed; and that though he lived the greater part of his life excommunicated by the Pope, and under the ban of the Emperor. Thirty years before Luther's birth, John Huss had prophesied: 'You are now roasting the goose;* but in a hundred years you will raise up the swan, whom you shall not roast nor scorch. Him men will hear sing; him, God willing, they will let live, even as they ought.'

The centuries that have passed since Luther died, have only made his memory greener, and to-day men may quote with firmer faith than ever the inscription placed over the house in which he was born: 'God's Word is Luther's lore, which abides for evermore.' His memory may not perish from the Church of God; we glorify God as we hold in grateful remembrance the name and work of this His

(LUTHER'S MONUMENT AT MOHRE.)

* *Huss* means *goose*.

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faithful servant, of whom, as of St. Paul, it might be said, he was Christ's 'chosen vessel' 'to bear' His 'name before the Gentiles, and kings and the children of Israel.'

'To such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.'

Yea, rather let us glorify his Lord in him by perpetuating his work, and handing on to after ages the unfettered Word of God.

A. E. G.

LUTHER'S CRADLE SONG.

TRANSLATED BY JACOBI.

SLEEP well, my dear, sleep safe and free:
The holy angels ever with thee,
Who always see thy Father's face,
And never slumber, nights nor days.

Thou liest down, soft every way;
Thy Saviour lay in straw and hay:
Thy cradle is far better drest
Than the hard crib where He did rest.

None dare disturb thy present ease;
He had a thousand enemies:
Thou livest in great security;
But He was punished, and for thee!

God make thy mother's health increase,
To see thee grow in strength and grace,
In wisdom and humility,
As infant Jesus did for thee!

God fill thee with His heavenly light,
To steer thy Christian course aright;
Make thee a tree of blessèd root,
That ever bends with godly fruit!

Sleep now, my dear, and take thy rest,
And if with riper years thou'rt blest,
Increase in wisdom day and night,
Till thou attain'st the eternal light!

ON HIS DAY:

A MORNING PORTION FOR THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

DECEMBER 2nd.—*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*—ROMANS XII. 11.

Of the precepts which are here brought together, and serve to finely outline the main features of the true Christian life, those which are grouped in this verse have lost much of their proper force amongst us, through the misapplication of the first of them, owing to the form it takes in our English Version. If by the word *business*, you understand the business of religion, you get nearer to the Apostle's meaning. But it is a very plain fact that people, for the most part, do not so understand it, but give to it the significance in which they are the most accustomed to use it, finding here a condemnation of indolence in the occupations of this life. Such counsel Paul knew well how to give, and how to illustrate it in his own conduct: but

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his teaching does not look at all in this direction just here. The common mistake as to his meaning in this one particular has, it is to be feared, often done much towards hindering the carrying out of the precepts with which this one is here joined: for people have a way of hanging one counsel as a weight upon the other, as if one should say: 'Yes, I allow that I ought to be fervent in spirit; but then I must also take care not to be slothful in business;' which practically works out thus, that whatever becomes of the spiritual fervency, business must be attended to.

This admonition is really directed against being slothful in religious diligence or earnestness. At first sight, perhaps, the advice seems to involve such a contradiction as to be scarcely necessary: as if it should be said, 'In heat, do not be cold.' But a little faithful watching of our own hearts will teach us better. Have there not been times when that in our religion which we called warmth was really cold? The altar was still there, but the fire had gone out. There was something to which we liked to give the name of earnestness, but it had become dull and inactive. Let us then each ask ourselves, how far our diligence is awake, alert to discover opportunities of service, and strenuous in helping forward that which is good.

Fervent in spirit.—Here we come to the secret of true earnestness, which will not last long unless there be the hidden fire, where love sends forth desire and purpose all aglow with a warmth which no discouragement can chill. The Gospel history furnishes many an example of this principle at work; but there is one, in the description of which we have the self-same terms used as here. It is said of Apollos (Acts xviii. 25), that, *being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord.* By means of such a pattern, we may try the degree of our own fervour in spirit.

Serving the Lord.—This is not an undefined and effusive zeal, spending its energy in much demonstration leading to little result. It is a yoked power, seeking to do the will of the Lord, not in some general way, but just as, and when and where, that will is laid upon it to perform. It is no serving at all if it do not mean this.

DECEMBER 9th.—*For the Lord taketh pleasure in His people: He will beautify the meek with salvation.*—PSALM CXLIX. 4.

This is a wonderful position of favour in which the Lord's people stand. Their portion is dealt out with no grudging hand; for the very smallest, and feeblest, the most unworthy of them all, can say, as I am bold to say this day, 'The Lord not only remembers me, but takes pleasure in me.' How can I understand this? It means far

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more than pity; for we may sincerely pity that which disgusts us. And it is much more than the love wherewith God loved the world, even to the giving of His Son to redeem it. If we are in Christ Jesus, the Father gathers us into the great, *I am well pleased,* together with Him. But this does not tell all; for if it were possible for the sinning and the polluted to be in Christ, it would not be possible for the Lord to take pleasure in them, even for His sake.

Musing thus, on the Lord's Day, my mind goes back to the first Sabbath, when the Creator surveyed all His completed work, and rested satisfied with its excellence. And I know, and rejoice to know, that it is just so far as His own good work is done in me that He delights in me. Therefore would I bestir myself so to worship before Him that His purpose concerning me, so often and so unfaithfully hindered, may be all wrought out; that I may yield myself with an entire consent to His whole will, and thus altogether enter into His rest, my whole being shone upon, quickened with the full smile of His satisfied love. Not only in some general way, in company with the whole multitude of God's people, will I seek to be thus blessed; but I would humbly, yet in all assurance, look to secure that distinct personal favour which he had, of whom it is written, *He had this testimony that he pleased God.* O that there may be in me daily more and more of the Lord's own doing, to give Him ever-growing delight in me!

All this truth is uttered in the homeliest language of our familiar affection, when the word goes on to speak of beautifying *the meek with salvation:* and the memory awakens of that other gracious declaration, *as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee* (Isaiah lxii. 5). Be bold to think out the thought, as God thus tenderly deigns to put it. He loves thee so well, that He delights to see thee beautiful, and therefore to make thee beautiful. He brings out of His royal treasure wondrous things of loveliness wherewithal to adorn thee; and whatever they are called, all are gathered in the one great word, *salvation.* There is no real beauty outside of that term. Within it, all beauty is perfected—*through My comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God* (Ezek. xvi. 14).

In our enjoyment of the benefits of God's salvation, do we think and make enough of the beautifulness of it? The *best robe* is no mere homespun, but a goodly garment; and the Lord hath fair and costly jewels for His lowliest ones to wear, that the gracious lustre of them may win men's eyes, and charm them into asking whence they came, and what manner of Father He is Who dowers His children after this sort.

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Do I make it my dutiful study that my saved life shall exhibit the beauties of salvation? Then this shall be my Sabbath song: *I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels* (Isaiah lxi. 10).

DECEMBER 16th.—*And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name* JESUS: *for He shall save His people from their sins.*—MATTHEW i. 21.

Already the light of the Christian Feast, which fills the year's close with gladness, falls, in nearing anticipation, upon our way of worship. And can we better prepare ourselves for the festival than by heedfully listening to this the last word of direct heavenly revelation concerning Christ before He came?

The name of Jesus has long been familiar and sacredly dear to us. It is a name which comes to us bearing the most venerable traditions of worship. In it we have been accustomed to see the faith of Christian people declare its deepest trust, and to hear their praises reach their fullest joy. But, listening now to the words of the angel, we seem to receive, each one of us, a personal message and charge. Each of us must give a name to the Christ, a name which will tell what He is to us. It is not enough to copy the suffrage and testimony of others. When we have rehearsed all the titles in which the whole Church adores Him, He waits, looking into our inmost hearts, and saying, *But who say ye that I am?* As if He asked, 'What am I to you?'

If we take Christ to be to us all He was sent to be, then, and only then, shall we give Him the heaven-chosen name, JESUS. For whatever else Christ came, He came first of all, and most of all, to *save*. The knowledge, and the acknowledgment, of His salvation, must, therefore, be the chief ingredient in the incense of my praise; for if this be lacking, the best I can bring will be but an ill-savour before God.

Am I thus prepared to keep the coming feast, and, with a good conscience and a thankful heart, to salute Christ as JESUS? He will hardly accept the title from me if I mean thereby to hail Him only as a Saviour in hope, and in reserve. He is sent to *save His people from their sins*. This surely means something more than that His people are always to have before them the expectation of being some day saved from their sins.

Can I say to-day that the salvation which is now effected in me is

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the salvation which Christ came to accomplish for me? Can I look to Him and say: 'Lord, I am now as fully saved as Thou art now able and willing to save me?' I have perplexed myself too much, and distracted my faith, by looking from one standard to another, which interpreters and teachers have set up. Lord, I would accept no standard but that of Thine own will. Here I cannot be wrong. Whatever Thou meanest by salvation, I here yield myself to Thee that Thou mayest accomplish it in me. Whatever difficulties there are in the way, I leave Thee to reckon with, only concerning myself to see to it that, Thy grace helping me, no unwillingness and no unbelief on my part shall hinder Thee. Then shall all that is within my saved heart, and all the holy manifestation of my saved life, call Thy name JESUS.

DECEMBER 23rd.—*There was no room for them in the inn.*—LUKE II. 7.

Not through the unkind purpose of any; but so it happened. Others could travel faster, and were first served. So it happened. Yes; and in the chance which thus fell out, there was a perfectly ordered part of God's perfect plan. The life of the Son of God in the flesh must begin, even as regarded the place of His nativity, at the lowest point; and thus, when, in lowly adoration, we see *that in all things He* comes to *have the preeminence*, we wonder as we watch His upward way traversing all possibilities of human circumstance; and not even the neediest can say of his own dreary lot: 'Jesus has not been here.' When Christ came, He passed by all men's homes, even beyond the public lodging of the inn; and it was in the outer homelessness that He was born.

Thither, if I would rightly keep the Christmas-feast, my soul must go out to find Him, and bow at the manger with those shepherds. Bending there, I feel that now, of all times, my worship must in very deed be lowly; otherwise I shall fail to reach Him—my Lord and my God—Who is lowliest of all. Both His highness and His lowness humble me. I try to think whence the Lord came; and the sense of my own littleness overwhelms me. I see whither He has stooped; and my pride is abased in the dust.

Lord Jesus, that my trusting, loving service to-day may reach as high as Thy throne, may it start from as low as the manger.

Of the many things which are taught me at the manger-shrine, this also I would well learn, that my life of dutiful service of Jesus, if it be faithful to Him, must not keep itself within the comfortable bounds of home-life, or stop at even the widest-drawn bounds of common habit and use. He has taken possession of desert ground outside of the home, outside even of the wayfarer's lodging at the

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inn; and there we must go to serve Him. His cradle was no human resting-place, but a feeding-trough of beasts: and, alas! there are men, and women, and children, whose sins or woes have put them forth beyond the meanest of human comforts, into uttermost, inhuman degradation. Into that wilderness our worship goes to find *the child Jesus*: into that wilderness our religion must go, with works of love, to do Him service.

And yet another thought is lit up all glowing in my heart by this Bethlehem worship, and I find myself penitently asking: Lord, hast Thou not sometimes sought to take up a place, and there was *no room* for Thee because I was there? Did my unfaithfulness, my sin, make Thee pass on, and pass out elsewhere? In all Thy pardoning mercy, come and dwell in me, so that my life shall always give Thee room for a revelation of Thy incarnate love, and shall help some one to understand what Emmanuel means, *God with us.*

And if too selfish love has so filled up any chamber of my heart as to shut Thee out from dwelling there, O pardon and help me!

Mourner, has death drawn a gloom over your Christmas-tide? Beneath the shadow stand, and welcome thy Lord, saying: 'There is room now empty, desolate room, that once was full,—O how full!—of joy. Deign, O my Lord, to come in and dwell there evermore!'

DECEMBER 30th.—*Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.*—1 PETER i. 13.

Looking back along the year's Sabbaths from this the last of them, we must needs think very grave thoughts concerning the result of so large a portion of our life's journey. The passage of time has gone on without pause or delay; and in this we have had no voice or control. But in regard to our soul's pilgrimage—the heavenwardness of our whole life—what has the year's progress been? For God's part in the year's history, we must needs bring unutterable praise; for our own, contrite penitence.

But neither praise nor penitence, if true, will spend its energy upon the past, the one in thanks, the other in regret. Both of them take hold upon the present, and bespeak the future for their purpose. This counsel, therefore, is most apt and timely: *Gird up the loins of your mind.* This act of girding is the act of one who means to toil, or to walk or run, and therefore so orders his garment that it shall not be any hindrance to his active exertion. It is not at all difficult to transfer this idea to spiritual effort. Let us prepare our minds with such readiness as will show that we mean to make good work, and good speed. There are a great many things that have to do with our thoughts and affections, over which we have as much control as

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over the clothes we wear, and we can arrange them pretty much as we like; and, in fact, we do arrange them according to the course upon which our will is really intent.

Following upon this preparedness for action, *be sober*. If we are to render fruitful service, and advance well, there must be something more than hurried pace and intermittent impulse. It is the steady and evenly-sustained pace which tells: and this comes of firm and well-ordered self-rule.

And what a motive is ours, *who are kept by the power of God...unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time* (ver. 5). *We are saved by hope*. Let us, therefore, take care that we keep our hope unhindered and unmixed; that we hope thoroughly, and ever keep on hoping until hope is fulfilled. And what is it to which we thus eagerly and constantly look with assured expectation? Grace: not the beginning, but the consummation of grace. All that *is to be brought unto* us *at the revelation of Jesus Christ* is *grace*. In that truth my soul has blessed rest. Already I have grace, even to salvation; and thus the glory which is to be mine, though inconceivable, is the adding to that which now I possess. I look in wondering hope to *the revelation of Jesus Christ;* but whatever that may mean of infinite bliss and splendour, Jesus Christ is revealed in me now.

Well may I then gird myself for service and for pilgrimage, rejoicing gratefully herein, that I may make the year's ending a starting-point for a course of fuller devotion, rendered in more steadfast hope.

POET-TOILERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CRABTREE-FOLD,' ETC.

VIII.—ALFRED SAKER: APOSTLE TO THE CAMEROONS.

'MISSIONARIES?' said an army officer, on board an ocean steamer one day, 'Missionaries? Much good they are! I've been thirty years in India, and I never saw a missionary. Don't believe in them.'

One of the despised tribe heard but made no immediate reply, biding his time. Not long after, the man of war was narrating wonderful stories of tigers, and boasting of the number he had killed, when the missionary looked across and quietly said:

'You killed all those tigers, you say?'

'Certainly I did.'

'Well, I don't believe in these stories; I have been thirty years in India, *and I never saw a tiger*.'

There are other objections to missions, of a different nature. 'We have heard,' says a recent writer, 'of captains of ships whose

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experience dated back to a period when John Williams had not yet laboured, not yet laid down his life on Erromanga, who denounced the work of missions furiously. 'Before the black-coats came in,' said these worthies, 'with their psalm-singing and fuss, we could buy a pig for a rusty nail, and a boat-load of yams for three brass buttons; but now it's nothing for nothing.'

Amongst all objectors and opponents, more or less honest in their motives, the faithful apostle goes his way, carrying his justification in his own conscience, and leaving his cause to plead itself at the bar of history. There is no doubt what the verdict will be in that court. Of course there are missionaries and missionaries; there are mistakes and blemishes; the apostle sometimes shows a little human nature, and the convert does not at once forget the mire out of which he is lifted. But when all is said, when trader, traveller, and philosopher have vented their hatred, their contempt, or their academic disapproval, History, having regard to a great series of facts, sums up, and delivers her judgment:

Commerce exterminates or enslaves the barbarian, Philosophy passes him by on the other side, Christianity raises him into free manhood: the evangelist, therefore, is the true civilizer.

We fearlessly maintain this judgment. The proof of it is to be found in any volume of missionary enterprise, in any faithful record of the nations. For what is civilization? 'It is not any number of yards of calico; it is not railways and telegraphs; nor even steam looms and printing-presses. Commerce can of course give the barbarian the results of civilization. It can supply the African potentate and his sixty or seventy wives with gorgeous cloths and ormolu clocks and strings of beads; it can give him guns and gunpowder in return for his ivory and palm oil; but is he less a savage than he was before? He may be a more formidable enemy, although this is modified by the fact that he is supplied with "trade" guns, and "trade" powder. . . . Britain is not made a tropical country by the importation of cocoa-nuts and bananas; and neither are savages civilized by the introduction among them of the fruits of civilization. Civilization, as the word itself teaches us, is the power of being citizens —of forming, along with others, a corporate body. A nation is civilized so far as law, not caprice, rules within it, and each individual legislates for all his fellows. Commerce is in no sense a power towards this, but missions, by spreading Christianity, are. In Christianity the brotherhood of men is asserted, and the duty of mutual love.' Christianity, declaring thus the value of the individual to the race and the claim of the race upon the individual, revealing the value of the individual life to God, and His claim upon the life,

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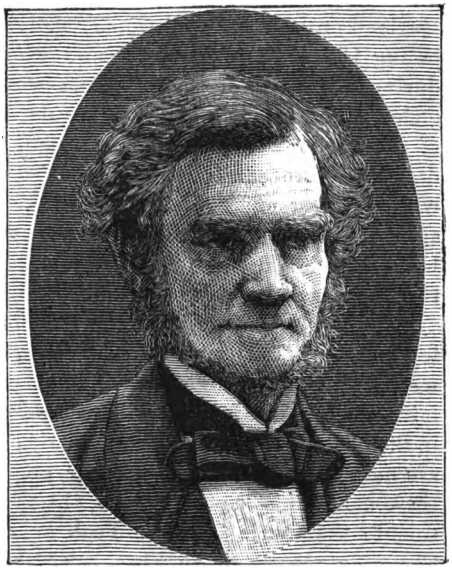
must be the strongest, purest, elevating influence in the world. Wherever it goes, slavery and polygamy sooner or later perish, and an ideal republic, nobler than Plato ever conceived, is presented to man as his assured goal.

That this is so has been magnificently proved within a generation, in various parts of the world. Fiji and other islands of the southern seas rise at once into view; and there are illustrations scarcely less notable to be found on the west coast of Africa, in that deadly Bight of Biafra which, equally with the more northern Sierra Leone, is 'the white man's grave.' Here, amongst the mangrove swamps of the Calabar and Cameroon rivers, the trader moors his hulk, and braves the dense, malarious atmosphere in the hope of making a fortune out of the niggers before fever and ague cut short his enterprise, and condemn him to a grave in 'Rough's Corner.' And here the evangelist—noblest, most valiant of all Poet-Toilers, surely!—has planted the ensign of the Crucified One amidst the jungle, and reared with his own hands a house of healing, refuge, and light for the dark thousands of Bimbia and Efut.

Such an one was ALFRED SAKER, who, with his wife, spent in the Dualla country, at the mouth of the Cameroon river, thirty-five years of sacred, self-denying labour for the salvation of human souls, marvellously upheld through disease and danger until a work had been accomplished of which Dr. Livingstone said: 'Take it all in all, especially having regard to its many-sided character, the work of Alfred Saker at Cameroons and Victoria is, in my judgment, the most remarkable on the African coast.'



ALFRED SAKER.

The year 1814 was that of Saker's birth, the place being a small Kentish village. In the absence of detailed information, we surmise that his parents were humble folk, since he is said to have 'owed very little to human teaching or training.' However this may be, we find him in the year 1835,

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when quite a young man, working as a skilled engineer in the Royal Dockyard, and 'known and beloved as an active member and Sunday-school teacher of the Baptist Church, Morrice-square, Devonport.' His ability and mighty persistency advanced him early to a good position amongst his fellow-workmen, and would almost certainly have helped him to a competence at least if his heart had been set upon that. But no such purpose fired the spirit of the young engineer. He grew up in an atmosphere thick with political and social discussion, resounding with 'rights' of all sorts, and plans for winning them. But amidst all these his soul conceived and cherished a strange, absorbing dream—a vision that would not be exorcised—of an oppressed, sightless figure, sitting manacled and bleeding in a dark waste of jungle, knowing not of any deliverer. The Dark Continent haunted him day and night, and in the middle of ordinary conversation he would sometimes be sighing, 'Africa, Africa!' 'He was continually harping on the idea of going as a missionary to Africa,' says one who knew him well in these days of foresight and longing.

In the year 1843 purpose reached practical issue. He offered himself to the Baptist Missionary Society, was accepted, and left England on board the missionary vessel *Dove*, with the idea of combining the work of engineer and evangelist, as occasion required, during the passage of the ship from place to place. This scheme soon ended, and he was appointed to regular missionary work on the island of Fernando Po. There, despite all weary difficulties—repeated deaths of European colleagues, repeated attacks of fever—he laboured with steadfast energy for some time. Then his heart was moved again; with an irresistible impulse he was drawn towards the mainland,—not because the tribes there were more hopeful, but because they were so utterly degraded and wretched.

'To the traveller sailing along the monotonous African coast, passing one pestiferous river after another, each with its fringe of deadly mangrove swamp, there appears at length the grateful sight of mountains; and, unlike some that have been passed already, dimly descried in the distance far inland, rising faintly over an ocean of tree-life, these are near the sea. As the voyager approaches, it is seen that one of these mountains is on an island, the other opposite to it on the Continent: the one is Clarence Peak, on Fernando Po, the other is the Cameroons Mountain....What most strikes the beholder, in the rare occasions when the summit of the latter can be seen, is the patch of indubitable snow that glistens away up against the sky. All climates, from the tropics to the poles, may be found on this mountain, whose height is said to be over thirteen thousand feet.'

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It was the region between this mountain and the sea that appealed to Saker. The tribes of the Cameroons were utterly demoralised by the slave-trade, which had made them a horde of men-stealers, existing in a wretched state of poverty and idleness—debased, no doubt, by the trader's rum, and often on the borders of famine. To use his own simple, emphatic words, they were so bad that he could not pass them. He visited the region of the Cameroon river, and selected a little plot which he purchased from the king of the Duallas: a tribe which added cannibalism to its other attractive features. 'But,' said the missionary, alluding to his spare, almost fleshless form—'who would think of eating me'? To that little spot amongst the huts of the barbarous Duallas he and his wife betook themselves; on it they built with their own hands a mission-house, adding room by room as they were able. There they maintained, amidst ever-threatening perils of famine, perils of pestilence, perils of poison and assassin, the sublime purpose of redeeming the people. The natives several times purposed to kill him, accounting him their greatest enemy (for did he not urge them to work and to renounce the slave-traffic?); again and again he was robbed of all he possessed; for years his efforts to learn the language were frustrated by deliberate attempts to deceive him; his health suffered severely in the struggle with malaria and insufficient nourishment. But none of these things moved his steadfast soul. 'Having discovered that his professed teachers were leading him astray, he dismissed them, and went among the children at their play, listening to their speech, until by close observation he ascertained its meaning,' and felt that he was equipped with the essential instrument of his great plan. 'I hope,' he said in 1846, 'that I shall live to translate the whole Bible into the Dualla tongue. With Divine assistance, I have a settled purpose to do so, and I hope not to relinquish my work until it is done.'

To form a written language and a literature, this was the arduous task he set himself: a service rendered to science and civilization by many a missionary whom no university honours, and no learned Society rewards. Of the labour demanded only a faint idea is possible to us. Here is one day's work:

'Yesterday I was sickly; the day before translating; to-day, from five a.m. to seven p.m.' (twelve hours), 'transcribing my lessons and arranging grammar, and from seven to twelve writing letters. This is extra, as my bed-time is nine. I have completed my first class-book, nearly completed the second, and shall, if spared, soon begin my oral instruction in Dualla.'

All this, however, was but half the business of the pioneer. He made long journeys from place to place, exploring the country and

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learning the speech and habits of the natives. He taught by precept and example the cultivation of the soil, making of bricks and building of good houses, the cooking of food and making of clothes. The commonest arts of civilized life were unknown to the Duallas, but their unwearied friend bestowed upon them all the powers of a rare manhood, and wrought on, 'seldom devoting less than sixteen hours a day to his work; and when driven to bed by sickness, taking his books with him... In preaching and teaching he was as diligent as in giving instruction concerning secular things, while in piety and prudence, diligence in business and fervour of spirit, love to God and love to man, he set the natives a lofty example of Christian character, and worked out for all missionaries a noble pattern of Christ-like simplicity, zeal and love.'

In 1858 the expulsion of the Baptist mission-agents and converts from Fernando Po by the Spanish authorities brought new demands upon Mr. Saker's time and energies. He came to the help of the little community, and found for them a new settlement in Ambas Bay, a day's sail from Cameroons River. Here a tract of land was purchased from the Bimbia chief, and a little Christian Republic founded, known now as the colony of Victoria. He himself led the way in clearing forest jungle, erecting dwellings, and establishing a mission-house; and if the ideal he toiled for has not been altogether realized, there is at least a wonderful approach to it. Even Captain Burton is reported to have said that the changes at Cameroons and Victoria are quite beyond his comprehension. 'Old sanguinary customs,' he says, 'have to a large extent been abolished; witchcraft hides itself in the forest; the fetish superstition of the people is derided by old and young; and well-built houses are springing up on every hand. It is really marvellous to mark the change that has taken place in the natives in a few years only. From actual cannibals many have become honest, intelligent, skilled artisans. An elementary literature has been established, and the whole Bible translated into their own tongue, hitherto an unwritten one.'

The last is the great work of Saker's life, the doing of which engaged his soul most deeply. Patiently he worked at it year after year, then printing apparatus and paper were obtained from England; young men 'whose grandfathers were cannibals' were taught the arts of printing and binding; and at last the Dualla Bible crowned the labour and the hope of a life-time.

That completed, Alfred Saker came home to recruit, as he hoped, but, as it proved, to die. Always and everywhere Africa was on his heart, and every hour was devoted in one way or another to the missionary cause. During his last illness a friend, referring to his

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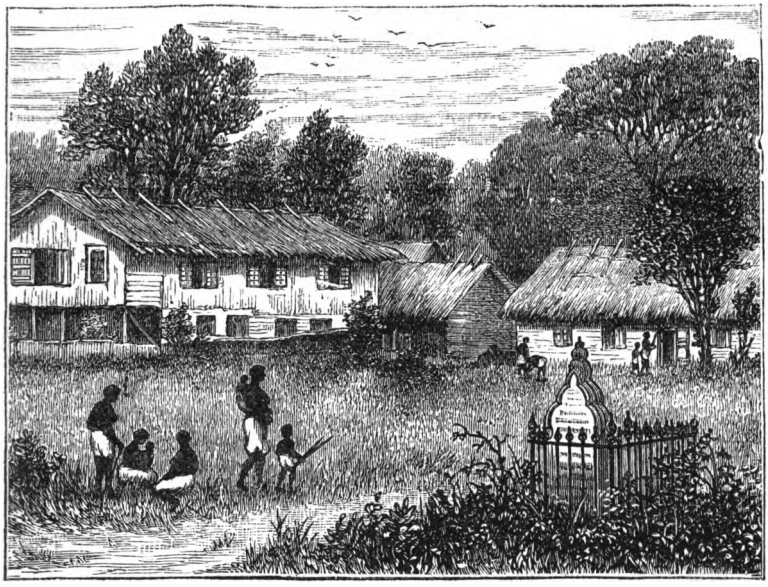

(MISSION-HOUSE AND SCHOOL, AMBAS BAY, CAMEROONS.)

many trials and sufferings, asked whether if he had his life over again he would give it to Africa as he had done. '*Yes*,' he replied, with undiminished fervour; '*Yes; if I had twenty lives!*'

The final words of Captain Burton's report, omitted in their place, may come in here, with a meaning rather different, perhaps, from his: 'There must be something abnormal in all this,' he concludes.

We rather think there is; that we see here, as in many other regions of our earth, the working of that 'abnormal' force which is lifting out of the dark and deadly jungle of Superstition, Selfishness and Vice a redeemed and purified race of immortals.

It has been well said by one who knew our apostle to the Cameroons, that 'among the noble missionaries the records of whose self-sacrifice adorn the Church's annals, there is none worthier of remembrance than Alfred Saker, who passed away from us on tho 13th of March, 1880. No one who ever looked on the spare, almost fleshless form of him whom the Africans named the Shadow, and on the face in which intellectual energy, spiritual devotion, and a quiet humour were so strangely blended, can ever forget Mr. Saker, or cease to deem it a privilege to have seen him.'

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'THESE FORTY YEARS.'

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

THROUGH the dimness and the shadow
Thou, O Lord, my feet hast led,
With the cloud of glory shining
Brightly o'er my pilgrim head:
When my life was dark with trouble,
'Twas Thy light which led me on,
Guiding tenderly, still onward,
Till the weary night was gone.

Now I call to sweet remembrance
Hours encircled by Thy might;
Promises of mercy, star-like,
Shining in the darkest night.
Though my feet have stood by Marah,
I have known the Elim rest,
And have drunk the healing waters
Of Thy goodness ever blest.

I have climbed with feet all weary
Up the toilsome mount with Thee,
Strengthened by the Face transfigured
Thou hadst led me there to see.
Hours I've known of sweet communion,
Tasting all Thy wondrous grace,
Till the brightness and the beauty
Passed into my sin-marred face.

Times I've had of preparation
For the trials yet unknown;
Special grace for great need given,
Need revealed to Thee alone.
Not one word of Thy good promise
But I've proved 'these forty years,
And I thank Thee for the sunshine,
For the shadow, and the tears.

Now I sit 'mid twilight darkness
On the borders of my rest,
Gladdened by the precious foretaste
Of a future bright and blest:
Scarcely know I that the shadows
Deepen round me into night,
For Thy promise is fulfilléd,
And at even it is light.

THE OAKHURST CHRONICLES:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WESLEY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. MARY HEYWOOD, *Newcastle*, TO MR. THOMAS HEYWOOD, *Oakhurst.*

Saturday, November 9th, 1745.

DEAR TOM,—Mr. Anderson being at length returned to Newcastle, I can answer your enquiries as to Mr. Fields, having heard from this good clergyman the last sad particulars. The unhappy man lived not many hours after I was taken forth of his presence; and by reason of the mortal weakness upon him, and his being very loth to speak, the revelations drawn from him were of no great moment: his own offences towards Government he confessed freely, but strove hard against naming his fellows.

'Tis true a loyal subject ought to rejoice when wicked plots are brought to light and confounded; but when I think how heavy a thing it had been for this man to die in the very act of betraying men not more guilty than himself, I cannot be heartily sorry indeed

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that he passed away without giving up to the law a single offender; nor do I think I could have borne that the proving of mine own innocency should in a manner have been made the price of blood. The righteous cause will triumph, I trust, without the unrighteous help of its enemies.

For the rest, Mr. Anderson saith that F—— showed a hearty repentance for his private ill-doings, and something, at least, of a feeble faith in our dear Lord for pardon; so that we may have a good hope his penitence shall be accepted. But I dare not often think of him, now he is past beyond our prayers.

I have made another copy of the poor man's declaration, which you will get safely, I hope, and find in it no very frightful blunders; though the long, hard words with which it is stuffed make it like Greek to me. You will doubtless notice it to be subscribed in the name of James Campbell, otherwise called Antony Fields: is it not surprising to find he was a Scotchman born, and always a secret worker for the House of Stuart? I am sure father had never the smallest suspicion of these things. Cannot you with your mind's eye see what his horror would have been had he guessed the truth? (especially supposing that marriage to have been effected, which he was once so hot on bringing about. I wonder in what strange manner my little wealth would have flown!)

So you would have me home straightway, dear Tom? you and our Alice, and dear Bab, are of one mind about it? and our neighbours are all falling to praising me up, and crying down the unhappy Fields! I shall find it a harder matter, I fear, to think peaceably of them and their fickle minds, than I found it to pity and forgive the bruised, mangled creature that was once my chiefest persecutor. Indeed, forgiveness was made a very easy lesson to me then, and I can see no merit whatever in the part I played.

But at Oakhurst I shall find a cross indeed for my bearing. How could they so very lightly condemn me, on the word of a man they did not love? and now as lightly they acquit me, it seems. You will call this a paltry reason to keep me from my own home and natural friends, and so it would be; I do not intend acting on it.

But I cannot think a good occasion will offer for my journey much before Christmas; when, as you know, I promised to be at Oakhurst, and have always designed it. Our alarms here seem over indeed, the Pretender's plans against Tynemouth Castle and this town having been so laid open that it would be a desperate enterprise for him to carry them out; but every one agrees that he and his Highland army are for moving southward; so that travelling will be none of the safest, unless for such as Mr. Wesley, who is lately gone from

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hence; he moves about unharmed and fearless, as if he were an angel of God.

Do not think, dear brother, I can ever forget the vast love which you and my sweet sisters in Christ, Alice and Barbara, have constantly shown me; when I forget mine own self, I may forget such friends. I am pure well again, you may be assured; nothing has ailed me but fright and joy, which, coming as they did in a mingled flood, were too much for my weak head. Only my sleep is still disturbed with dismal images. But though I were ever so sick or sorry, I am, and shall be always, my dear brother's affectionate, humble servant. —M. Heywood.

Mrs. Martha Wilson, *Oakhurst*, to Mrs. Anna Collings, *London*.

December 26th, 1745.

So you could not guess, my best Anna, what should take father and mother and me all away at this blessed season? You are puzzled to know how I could leave the town and all its delights for the dull, stupid country when it is become more stupid than ever through being lost in snow, mud and ice?

The ways are well-nigh impassable, I own, except when stiffened into frost; but of that, by good luck, we have our rightful share in these polar regions; and as for town diversions (which I am learning to forswear), none of them could quite make up to me for the delight of being present at the first wedding in the family ('twill not be the last, let me whisper), and that wedding my eldest brother's.

Now you have the key to the riddle. I really ached to tell you beforehand; but John, continuing a little uncertain of his lady's mood, would not let me breathe a word to you or any one. I shall now reward myself for my forced silence by writing of all and everything. Prepare for a letter as long as my arm.

You know I never could allow that John was handsome; though I agreed with you in granting him something proud and noble in look, shape and bearing; indeed, an aspect most unlike the humble Christian plainness he strives after, and having more of the soldier than of the citizen. This was enough of sisterly admiration, was it not? But I must own that when our long journey had brought us to Leeds, and I caught sight of him waiting for us at the Inn, I saw quite a new likeness in him; something, I cannot tell what, of light and softness shed over him had fairly transfigured him into beauty.

Getting out of the coach with amazing speed, and no proper care for my fellow-passengers, I flew straight at him, and whispered in his ear by way of greeting, 'All is right, is it not? Molly has thrown her scruples to the winds at last. I

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am sure she has'; and he coloured more deeply than I had thought possible, pushed me off laughing, would not tell me one word, and was most dutifully taken up with our honoured parents till we got to Oakhurst; and the roads being, as I said, mere quagmires, he had enough to do with us and our horses.

We were most heartily welcomed at the Manor; but Molly did not come to meet us with the others. I ran to look for her, and found her in the oak-parlour, with Mrs. Durham; and I was quite shocked with the change in her. To be sure I have never seen her since her troubles began, and they tell me she was both thinner and paler, six months ago. There was a sort of mild moonlight sweetness, however, in her look, making her still more like Mrs. Durham; and *she*, all glowing with pleasure, seemed to have put on something of Molly's former air.

I hugged first one and then the other, and, still holding Molly fast, insisted that she should now tell me the day fixed for the wedding—'I know it will be soon,' I said. 'Yes,' she answered me gravely; 'it is fixed for New-Year's Day;' and she stood beside me so pensive and quiet, that I was fain to give her a little shake, and ask what she meant by her solemn looks on so glad an occasion?

'Could there be a more serious occasion?' she answered. 'I think it would become two immortal creatures who bind themselves to pass a lifetime together for better or worse, rather to enter on their covenant with prayer and humiliation, than with the common jesting and gaiety—' 'Don't, Molly!' I begged her; 'if I have not that gaiety you despise, to keep up my heart, my courage will be clean gone before my wedding-day; and as for poor William, it will sink him in dismay if his bride puts on a face like yours to greet him.'

'Can you mean that you are going to marry *William?*' said she in the greatest surprise. 'Yes, I am,' I rattled on hastily; 'mine is no such romantic love-story as yours, Mrs. Heywood—'tis the most humdrum business; but married I shall be, as soon as you are brought home to comfort mother beforehand for the loss of me. I think myself a fortunate girl, I can tell you; there is much more in William than we used to think,' here Bab laughed her low laugh of content. 'Father says he has an excellent business head, and is of vast use in the counting-house; then he has a double stock of goodness and piety, to make up for my scanty allowance of such wares; and then, Molly'—I found myself growing scarlet—'the poor dear fellow loves me to distraction, and I find that I cannot bear to live without him.'

(Please to consider, Mrs. Anna, that I address this confidence to you as well as to my dear new sister; every word is truth;

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but to save my life I could not have said it to your face, while I would not let them tell Molly one syllable before I should see her).

My news had the wholesomest effect. Molly kissed me, and laughed at me, and would hear the whole story (which is much too long, and too tame, for a letter), and when the others came in, she was quite equal to rallying John on his deep deceit in keeping such a secret from her. 'How shall I ever trust you again?' she asked him. Then she clung around mother and father, with a hundred pretty, loving attentions; but before long John had claimed her ear again; and the two were sitting apart, busy over some sort of love-token that each had worn secretly ever since their sorrowful parting in the spring.

We found 'twas only that very morning Molly had been won to hear of so speedy a marriage. I fancy her strange experiences in the North, with the constant alarms about the rebels, have quite overwrought her. Cousin Tom, who fetched her from Newcastle, says she was almost heart-broken at parting from her Orphan House friends, and still shrinks from meeting the people here; also on the way home she was full of sad forebodings; and she persisted long in saying these were no times for marrying and giving in marriage; and this several days after John's coming down.

But she found at last that he was not only chafing at her delays and fears, but beginning to doubt her affection in good earnest; and her resistance broke down at once. She has found a master, I can tell her; and in secret I hug myself on William's uniformly sweet and trusting temper. But maybe that touch of jealousy in John's love flatters my sweet cousin a little, in its own way; such strange creatures are we!

Thursday, January 4th, 1746.

All is happily over, my Anna; our bride and bridegroom have set off for London, where my father and mother will receive them; but I am left behind for a season to comfort the bereaved here, of whom Bab is most to be pitied. She took such a vast interest in the match, and had so long been John's confidante, that now her occupation seems gone, and she strays about disconsolate.

I came on her this morning at the hall window, watching the snow fall; and tears were actually on her cheeks. I kissed them off, and whispered her that a love-affair of her own would best cure her melancholy; at which she turned on me almost fiercely, but softening her look into a smile of scorn, she said: 'O, I have had too much love made to me on the stage—'tis become a tiresome old story;' and as I laughed and would not credit her, she added gravely: 'Cannot you understand that here and there a woman may be happier unmarried? I am sure I am such a one.' 'Don't you go against

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Scripture, madam,' I said. 'You will find I have St. Paul on my side.' She replied, 'Don't laugh, Patty, I am serious indeed. Also I could not bear to leave our friends here. Since little Lucy went home, I have noticed their childless state frets them sorely, and it soothes Alice to spend her heart on me as a sort of daughter, though I am a little old for it. Her love is much better than a lover's: she gives it for love's sake purely, and asks no reward. You see I am a hopeless case. And my sadness is a mere shadow; one is always mopish after a wedding.' I take the freedom of doubting her words a little; but time will show.

You want, of course, to hear about our wedding doings: the dresses, the guests, the fare, the bride's looks and behaviour? I will do my best; but never was a quieter marriage, outside of the Garden of Eden at least. 'Twas by the merest chance the bride had a white gown on even. We have none of us put off our mourning; but mother and I had newly got suits of dark gray unwatered tabby, which is held deeper mourning than black silk, and yet would not, we thought, be so ill-omened for a wedding.

But Molly was sitting very loose to such heathen cares, as we found by Wilkins, who, the morning after our coming, appealed to us in this fashion:

'Mrs. Wilson, and you Mrs. Patty, if you don't uphold me in persuading my young mistress here, I shall run distracted; Mrs. Alice can make nought of her. We cannot get her to give a thought to her wedding-gown. She vows she will not spend a penny on useless finery; and six months ago she made away with every decent dress she had; so if you don't take order in the matter, I shall be seeing her going to church in just such a black suit as she has on, and maybe a mob cap to finish it.' Here Wilkins looked from one to the other of us, all aghast; and I felt a small rising of dismay in my own breast at such a prospect.

'John will be married to me, and not to my clothes, dear nurse,' says Molly, quite calmly; 'and why should I go foolishly gay on that one day out of all my life?' 'But I think, sweetheart, you might with a good conscience yield a little to common opinion,' says John, also quite calmly; two remarks which stirred up all our female hearts to protest against such monstrous composure. Here was the wedding not eight days distant, and the bride's dress yet undecided! and at last, the multitude of counsellors producing wisdom, Alice, Wilkins, and Bab all besetting Molly with questions as to hoards of garments in the house, a white brocade was brought out, in which Molly's own mother had been married, and Molly was reminded of a piece of embroidery, a former gift of Bab's, which might now be useful. Bab

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herself fell to work to modernize the ancient gown (which looked wonderfully fresh), cutting, shaping, and sewing with her own clever fingers.

'It is a kind of profanation to alter it and wear it,' Molly objected; 'father had kept it so sacredly put away.' 'Good luck to him for it!' cried Wilkins, in a fever of triumph; 'for not another rag of white silk is there in the Manor, from garret to cellar, but what's in this room; and for the profanation you may blame yourself, jewel, who would not hear of the sin of spending on "costly apparel"; this will cost you nothing but a poor scruple.'

So our bride went bride-like after all, and very sweetly she looked. I think she cherished a hope of such bad weather as would make a homelier dress needful, the church being so distant. But the wedding morning rose dazzling bright, the roads and fields sheeted in frozen snow, glittering to the sun, so that our only care was to have her warmly wrapped on her way to church. 'The earth puts on bridal white to countenance you in yours, my heart's delight,' I heard John say to her; and 'happy is the bride the sun shines on!' we said to each other.

And if ever an innocent creature deserved happiness, I think 'tis our little Molly.

The marriage was very early, we all hoping and wishing to avoid a crowd of gazers; and there were, beside our own party, only a dozen or so in the church, and they all faithful friends, of Molly's own way of thinking.

There were no guests at the marriage-feast either but ourselves; Mrs. Warrington and her husband had indeed been asked as a matter of decency; but we were mightily relieved when they signified by letter that Mrs. W.'s health would not admit of the journey in the depth of winter. I think fear of the cost was the real hindrance.

I got Alice to give me her bill of fare, and shall show it you when we meet, and I think you will say it does her credit.

Some time in the afternoon I heard Molly saying softly to her husband: 'I wonder that you did not have your friend Mr. Marston to the wedding;' and John, reddening a little, replied, 'I wrote to him to tell him my happy news, and to bespeak his approval, and his presence here, but he answered me that though he would give the first freely, the last was impossible.'

She looked up with a curious shy smile, saying, 'Does he really approve me then, at length?'—there must be some tale hanging thereby, for John too smiled oddly, as he said, 'He has no choice—a fiery trial has tried you, sweet, and shown you to be pure gold,

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Otherwise he has such dark thoughts of unfitting marriages, I cannot tell what he might have said.'

'So 'tis to my troubles I owe my happiness,' she said; and though John exclaimed against it, saying: 'I should never be so enslaved to the opinion of any one, were he the holiest man breathing,' she persisted she was right.

This talk was held openly enough, and I chose to rehearse it to father, and ask him to explain the secret; but he gave me no light on it, only smiling kindly, and saying 'twas no news that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'

You will complain I give you a sermon instead of a story; you must not be surprised if I do that often now; would it not be strange if so sweet an example of religion, and of patient suffering, took no effect on my careless heart?

I was nearly forgetting the ugly rebels, of whom you ask news. There are flying reports of their being entirely defeated; but most agree they are still marching southward. They are a mighty plague, both public and private, though father makes very light of the danger from them: the poor misguided things, he says, will find no help or comfort in England, and we shall see them melt away like snow. I do my best to believe it; but I am a great coward; it will much rejoice me to see London again, and that for more reasons than one, my Anna.

Believe me always your faithful Patty; but I shall not write myself *Wilson* much longer.

JERRY M'AULEY'S STORY.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

In this paper I give the substance of Jerry M'Auley's story, as far as possible, in his own words, though written words can never hold the pathos, the tenderness, the strength, the quick-glancing Irish humour, which have made him the power that he is, and that even now, with weakened body, fast failing to meet the demand made upon it, still render him the most wonderful of apostles to the roughs. Consumption, in part the result of former excesses, in part due to constant overwork in bad air and under the most exciting conditions, has such a firm hold that it is doubtful if even partial recovery is possible; and those who know and love him, watch his failing strength with a vain longing to give from their own, and so enable the work to go on.

'You want to know all about it,' he said, 'an' I'll tell you now, for there'll never be a better time. My father was a

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counterfeiter, an' ran away from justice before ever I can remember him. There was a lot of us, an' me they put with my grandmother. She was old, an' a devout Romanist, an' many's the time, when she was tellin' her beads an' kissing the floor for penance, I'd shy things at her just to hear her curse an' swear at me, an' then back to her knees. I'd got well beyond her or anybody by the time I was thirteen. They let me run loose. I'd no schoolin' an' blows for meat an' drink, till I wished meself dead many a time. I thought to get to my sister in America was near the same as Paradise, when they sent me to her, an' for a while I ran errands an' helped my brother-in-law. But I was tall of my years an' strong, an' had no fears for any man alive, an' a born thief as well, that stealin' came easy to; an' soon I was in a den on Water-street, learnin' to be a prize-fighter, an' with a boat on the river for thievin' at night. By this time I was nineteen, an' I don't suppose a bigger nuisance ever stepped above ground. I made good hauls, for the river police didn't amount to much then, an' it was pretty easy to board a vessel an' take what you pleased. The Fourth Ward belonged to my kind. It's bad enough now, but it's heaven to what it was fifteen years ago.

'Now, I'd done enough to send me to prison forty times over, an' knew it; but that didn't make it any easier to go there for something I *hadn't* done. It was sworn on me by some that hated me an' wanted me out o' the way. Fifteen years in prison! That was the sentence, an' I not twenty! That hour going up the river was the toughest I'd ever come to. I was mad with rage, but handcuffed an' forced to keep quiet. I was a mind to kill my keeper, an' I marked him then. "Wait," I said to myself, "I'll be even with you some day, if I have to hang for it." An' when I put on the dress an' they shut me in, I knocked me head ag'n the wall, an' if I dared would ha' killed myself. Then I made up my mind I'd obey rules an' see if I couldn't get pardoned out; or maybe there'd come a chance of escape, an' I set my mind toward that. I tried it for two years—learned to read, an' had a pile of cheap novels they let us buy; an' I learned carpet-weavin', an' no one had a word to say ag'inst me. But then I grew weakly. I'd been used to the open air always, an' a shut-in life told on me; an' then I got ugly, though it was no use: an' then they punished me. Do you know what that is? It's the leather collar, that holds and galls you, an' you strapped up with your toes just touchin'; an' it's the shower-bath, that leaves you in a dead faint till another dash brings you out. I've stood it all, an' cursed God while I did. I was desperate; I would have killed the keeper, but I saw no chance out even if I did.

'It was one Sunday mornin': I'd been in prison five years. I

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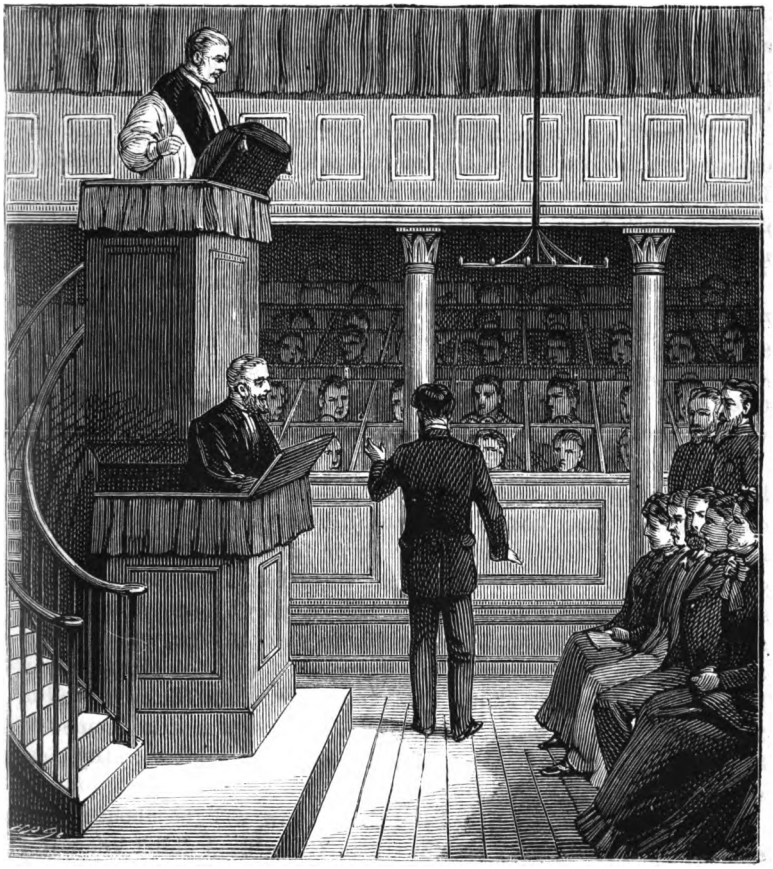

dragged into the chapel and sat down. Then I heard a voice I knew, and looked up. There by the chaplain was a man I'd been on many a spree with—Orville Gardner. He stepped down off the platform. "My men," he says, "I've no right anywhere but among you, for I've been one of you in sin"; an' then he prayed, till there wasn't a dry eye there but mine. I was ashamed to be seen cryin', but I looked at him an' wondered what had come to him to make him so different. He said a verse that struck me, an' when I got into my cell again I took down the Bible an' began to hunt for it. I read awhile till I found something that hit the Catholics, I thought, an' I pitched it down an' kicked it all round the cell. "The vile heretics!" I says, "that's the way they show up Catholics, is it?" It was the verse: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall

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along to the Howard Mission, an' there we had a long talk, an' a gentleman wanted me to sign the pledge. "It's no use," says I, "I shall break it." "Ask God to keep you from breaking it," he says. "I thought a minute, an' then I signed it an' went home. My partner was there, an' he laughed well when I told him. He had a bottle of gin in his hand that minute. "You," he says—"you here, drink." I took the glass and drank. "That's the last glass I'll ever take," says I. "Yes," says he, "till the next one."

'I'd barely swallowed it when the missionary came in. We went out together, an' I told him I was dead broke an' hungry, and would have to go on the river once more, anyhow. "Jerry," says he, "before you shall ever do that again I'll take off this coat an' pawn it." The coat was thin an' old. I knew he was poor, an' it went to my heart that he'd do that. He went away in a minute, an' when he come back he brought me fifty cents. An' he kept on helping. He followed me up day after day, an' at last one night at his house, where he'd had me to tea an' there was singing an' praying afterward, I prayed myself once more, an' believed I should be forgiven my wickedness. There wasn't any shoutin' this time, but there was quiet an' peace.

'But it was a hard pull. I got work now an' then, but more often not. An' then everybody thought I was shammin' for what I could get. I didn't wonder; an' I helped it along by doin' what you'd never believe—cavin' in agin. Three times I was drunk; an' do you know what did it? Tobacco. That's why I'm so down on tobacco now. Chew an' smoke, an' there'll be a steady craving for something, an' mostly it ends in whisky. A man that honestly wants the Spirit of God in him has got to be clean, I tell you, inside an' out. He's got to shut down on all his old dirty tricks, or he's gone. That's the way I found it.

'I was married by this time to Maria, an' she's been God's help from that day to this; an' often an' often we talked about some way to get at the poor souls in the Fourth Ward. We were doing days' work, both of us, an' poor. But we said, "Why have we been used to filth an' nastiness, an' all, if not so's to help some out of it?" An' one day I had a sort of vision. I thought we had a house in the Fourth Ward, an' a big bath, an' a stream of people coming in. I washed 'em outside, an' the Lord washed 'em inside, an' I cried, as I thought, "O, if I could only do that for Jesus' sake!" "Do it for one if you can't for more," said Maria; an' that's the way we begun, in an old rookery of a house, in one room, an' just a little sign hung out—"HELPING HAND FOR MEN."

'You'd never believe how many that sign drew in. We did what

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we could, an' when Thanksgivin' Day come friends gave us a good dinner for all. Afterward there was a meetin', an' it was so blessed we felt to say they should all come next night. From that day to this—first in the old building, an' then in the new—there's been a meeting every night in the year, an' now it's hundreds—yes, thousands—that can say the Water-Street Mission was their help to a new life. Day an' night we work—you know how. My life is going from me, but, living or dying, it's the Lord's. All these years He has held me; but I don't know now but that I'd have fallen again if I hadn't been so busy holding on to others. An' that's the way to keep men: set them to work. The minute they say they're sick of the old ways an' turn round, start 'em to pull in somebody else. When your soul is just on fire, longin' to get at every poor wretch you see, there's no time for your old tricks, nor any wanting to try 'em again. I could talk a month, telling you of one an' another that's been here. O, there's stories if one but knew 'em! An' not a day that you don't know; for sure, that there ain't a bummer' (camp-follower) 'in the Fourth Ward so low down but what the Lord can pick him out o' the gutter, an' set him on his feet. That's why I tell everything right out. I must. There's times I'm dead sick of remembering it, but I have to do it; an' them very times seem the ones that it helps most. An' as long as tongue can move may I never be ashamed to tell what I'm saved from!

'Do you know what some of the places are like I've herded in? They're hell on earth. You wonder sometimes why we don't have more women here. I'll tell you. When a girl has come up, a dozen in a room all her life, what can she know of decency or cleanliness? An' when she's down, she's down; an' no way to get her up, it seems. I puzzle and puzzle *why*, but it's only now an' again you get 'em steady. There's a hundred men that stay put, where one woman will; an' what's the reason? Every child that has to begin that way is born *in* sin an' *to* sin, an' steeped in nastiness and foulness from the very first day. An' when it comes to hundreds an' thousands of 'em down in these slums, an' good men an' women sittin' by with their eyes shut, it tears the heart in you to think of it all. What's one mission? It's but a drop in the bucket. "Thy kingdom come." How's it to come if every soul that wants it true doesn't take hold an' work, *work*, WORK for it? An' the answer is *sure*. O, who knows it better than me? Tired an' faint, an' me life going from me the way it is, don't I know it well that the Lord Jesus is waiting for what we'll do, an' has His own word for me an' all of us, "Be it unto Thee even as Thou wilt?"' *

* Slightly abridged from the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*.

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THE BUSH-MEETING.

BY THE REV. HENRY BUNTING.

In order to understand the wondrous success which attended early Mission work in the West Indies, it is necessary to know something of religious services in which the Missionary took no part, and of work done by the converts themselves. The Missionaries' labours were, for some time, almost entirely confined to the towns; the country places were only visited occasionally. Converts would neither have multiplied so rapidly as they did, nor have been kept together so well as they were, but for the labours of others.

Hungering for the Bread of Life, and anxious to lead their fellow slaves to the knowledge of that Saviour Who had so abundantly blessed them, the people built meeting-houses for themselves away in the bush, where they might meet from time to time for prayer and counsel, and whither they might lead enquirers, and point them to the 'Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.'

When night had settled upon the estate, and master and overseer had retired, the Christian people stole forth to the meeting-house, taking as many others as they had persuaded to accompany them during the day.

The meetings were opened with singing. The tunes were considerably varied from the original. Demisemiquavers were slipped on to minims somewhat oddly; tunes written in the major key had a strange fashion of shaping into minors. Perhaps it was because their own native tunes were generally plaintive minors, or it may have been that the minor best suited the sad mood which their sufferings induced.

Prayer followed: short, particularizing and earnest. Those who led were generally far in advance of the others in their knowledge of religious truth and experience of Divine grace. They listened attentively at the regular services, and were able to retain much of what they heard. They were specially careful to store in their minds the 'exceeding great and precious promises.'

They sang again, then exhortations were given. Those who had entered upon the profession of religion were entreated to watch and pray; to be faithful; 'adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.' Those who were under conviction were exhorted, there and then, to surrender to Christ, and believe in Him that they might be saved.

Those addresses were frequently little more than reproductions of discourses heard at the regular services. Some of the negroes possessed remarkably retentive memories, and it was almost amusing to see them, with open eye and ear, and mouth too, gazing intently on

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the preacher, drinking in his teaching with all possible eagerness, in order that they might be able, through the medium of their own *patois*, and by the aid of parable and illustration, so natural and easy to Oriental races, to convey the truth which they heard to the minds of their neighbours. All the words of the Missionary would not be understood, but the drift of the discourse would be apprehended, and the heart would instinctively grasp even more than mere reason could seize and understand.

Such men were immensely useful, carrying light and salvation to multitudes who never attended preaching services. They also exercised a mighty power for good in watching over new converts, guarding, reproving and advising; saving them from falling, helping them up when tripping, and caring for them 'as a nurse cherisheth her children.' Through their watchfulness and counsel many were prevented from disgracing their profession, and a degree of purity was maintained among the members which would otherwise have been impossible.

The negroes measured the night into three divisions: first, second, and third cock-crow, the first commencing about nine, and the third about three o'clock in the morning.

Speaking of old times, an aged negro said to me: 'Soon as all quiet 'pon de proputy we go saftly way to de meetin'. We each tek we own light. We pray, pray, pray—cock crow once; pray, pray, pray—cock crow twice; pray, pray, pray—cock crow tree time. Den we go saftly, saftly back to de proputy an' res' till de shell blow in de mornin.''

Thus did the people often spend the brief hours allotted them for rest, realizing as they sang:

'Wid de convarsin' we feget
All time an' toil an' care.'

They were not always permitted to hold their meetings unmolested. 'We jus' open we meetin',' said an elderly negro one day, whilst describing to me some of the dangers and sufferings through which he had passed; 'de fus' sing an' pray done, when busha (the overseer) come 'pon we. We well an' 'fraid at fus', cos him would mek we see fire! Soon as we yerry him voice, bam! out go we light, an' down we go 'pon we face 'pon de groun'. We on'y jus' in time. Boh! off go de pistol an' de shot come whizz, whizz ober we. We lie still. "Come out, you racksally nigger, will you?" he shout. We lie still. "Me wi' gi' you de biggis' floggin'!" We tink in a weself, "busha, you mus a cotch we fus'; an' you wi' ha' fe run fe dat." Him could n' see we, an' him come in a de meetin'-house. We lie close

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togedder. Den him come walk 'pon we, cussin' and swearin', dreffful. We mek ready, an' jus' him come tep 'pon we, we gi' one groan, like as ef we bery much hutted, an' roll ober. Down him come; up we jump, an' off we run,—miniser we *run* sa! By de time him get up, knock de dutty off a him coat, an' jump 'pon him pony, we off an' reach de village. In de mornin' him look well an' bex, an' him mek a great confuse; but him don't know who we is. Ha! ha! ha!'

The usefulness of the bush-meeting was threatened at one time. A sect formed by freed negroes from America, in whose creed heathen superstitions were strangely mixed up with Christian doctrines, infected some of the Methodist people with their notions. They fasted three days a week, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; washed the saints' feet; dreamt dreams and saw visions, prophesied, and professed to hear God speaking to them in an audible voice.

Every soul is in hell, said they, and must remain there until released. In course of obtaining release, a person must first have 'de convince;' the 'daddy,' or president of the meeting which he attends, then orders him 'to go out into de wilderness;' when he has fasted and humbled himself in the wilderness state sufficiently long, he is commanded to 'pray;' whilst watching and praying, usually in the meeting-house, deliverance comes.

One of them told me how he 'was sleepin' in de meetin'-house, an' me go down into hell. Dere we see white gentleman come 'long. (The best things are white always!) Him was bery bootiful fe look 'pon; Him bring me a lilly white dog, put him in a me han' an' say, "Tek dis an' *hole it fas'*! De black man (devil) wi' come long try fe tek it from you. Him wi' ax saftly fus, den him wi' try fe foce you gi it up. You mus' *hole it fas' an' run!*" Minis'er jus' de white gentleman gone, de black man come. Him say, "Gi' me de lilly white dog." (In a wheedling tone.) Me say no me won't. Den him try fe snatch him from me; but me run—*me run*, sa, tell me come up out o' hell. Dats how me get de convart.'

'Breaking the peace,' was a service held occasionally at the close of a day of fasting. Breaking the fast would more correctly represent its real character. Coffee in white cups, laid on a white cloth, was provided in the meeting-house, and buns were also supplied. Singing and prayer followed.

Said an aged negro: 'Me was a driber, sa; an' while me was standin' wid me whip ober me shoulder one fas' day, me go way right up to heaben. Dere me see lilly white table, ciber wid lilly white clot', an' de mos' lilly white cups 'pon it. White man come, an' him say, "Eat, drink, it bery good." Minis'er, me neber tase nutten like dat bufo,—sweet?—ef me say it sweet, it well an' sweet. Me

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wan' fe 'tay long; but white man tell me me mus' go now; an' while me was lingerin' dere come a lilly white dog tek hole o' me foot an' guide me long. Den me 'come sensoble dat me was a 'tandin' wid me whip ober me shoulder all de time. It was late when me go to de meetin' dat ebenin', dem eat up all de bun, an' sup up de coffee. Me tell de daddy 'bout de sweetment me ha' in de day, an' him say, "Yes, me bruder; me see you ha' good satefaction, so we don't kep none o' we bun an' coffee fe you!"'

It was scarcely to be expected that the Methodist people would remain altogether uninfluenced by some of these notions. The negro, with his Oriental imagination and fondness for the sensuous and the marvellous, was very likely to be attracted by such practices. A few adopted the three days' fast, and the service called, 'Breaking the peace,' continuing the practices long after emancipation.

That the Methodist people were kept from the gross forms of superstition practised by their neighbours, was owing in a great measure to the watchfulness of their leaders: men and women who had a clearer perception of Christian truth than others, and who exerted a powerful influence upon them from day to day.

Persecution enhanced the value of the bush-meeting. Men who had taken the lead in midnight orgies, abandoned them, and they fell flat in consequence. Drivers who had used the whip with terrible effect, regarded the very sight of it with abhorrence. Summoned, as usual, to inflict cruel torture upon some miserable slave, they shrunk from the task. The result was 'busha' was vexed to see the face of things changing, and was maddened by opposition met with in the execution of his purposes. Flogging was resorted to; the Christians had to suffer; and as the suffering was proportioned to the supposed enormity of the crime, made more heinous by the position of the offender, and was also intended to strike terror into the hearts of the slaves and deter them from joining the hated Christian band, cruelties and enormities were perpetrated, frightful to relate—flogging being continued even when life had apparently ebbed out, or was really extinct.

Some of the victims have described to me the sensation created throughout the negro village at such times; and have told, with something of the old feeling of awe and triumph which used to thrill their souls, how wondrously the grace of God sustained His servants, and of the power which attended their utterances when they were sufficiently recovered from the effects of their torture to attend the meeting again. Standing weak and worn, with the marks of suffering upon them, they besought the people to be steadfast. Every face in the company was bathed in tears as they thought of the torture

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through which their brother had passed, and joy and gratitude welled up from their souls that they were able to gaze upon him once more, rescued from the very jaws of death.

At the close of the exhortation, a general shout was given: 'Amen! Hi, me bruder, we wi' be faithful. Massa Jesus help we!'

Then the song would swell into a shout, or wail, as they rang out the hymn, regardless of 'busha' and everything else:

'O what is all we suffer here,
Ef dow, Lor', count we meet,
Wid dat enrapture hos' to 'pear,
An' worship at dy feet.'

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Cornish Stories. By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.—A new book by Mark Guy Pearse is a pleasant feature in our Christmastide, and many a household will welcome these charming Cornish Stories as they are read by the fireside on winter evenings when all is cold outside, and all is warm and cheery within. Humour and pathos, laughter and tears, are here happily blended into the true Christmas cheer of innocent merriment, kind-heartedness and Christian love. Mr. Tresidder's illustrations are admirable: the frontispiece, which gives portraits of the company who spent 'Christmas-Eve in the *Vivid*,' is exceedingly good. The volume is charmingly got up, and should be the most popular gift-book of the season.

Illustrations of Fulfilled Prophecy. By J. ROBINSON GREGORY. T. Woolmer.—In his modest preface the author disclaims for this little book any pretensions to the discussion or solution of modern difficulties on the subject of Scriptural prophecy, so that the critical student who takes delight in untwisting the subtle theories and doubtings of nineteenth-century scepticism will find little here to entertain him. And very justly has Mr. Gregory judged that what is wanted for the young people of to-day, is no abstruse controversy about difficulties which they have never heard of before, but a plain and reliable statement of facts which will place beyond all question to the mind of the honest reader the wonderful accuracy with which the prophecies of the Word of God have been fulfilled. In an introductory chapter, however, the author has clearly and concisely explained the object and nature of these Divine predictions, and has disposed of, once and for all, several common objections which are supposed to stand in the way. This done, we are introduced successively to the present condition of the mighty kingdoms and cities of the East: Moab, Edom, Philistia, Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt and Tyre. The prophecy is referred to, uttered when most unlikely to be ever accomplished, and it is shown on evidence unimpeachable, that even to its minor detail the judgment has been literally fulfilled. Then follow some very interesting chapters, in the same vein, on the Jews and their land, the never-to-be-forgotten prophecies respecting the Messiah, and finally some valuable remarks upon those which refer to the Seven Churches of Asia.

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We could say much more, but the foregoing is sufficient to show how eminently practical and useful such a little work must be; and we are sure that, with its many and excellent illustrations, it will not fail to be appreciated by those who love the honour of that Word 'which abideth for ever.' J. P.

The Willow Pattern. By REV. H. FRIEND. T. Woolmer.—Charmingly got up and profusely illustrated, and gives much interesting information concerning the social and religious life of the Chinese, woven into the form of a story. We hope it may fulfil the author's desire of awakening increased Christian interest in China and her people.

Bob. A True Story. By MARK GUY PEARSE. T. Woolmer.—This is a most touching story, written as only Mr. Pearse could write it. It is not what would be called distinctly a 'temperance tract,' but temperance workers—and not they only—would do well to distribute it broadcast.

Luther and the Cardinal. A Historic-Biographical Tale, given in English by JULIE SUTTER. Religious Tract Society.

Martin Luther, the Reformer of Germany. Religious Tract Society.

Luther Anecdotes: Memorable Sayings and Doings of Martin Luther. Gathered from his Books, Letters, and History. By Dr. MACAULAY. Religious Tract Society.

Luther and the Cardinal is an adaptation of a German work, and traces, in the form of a story, the struggle between Luther and Cardinal Albrecht, the Elector-Archbishop of Mainz. All the characters are historical, and the book gives a very fair and readable account of the portion of the Reformation history with which it deals. It would be a good book for a Sunday-school library. The illustrations—portraits of some of the principal characters of the story—are exceedingly well-executed.

Martin Luther, the Reformer of Germany, is No. 1 of the Tract Society's New Biographical Series. It contains a wonderful amount of accurate information, is well-written, clearly-printed, and has a capital frontispiece, all for one penny!

Luther Anecdotes.—Dr. Macaulay's interesting little compilation gives a good idea alike of the Reformer's busy, earnest and merry moods.

The literature of the Luther Com memoration has hardly been as large as we expected; but no doubt many books previously published will gain a wider circulation now. Sunday-school and other libraries should be well-stocked with books of this class. We may mention especially Dr. Stoughton's delightful volume, *Homes and Haunts of Luther*, and Mr. Banks' admirable little biography, *Martin Luther, the Prophet of Germany.*

The Crèche Annual. (Twelfth Year.) By MARIE HILTON. Morgan and Scott.—Mrs. Hilton's Crèche and the Orphan and Convalescent Homes connected with it are still doing good work. This year's report tells of steady progress and increasing sympathy. We heartily commend this most interesting and useful work to the charity of our readers.

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ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR DECEMBER, 1883.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1883.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
Nov.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
27	7 37	3 58	3 53a	4 50a	9 22a	8 12a	7 47m
Dec.							
7	7 51	3 52	4 1	5 2	8 54	7 30	7 4
17	8 1	3 52	4 27	5 22	8 20	6 47	6 21
27	8 6	3 57	5 8	5 50	7 40	6 2	5 38

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Dec. 7th, **First Quarter** 11h. 46m. morn. | Dec. 21st, Last Quarter 8h. 8m. morn.
„ 14th, Full Moon 3h. 28m. morn. | „ 29th, New Moon . 1h. 0m. aft.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Dec. 12th . . 4h. aft., Perigee . . . 223,916 **miles.**
„ 24th . . . 3h. aft., Apogee . . . 251,838 „
Mean distance for the month . . . . . 237,877 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Dec. 1st . . . . . 90,371,310 **miles.**
1884. Jan. 1st . . . . . 90,143,990 „
Decrease of distance for the month . . 227,320 „

ON the 22nd, at 4h. in the morning, *the Sun* attains his greatest southern declination, 23deg. 27m. 7s., and the astronomical winter quarter commences.

Mercury is an evening star, and toward the end of the month sets more than an hour later than the Sun. Being more than its mean distance from the Earth, it will hardly be visible to the naked eye in the evening twilight. On the 20th it will be at its greatest distance from the ecliptic, 7 degs. southward. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 31st.

Venus is to the east of Mercury, and sets nearly an hour later. This planet will be in aphelion on the 12th, and in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 31st. Seen in a telescope the disc is still nearly round.

Mars, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn* are visible throughout the greater part of the night. Saturn rises first, a little before sunset. Mars is about 15 degs. eastward of Jupiter at the beginning of the month, and 20 degs. toward the end. The apparent motion of Mars changes from direct to retrograde on the 24th. It is very near Regulus, and by watching it on successive nights it will be seen to approach that star till the 24th, and afterwards to recede. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 18th.

Jupiter, though nearly five times the distance of Mars, is a much finer object. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 17th, at 3h. in the morning.

Saturn will be very near the Moon on the 13th, at 1h. in the morning. Seen from that point on the Earth's surface where the Moon is then vertical, the distance of the centres will be less than a degree.

In many parts of the southern hemisphere the planet will be occulted. On the 15th of this month the extreme length of the outer ring will be 46 seconds, the breadth 20 seconds.

The Comet discovered by Mr. Brooks, at Phelps, N.Y., on September 2nd, is identical with that which was discovered by Pons on the 20th of July, 1812.

From the observations made at that time, Encke calculated an elliptic orbit, the elements of which differ very little from that which has been recently calculated by MM. Schulhof and Bossert. The former gives a periodic time of seventy years eight months, the latter gives seventy-one years six months. The agreement is remarkable, considering the small arc of the orbit which is visible to us. On the former occasion it passed the perihelion in 1812, September 15th, 8h. afternoon; the approaching perihelion passage occurs on January 26th, 1884, 7h. morn.

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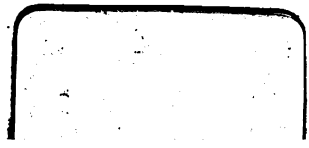

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